

A movie poster for 'Bram Stoker's Dracula'. The background is a collage of various scenes and characters from the film, including a large, menacing vampire face at the top center, a couple in a dark embrace in the center, and several other characters in period costumes. The title 'All Posters' is overlaid in a large, semi-transparent font.

All Posters

LOVE
NEVER
DIES

BRAM STOKER'S

Dracula

A FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA FILM
COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS

PRODUCED BY JAMES V. HART AND FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA DIRECTED BY FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA CASTING BY JAMES V. HART COSTUME DESIGNER JAMES V. HART EDITOR MICHAEL APTED EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JAMES V. HART AND FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA PRODUCED BY JAMES V. HART AND FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA WRITTEN BY JAMES V. HART AND FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA BASED UPON THE NOVEL BY JAMES V. HART AND FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA

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ABRAHAM STOKER
DRACULA: THE UNDEAD
PREFACE

This story is true. The reader of this story will very soon understand how the events outlined in these pages have been gradually drawn together to make a logical whole. Apart from excising minor details which I considered unnecessary, I have let the people involved relate their experiences in their own way; but, for obvious reasons, I have changed the names of the people and places concerned. In all other respects I leave the manuscript unaltered, in deference to the wishes of those who have considered it their duty to present it before the eyes of the public. I am quite convinced that there is no doubt whatever that the events here described really took place, however unbelievable and incomprehensible they might appear at first sight. And I am further convinced that they must always remain to some extent incomprehensible, although continuing research in psychology and natural sciences may, in years to come, give logical explanations of such strange happenings which, at present, neither scientists nor the secret police can understand. I state again that this mysterious tragedy which is here described is completely true in all its external respects, though naturally I have reached a different conclusion on certain points than those involved in the story. But the events are incontrovertible, and so many people know of them that they cannot be denied. All the people who have willingly – or unwillingly – played a part in this remarkable story are known generally and well respected. Both Jonathan Harker and his wife (who is a woman of character) and Dr. Seward are my friends and have been so for many years, and I have never doubted that they were telling the truth; and the highly respected scientist, who appears here under a pseudonym, will also be too famous all over the educated world for his real name, which I have not desired to specify, to be hidden from people – least of all those who have from experience learnt to value and respect his genius and accomplishments, though they adhere to his views on life no more than I.

While reading this, the reader can see for himself how these papers have been combined to make a logical whole. I had to do no more than to remove some minor events that do not matter to the story and so let the people involved report their experiences in the same plain manner in which these pages were originally written. For obvious reasons, I have changed the names of people and places. But otherwise I leave the manuscript unchanged in accordance with the wish of those who have considered it their solemn duty to present it to the eyes of the public. To the best of my belief, there is no doubt whatsoever that the events related here *really took place*, however unbelievable and incomprehensible they may appear in light of common experience. And I am further convinced that they must always remain to some extent unknowable although it's not inconceivable that continuing research in psychology and the natural sciences may all of a sudden⁷ provide logical explanations for these and other such strange happenings that neither scientists nor the secret police⁸ have yet been able to understand. I emphasise again that the mysterious tragedy described here is *completely true as far as the events as such are concerned* although in certain points, of course, I have reached a different conclusion than the people who are recounting it here. But the events as such are irrefutable and so many people are aware of them that they will not be denied. This series of crimes has not yet passed from the public's memory – crimes that seem incomprehensible but appear to stem from the same root and have created in their time as much horror within the public as the infamous murders by Jack the Ripper that occurred a short time later. Some will still recall the remarkable foreigners who for many seasons on end played a dazzling role in the life of the aristocratic circles here in London, and people will probably remember that at least one of them suddenly disappeared inexplicably and that no trace of him was ever seen again. All the people who are said to have played a part in this remarkable story – willingly or unwillingly – are widely known and well respected. Both Jonathan Harker and his wife – who is an extraordinary woman – and Dr. Seward are my friends, have been so for many years, and I have never doubted that they would tell the truth; and the highly regarded scientist who appears under a pseudonym here, may likewise be too famous throughout the educated world for his real name – which I prefer not to mention – to remain hidden from the public, especially from those people who have learned firsthand to appreciate and respect his brilliant mind and masterly skill though they no more adhere to his views on life than I do. But in our times it should be clear to all serious-thinking men that "there're more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

London, – Street

August 1898

A NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

How these pages have been placed in sequence will be made clear in the reading of them. All needless matters have been eliminated so that a history almost at variance with the possibilities of latter-day belief may stand forth as simple fact, there's throughout no statement of past events wherein memory may err for all the records chosen are exactly contemporary and within the range of knowledge of them who made them.

1893

PROLOGUE:

THE GUEST OF COUNT DRACULA

LETTER FROM VOIVODE DRACULYA TO HERR DELBRUCK

30 April,

Quatre Saisons Maitre d' Hotel, Bistritz,

Be careful of my guest – his safety's most precious to me. Aught'd happen to him, or if he's missed, spare nothing to find him and ensure his safety. He's English and therefore adventurous. There're often dangers from snow and wolves and night. Lose not a moment if you suspect harm to him. I answer thy zeal with my fortune.

Draculya

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL (*Kept in Shorthand*)

30 April,

When we started for our drive, the sun was shining brightly on Munich and the air was full of the joyousness of early summer. Just as we were about to depart, Herr Delbruck, the maitre d'hotel of the Quatre Saisons where I was staying, came down bareheaded to the carriage and after wishing me a pleasant drive, said to the coachman, still holding his hand on the handle of the carriage door, "recall you're back by nightfall. The sky looks bright but a shiver in the north wind says there may be a sudden storm. But I'm sure you'll not be late." Here he smiled and added, "For you know what night it's."

Johann answered with an emphatic, "Ja, mien Herr."

And, touching his hat drove off quickly. When we had cleared the town, I said, after signalling to him to stop, "Tell me, Johann, what's tonight?"

He crossed himself, as he answered laconically: "Walpurgis nacht."

Then he took out his watch, a great, old-fashioned German silver thing as big as a turnip and looked at it, with his eyebrows gathered together and a little impatient shrug of his shoulders. I realised that this was his way of respectfully protesting against the unnecessary delay and sank back in the carriage, merely motioning him to proceed. He started rapidly, as if to make up for lost time. Every now and then, the horses seemed to throw up their heads and sniff the air suspiciously. On such occasions, I often looked round in alarm. The road was bleak, for we were traversing a sort of high windswept plateau. As we drove, I saw a road that looked but little used and which seemed to dip through a little winding valley. It looked so inviting that, even at the risk of offending him, I called Johann to stop – and when he had pulled up, I told him I would like to drive down that road. He made all sorts of excuses and frequently crossed himself as he spoke. This somewhat piqued my curiosity, so I asked him various questions. He answered fencing and repeatedly looked at his watch in protest. Finally, I said, "Well, Johann, I wanna go down this road. I'll not ask you to come unless you like but tell me why you don't like to go, that's all I ask."

For answer, he seemed to throw himself off the box, so quickly did he reach the ground. Then he stretched out his hands appealingly to me and implored me not to go. There was just enough of English mixed with the German for me to understand the drift of his talk. He seemed always just about to tell me something – the very idea of which evidently frightened him but each time he pulled himself up saying, "Walpurgis nacht!" I tried to argue with him but it was difficult to argue with a

man when I did not know his language. The advantage certainly rested with him, for although he began to speak in English, of a very crude and broken kind, he always got excited and broke into his native tongue – and every time he did so, he looked at his watch. Then the horses became restless and sniffed the air. At this he grew very pale, and, looking around in a frightened way, he suddenly jumped forward, took them by the bridles, and led them on some twenty feet. I followed and asked why he had done this. For an answer he crossed himself, pointed to the spot we had left, and drew his carriage in the direction of the other road, indicating a cross, and said, first in Ger-man, then in English, "Buried him – him what killed them."

I recalled the old custom of burying suicides at crossroads, "Ah! I see a suicide, how interesting!"

But for the life of me, I could not make out why the horses were frightened. Whilst we were talking, we heard a sort of sound between a yelp and a bark. It was far away but the horses got very restless, and it took Johann all his time to quiet them. He was pale and said, "It sounds like a wolf – but yet there're no wolves here now."

"No?" I said, questioning him. "Isn't it long since the wolves're so near the city?"

"Long, long," he answered, "in the spring and summer but with the snow the wolves've been here not so long." Whilst he was petting the horses and trying to quiet them, dark clouds drifted rapidly across the sky. The sunshine passed away, and a breath of cold wind seemed to drift over us. It was only a breath, however, and more of a warning than a fact, for the sun came out brightly again. Johann looked under his lifted hand at the horizon and said, "The storm of snow, he comes before long time."

Then he looked at his watch again, and, straightway holding his reins firmly – for the horses were still pawing the ground restlessly and shaking their heads – he climbed to his box as though the time had come for proceeding on our journey. I felt a little obstinate and did not at once get into the carriage. "Tell me," I said, "about this place where the road leads."

And I pointed down. Again, he crossed himself and mumbled a prayer before he answered, "It's unholy."

"What's unholy?"

I enquired, "The village."

"Then there's a village?"

"No, no. None lives there centuries."

My curiosity was piqued, "But you said there's a village."

"There's."

"Where's it now?"

Whereupon he burst out into a long story in German and English, so mixed up that I could not quite understand exactly what he said. Roughly I gathered that long ago, hundreds of years, men had died there and been buried in their graves but sounds were heard under the clay, and when the graves were opened, men and women were found rosy with life and their mouths red with blood, and so, in haste to save their lives (aye, and their souls! – and here he crossed himself) those who were left fled away to other places, where the living lived and the dead were dead and not – not something. He was evidently afraid to speak the last words. As he proceeded with his narration, he grew more and more excited. It seemed as if his imagination had hold of him, and he ended in a perfect paroxysm of fear – white-faced, perspiring, trembling, and looking round him as if expecting that some dreadful presence would manifest itself there in the bright sunshine on the open plain. Finally, in an agony of desperation, he cried, "Walpurgis nacht!"

And pointed to the carriage for me to get in, all my English blood rose at this, and standing back I said, "You're afraid, Johann – you're afraid. Go home, I'll return alone, the walk'll do me good." The carriage door was open. I took from the seat my oak walking stick that I always carry on my holiday excursions – and closed the door, pointing back to Munich, and said, "Go home, Johann – Walpurgis nacht doesn't concern Englishmen," The horses were now more restive than ever, and Johann was trying to hold them in, while excitedly imploring me not to do anything so foolish. I pitied the poor fellow, he was so deeply in earnest but all the same, I could not help laughing. His English was quite gone now. In his anxiety, he had forgotten that his only means of making me understand was to talk my language, so he jabbered away in his native German. It began to be a little tedious. After giving the direction, "Home," I turned to go down the cross road into the valley. With a despairing gesture, Johann turned his horses towards Munich. I leaned on my stick and looked after him. He went slowly along the road for a while, and then there came over the crest of the hill a man tall and thin. I could see so much in the distance. When he drew near the horses, they began to jump and kick about, then to scream with terror. Johann could not hold them in; they bolted down the road, running away madly. I watched them out of sight, and then looked for the stranger but I found that he, too, was gone. With a light heart, I turned down the side road through the deepening valley to which Johann had objected. There was not any reason, that I could see, for his objection; and I daresay I tramped for a couple of hours without thinking of time or distance and certainly without seeing a person or a house. As far as the place was concerned, it was desolation itself. But I did not notice this particularly until, on turning a bend in the road, I came upon a scattered fringe of wood; then I recognised that I had been impressed unconsciously by the desolation of the region through which I had passed. I sat down to rest myself and began to look around. It struck me that it was considerably colder than it had been at the commencement of my walk – a sort of sighing sound seemed to be around with me now and then high overhead, a sort of muffled roar. Looking upwards, I noticed that great thick clouds were drafting rapidly across the sky from north to south at a great height. There were signs of a coming storm in some lofty stratum of the air. I was a little chilly, and, thinking that it was the sitting still after the exercise of walking, I resumed my journey. The ground I passed over was now much more picturesque. No striking objects the eye might single out but in all, there was a charm of beauty. I took little heed of time, and only when the deepening twilight forced itself upon me, I began to think of how I should find my way home. The air was cold, and the drifting of clouds high overhead was more marked. They were accompanied by a sort of far away rushing sound, through which seemed to come at intervals that mysterious cry which the driver had said came from a wolf. For a while, I hesitated. I had said I would see the deserted village, so on I went and presently came on a wide stretch of open country, shut in by hills all around. Their sides were covered with trees that spread down to the plain, dotting in clumps the gentler slopes and hollows that showed here and there. I followed with my eye the winding of the road and saw that it curved close to one of the densest of these clumps and was lost behind it. As I looked there came a cold shiver in the air, and the snow began to fall. I thought of the miles and miles of bleak country I had passed, and then hurried on to seek shelter of the wood in front. Darker and darker grew the sky, and faster and heavier fell the snow, until the earth before and around me was a glistening white carpet the further edge of which was lost in misty vagueness. The road was here but crude, and when on the level its boundaries were not so marked as when it passed through the cuttings; and in a little while, I found that I must have strayed from it, for I missed underfoot the hard surface, and my feet sank deeper in the grass and moss. Then the wind grew stronger and blew with ever-increasing force, until I was fain to run before it. The air became icy-cold, and in spite of my exercise I began to suffer. The snow was now falling so thickly and whirling around me in such rapid eddies that I could hardly keep my eyes open. Every now and then, the heavens were torn asunder by vivid lightning, and in the flashes, I could see ahead of me a great mass of trees, chiefly yew, and cypress all heavily coated with snow. I was soon amongst the shelter of the trees, and there in comparative silence I could hear the rush of the wind high overhead. Presently the blackness of the storm had become merged in the darkness of the night. By-and-by the storm seemed to be passing away, it now only came in fierce puffs or blasts. At such moments, the weird sound of the wolf appeared to be echoed by many similar sounds around me. Now and again, through the black mass of drifting cloud, came a straggling ray of moonlight that lit up the expanse and showed me that I was at the edge of a dense mass of cypress and yew trees. As the snow had ceased to fall, I walked out from the shelter and began to investigate more closely. It appeared to me that, amongst so many old foundations as I had passed, there might be still standing a house in which, though in ruins, I could find some sort of shelter for a while. As I skirted the edge of the copse, I found that a low wall encircled it, and following this I presently found an opening. Here the cypresses formed an alley leading up to a square mass of some kind of building. Just as I caught sight of this, however, the drifting clouds obscured the moon, and I passed up the path in darkness. The wind must have grown colder, for I felt myself shiver as I walked but there was hope of shelter, and I groped my way blindly on. I stopped, for there was a sudden stillness. The storm had passed; and, perhaps in sympathy with nature's silence, my heart seemed to cease to beat. But this was only shortly; for suddenly the moonlight broke through the clouds showing me that I was in a graveyard and that the square object before me

was a great massive tomb of marble, as white as the snow that lay on and all around it. With the moonlight, came a fierce sigh of the storm appeared to resume its course with a long, low howl, as of many dogs or wolves. I was awed and shocked, and I felt the cold perceptibly grow upon me until it seemed to grip me by the heart. Then while the flood of moonlight still fell on the marble tomb, the storm gave further evidence of renewing, as though it were returning on its track. Impelled by some sort of fascination, I approached the sepulchre to see what it's and why such a thing stood alone in such a place. I walked around it and read, over the Doric door, in German:

COUNTESS DOLINGEN OF GRATZ IN STYRIA SOUGHT & FOUND DEATH, 1801

On the top of the tomb, seemingly driven through the solid marble – for the structure was composed of a few vast blocks of stone – was a great iron spike or stake. On going to the back, I saw, graven in Great Russian letters:

The dead travel fast

There was something so weird and uncanny about the whole thing that it gave me a turn and made me feel quite faint. I began to wish, for the first time, that I had taken Johann's advice. Here a thought struck me that came under almost mysterious circumstances and with a terrible shock. This was Walpurgis Night! Walpurgis Night was when, according to the belief of millions of people, the devil was abroad – when the graves were opened and the dead came forth and walked. When all evil things of earth and air and water held revel, this very place the driver had specially shunned. This was the depopulated village of centuries ago. This was where the suicide lay; and the place where I was alone – unmanned, shivering with cold in a shroud of snow with a wild storm gathering again upon me! It took all my philosophy, all the religion I had been taught, all my courage, not to collapse in a paroxysm of fright. Now a perfect tornado burst upon me. The ground shook as though thousands of horses thundered across it; and this time the storm bore on its icy wings, not snow but great hailstones which drove with such violence that they might have come from the thongs of Balearic slingers – hailstones that beat down leaf and branch and made the shelter of the cypresses of no more avail than though their stems were standing corn. At the first, I had rushed to the nearest tree but I was soon fain to leave it and seek the only spot that seemed to afford refuge, the deep Doric doorway of the marble tomb. There, crouching against the massive bronze door, I gained a certain amount of protection from the beating of the hailstones, for now they only drove against me as they ricocheted from the ground and the side of the marble. As I leaned against the door, it moved slightly and opened inwards. The shelter of even a tomb was welcome in that pitiless tempest and I was about to enter it when there came, a flash of forked lightning that lit up the whole expanse of the heavens. In the instant, as I am a living man, I saw, as my eyes turned into the darkness of the tomb, a beautiful woman with rounded cheeks and red lips, seemingly sleeping on a bier. As the thunder broke overhead, I was grasped as by the hand of a giant and hurled out into the storm. The whole thing was so sudden that, before I could realise the shock, moral, as well as physical, I found the hailstones beating me down. At the same time, I had a strange, dominating feeling that I was not alone. I looked towards the tomb. Just then, came another blinding flash seemed to strike the iron stake that surmounted the tomb and to pour through to the earth, blasting and crumbling the marble, as in a burst of flame. The dead woman rose for a moment of agony while she was lapped in the flame and her bitter scream of pain was drowned in the thunder crash. The last thing I heard was this mingling of dreadful sound, as again I was seized in the giant grasp and dragged away while the hailstones beat on me and the air around seemed reverberant with the howling of wolves. The last sight that I recalled was a vague, white, moving mass, as if all the graves around me had sent out the phantoms of their sheeted dead, and that they were closing in on me through the white cloudiness of the driving hail. Gradually there came a sort of vague beginning of consciousness, then a sense of weariness that was dreadful. For a time I recalled nothing but slowly my senses returned. My feet seemed positively racked with pain, yet I could not move them. They seemed to be numbed. There was an icy feeling at the back of my neck and all down my spine, and my ear, like my feet, were dead yet in torment but there was in my breast a sense of warmth that was by comparison delicious. It was as a nightmare – a physical nightmare, if one may use such an expression; for some heavy weight on my chest made it difficult for me to breathe. This period of semi-lethargy seemed to remain a long time, and as it faded away, I must have slept or swooned. Then came a sort of loathing, like the first stage of seasickness, and a wild desire to be free of something – I knew not what. A vast stillness enveloped me, as though the entire world were asleep or dead – only broken by the low panting as of some animal close to me. I felt a warm rasping at my throat, and then came a consciousness of the awful truth that chilled me to the heart and sent the blood surging up through my brain. Some great animal was lying on me and now licking my throat. I feared to stir, for some instinct of prudence bade me lie still but the brute seemed to realise that there was now some change in me, for it raised its head. Through my eyelashes, I saw above me the two great flaming eyes of a gigantic wolf. Its sharp white teeth gleamed in the gaping red mouth, and I could feel its hot breath fierce and acrid upon me. For another spell of time, I recalled no more. Then I became conscious of a low growl, followed by a yelp, renewed repeatedly. Then seemingly, very far away, I heard a "Holla, holla!" as of many voices calling in unison.

Cautiously I raised my head and looked in the direction whence the sound came but the cemetery blocked my view. The wolf continued to yelp in a strange way, and a red glare began to move round the grove of cypresses, as though following the sound. As the voices drew closer, the wolf yelped faster and louder. I feared to make either sound or motion, came nearer the red glow over the white pall that stretched into the darkness around me. Then all at once from beyond the trees, there came at a trot a troop of equestrians bearing torches. The wolf rose from my breast and made for the cemetery. I saw one of the equestrians (soldiers by their caps and their long military cloaks) raise his carbine and take aim. A companion knocked up his arm, and I heard the ball whiz over my head. He had evidently taken my body for that of the wolf. Another sighted the animal as it slunk away, and a shot followed. Then, at a gallop, the troop rode forward – some towards me, others following the wolf as it disappeared amongst the snow-clad cypresses. As they drew nearer, I tried to move but was powerless, although I could see and hear all that went on around me. Two or three of the soldiers jumped from their horses and knelt beside me. One of them raised my head and placed his hand over my heart. "Good news, comrades!" he cried. "His heart still beats!"

Then some brandy was poured down my throat; it put vigour into me, and I was able to open my eyes fully and look around. Lights and shadows were moving among the trees, and I heard men call to one another. They drew together, uttering frightened exclamations; and the lights flashed as the others came pouring out of the cemetery pell-mell, like men possessed. When the further ones came close to us, those who were around me asked them eagerly, "Well, you've found him?"

The reply rang out hurriedly, "No! No! Come away quick, quick! This's no place to stay, and on this of all nights!"

"What was it?" was the question, asked in all manner of keys. The answer came variously and all indefinitely as though the men were moved by some common impulse to speak yet were restrained by some common fear from giving their thoughts, "It – it – indeed!"

One gibbered, whose wits had plainly given out for the moment. "A wolf – and yet not a wolf!" another put in shuddering.

"No use trying for him without the sacred bullet."

A third remarked in a more ordinary manner. "Serve us right for coming out on this night! Truly we've earned our thousand marks!"

These were the ejaculations of a fourth. "There's blood on the broken marble," another said after a pause, "the lightning never brought that there. for him – he's safe? Look at his throat! See comrades, the wolf's been lying on him and keeping his blood warm."

The officer looked at my throat and replied, "He's all right, and the skin's not pierced. What does it all mean? We'd never've found him but for the yelping of the wolf."

"What became of it?" asked the man who was holding up my head and who seemed the least panic-stricken of the party, for his hands were steady and without tremor.

On his sleeve was the chevron of a petty officer. "It went home," answered the man, whose long face was pallid and who actually shook with terror as he glanced around him fearfully. "There're graves enough there in which it may lie. Come, comrades – come quickly! Let's leave this cursed spot."

The officer raised me to a sitting posture, as he uttered a word of command; then several men placed me upon a horse. He sprang to the saddle behind me, took me in his arms, gave the word to advance; and, turning our faces away from the cypresses, we rode away in swift military order. Yet my tongue refused its office, and I was perforce silent. I must have fallen asleep for the next thing I recalled was finding me standing up, supported by a soldier on each side of me. It was almost broad daylight, and to the north, a red streak of sunlight was reflected like a path of blood over the waste of snow. The officer was telling the men to say

nothing of what they had seen, except that they found an English stranger, guarded by a large dog, "Dog! That's no dog," cut in the man who had exhibited such fear. "I think I know a wolf when I see one."

The young officer answered calmly, "I said a dog."

"Dog!" reiterated the other ironically. It was evident that his courage was rising with the sun; and, pointing to me, he said, "Look at his throat. That's the work of a dog, master?"

Instinctively I raised my hand to my throat, and as I touched it, I cried out in pain. The men crowded round to look, some stooping down from their saddles; and again there came the calm voice of the young officer, "A dog, as I said. If aught else's said we'd only be laughed at."

I was then mounted behind a trooper, and we rode on into the suburbs of Munich. Here we came across a stray carriage into which I was lifted, and it was driven off to the Quatre Saisons – the young officer accompanying me, whilst a trooper followed with his horse, and the others rode off to their barracks. When we arrived, Herr Delbruck rushed so quickly down the steps to meet me that it was apparent he had been watching. Taking me by both hands, he solicitously led me in. The officer saluted me. He was turning to withdraw, when I recognised his purpose, and insisted that he should come to my rooms. Over a glass of wine, I warmly thanked him and his brave comrades for saving me. He replied simply that he was more than glad, and that Herr Delbruck had at the first taken steps to make all the searching party pleased; at which ambiguous utterance the maitre d'hotel smiled, while the officer plead duty and withdrew. "But Herr Delbruck," I enquired, "how and why's it that the soldiers searched for me?"

He shrugged his shoulders, as if in depreciation of his own deed, as he replied, "I was so fortunate to obtain leave from the commander of the regiment in which I serve to ask for volunteers."

"But how did you know I was lost?" I asked.

"The driver came here with the remains of his carriage that'd been upset when the horses ran away."

"But surely you'd not send a search party of soldiers merely on this account?"

"Oh, no!" he answered, "but even before the coachman arrived, I'd this telegram from the Boyar whose guest you're." And he took from his pocket a telegram that he handed to me, and I read. As I held the telegram in my hand, the room seemed to whirl around me and if the attentive maitre d'hotel had not caught me, I think I would have fallen. There was something so strange in all this, something so weird and impossible to imagine that there grew on me a sense of my being in someway the sport of opposite forces – the mere vague idea of which seemed in a way to paralyse me. I was certainly under some form of mysterious protection. From a distant country had come in the very nick of time, a message that took me out of the danger of the snow sleep and the jaws of the wolf.

3 May,

Bistritz:

Left Munich at 8:35^{PM} on 1 May, arriving at Vienna early next morning; should have arrived at 6:46^{AM} but the train was an hour late. Budapest seems a wonderful place from the glimpse that I got of it from the train and the little I could walk through the streets. I feared to go very far from the station, as we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible. The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the East; the most western of splendid bridges over the Danube that is here of noble width and depth, took us among the traditions of Turkish rule. We left in good time, and came after nightfall to Klausenburgh. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale. I had for dinner, or rather supper, a chicken done up some way with red pepper that was very good but thirsty. Recall: get recipe for Mina. I asked the waiter, and he said it was called paprika hendl, and that, as it was a national dish, I should be able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. I found my smattering of German very useful here, indeed, I don't know how I should be able to get on without it. Having had some time at my disposal when in London, I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania; it had struck me that some foreknowledge of the country could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a nobleman of that country. I find that the district he named is in the extreme east of the country, just on the borders of 3 states, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bukovina in the midst of the Carpathian Mountains; 1 of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I was unable to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this country yet to compare with our own Ordnance Survey Maps but I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well known place. I shall enter here some of my notes, as they may refresh my memory when I talk over my travels with Mina. In the population of Transylvania, there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs who are the descendants of the Dacians, Magyars in the West, and Szekelys in the East and North. I am going among the latter, who claim to be descended from Attila and the Huns. This may be so, for when the Magyars conquered the country in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. I read that every known superstition in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of imaginative whirlpool, if so my stay may be very interesting. Recall: I must ask the Count all about them. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. There was a dog howling all night under my window, that may have had something to do with it; or it may have been the paprika, for I had to drink up all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking at my door, so I guess I must have been sleeping soundly then. I had for breakfast more paprika, a sort of porridge of maize flour that they said was mamaliga, and eggplant stuffed with forcemeat, an excellent dish that they call impletata. Recall: get recipe for this also. I had to hurry breakfast, for the train started a little before eight; or rather, it ought to have done so, for after rushing to the station at 7:30, I had to sit in the carriage for more than an hour before we began to move. It seems to me that the further east you go the more unpunctual are the trains. What ought they to be in China? All day long, we seemed to dawdle through a country that was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the top of steep hills such as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams that seemed from the wide stony margin on each side of them to be subject to great floods. It takes a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a river clear. At every station, there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in all sorts of attire. Some of them were just as the peasants at home or that I saw coming through France and Germany, with short jackets, and round hats, and homemade trousers but others were very picturesque. The women looked pretty, except when you got near them but they were very clumsy about the waist. They had all full white sleeves of some kind or other, and most of them had big belts with many strips of something fluttering from them like the dresses in a ballet but of course, there were petticoats under them. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were more barbarian than the rest, with their big cow-boy hats, great baggy dirty-white trousers, white linen shirts, and enormous heavy leather belts, nearly a foot wide, all studded over with brass nails. They wore high boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. They are very picturesque but do not look prepossessing. On the stage, they would be set down at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. They are, however, I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion. It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz that is a very interesting old place. Being practically on the frontier – for the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina – it has had a very stormy existence and it certainly shows marks of it. Five decades ago a series of great fires took place that made terrible havoc on five separate occasions. At the very beginning of the seventeenth century, it underwent a siege of three weeks and lost 13,000 people, the casualties of war proper being assisted by famine and disease. Count Dracula had directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel that I found, to my great delight, to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could of the ways of the country. I was evidently expected, for when I got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the usual peasant dress – white undergarment with a long double apron, front, and back, of coloured stuff fitting almost too tight for modesty. When I came close, she bowed and said, "The *Herr* Englishman?"

"Yes," I said, "Jonathan Harker," she smiled and gave some message to an elderly man in white shirtsleeves who had followed her to the door. He went but immediately returned with a letter.

Finally I arrived here after a speedy journey across Europe by express train. Left Munich at 8:30^{PM} on the 1 May, arrived in Vienna the next morning. From there to Budapest, a strange city although I only saw a little of it. There it felt as though I were saying goodbye to the West and Western civilisation as Eastern culture came to the fore. I spent the night in Klausenburgh, got there yesterday evening after dark, and continued with the mail coach to the Borgo Pass this morning.

Today I have gone over hilly country, very different from the plains of Hungary. Here and there I could see a village or a castle on the hilltops and occasionally, the road crossed gushing rivers. At the coach stops I saw many rural people gathering, clad in all sorts of attire – I wish that I could have drawn some sketches of life here around me. Oddest of all do the Slovaks seem to me. They wear wide trousers with shirts overtop and belts around the middle. Their hair falls to the shoulders. Their eyes are black and fiery. It makes them look like bandits. Other than that however, they seem harmless. While I waited in London for orders from my employer, I did not forget to visit the British Museum to gain some knowledge about Transylvania from books and maps as up to this point I knew next to nothing about it. I learned that my destination was in the eastern part of the country, somewhere up in the Carpathian Mountains, close to the borders between Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina – in other words in one of the wildest, least-known corners of Europe. As the maps they make in Transylvania cannot be compared to those created for the War Office back home in England, I could not locate Castle Dracula on any of them. The post town is called Bistritz and the castle is close to the Borgo Pass. Transylvania's population is a colourful mixture of varied nations just like in Hungary – at least according to the experts at the British Museum. They say that the country is a melting pot of Germans, Vlachs, Magyars, Czechs, Slovaks, Gypsies, Slovenes, and God knows how many other diverse peoples. Religions are nearly as numerous as ethnicities and apart from that, the semicircle of the Carpathians, so to speak, harbours all the superstitions and backwoods beliefs of this world along with plenty of obscure tales, archaic myths, and customs passed down over centuries. Here the tribes met in ancient times when they were still moving from place to place and today, Western culture and the occultism of the East still intersect here like 2 rivers meeting, forming a vortex where much of what has elsewhere long ago sunk deep into oblivion still swirls near the surface – emerging when we least expect it. This is all very interesting but unfortunately I am too much the lawyer and thus engaging in such studies – whether national or historical – is not my innate strength. Who knows, perhaps the Count could enlighten me on this subject? The Count had sent me detailed instructions about how to organise my trip, recommending the *Golden Crown* guesthouse to me that he believes to be the best place to stay in this area. I followed his directions and soon found that they had been expecting me for at the very entrance I was met by an old woman with a kind face, wearing an ordinary peasant dress. She bowed low and asked in more or less understandable German if I was "Mr. Englishman." I said that I was and told her my name. She looked at me closely and then said something to a man in the next room. He came at once with a letter in his hand and I immediately recognised the Count's handwriting that is very queer. It was written in English just as were his letters to the lawyer's office in London where I work. All of this sounds fine. I am growing curious as it's not everyday one meets a Hungarian – or rather Transylvanian – nobleman who lives in an old castle in some deserted mountains at the end of the civilised world, yet writes letters in flawless English with all the urbanity of cultivated scholars while negotiating with solicitors and real estate agents to buy a house in the heart of London. Such a man must be remarkable and *the letter* read as follows:

CHAPTER II

LETTER FROM VOIVODE VLAD DRACULYA III TO JONATHAN HARKER

3 May,
My friend,
Welcome to the Carpathians. I'm anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. At 3^{PM} tomorrow, the diligence'll start for Bukovina; a place on it's kept for you. At the Borgo Pass, my carriage'll await you and it'll bring you to me. I trust that thy journey from London's been a happy one and you'll enjoy thy stay in my beautiful land. Thy friend,
Draculya

2

"Dear Sir!
At 7 tomorrow evening the mail coach will leave from Bistritz for Bukovina. I hope that you have not strained yourself too much during the journey and will enjoy your visit to our beautiful country as you are bound to stay here for both our benefits, and am your friend,
Draculya

CHAPTER III

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

4 May,
I found that my proprietor had a letter from the Count, directing him to secure the best place on the coach for me but on making inquiries as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not understand my German. This could not be true, because up to then he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if he did. He and his wife, the old woman who had received me, looked at each other in a frightened sort of way. He mumbled out that the money had been sent in a letter, and that was all he knew. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. It was so near the time of starting that I had no time to ask anyone else, for it was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting. Just before I was leaving, the old woman came up to my room and said in a hysterical way, "Must you go? Oh! Young Herr, must you go?" She was in such an excited state that she seemed to have lost her grip of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with some other language that I did not know at all. I was just able to follow her by asking many questions. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I was engaged on important business, she asked again, "Do you know what day it's?" I answered that it is the fourth of May. She shook her head as she said again, "Oh, yes! I know that! I know that but do you know what day it's?" On my saying that I did not understand, she went on: "It's the eve of St. George's Day. Don't you know that tonight; when the clock strikes midnight all the evil things in the world'll have full sway? Do you know where you're going and what you're gonna?" She was in such evident distress that I tried to comfort her but without effect. Finally, she went down on her knees and implored me not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. It was all very ridiculous but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I could, that I thanked her but my duty was imperative, and that I must go. She then rose and dried her eyes and taking a crucifix from her neck offered it to me. I did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been taught to regard such things as in some measure idolatrous, and yet it seemed so ungracious to refuse an old woman meaning so well and in such a state of mind. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck and said, "For thy mom's sake."
And went out of the room, I am writing up this part of the diary whilst I am waiting for the coach that is, of course, late; and the crucifix is still round my neck. Whether it is the old woman's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not know but I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual. If this book should ever reach Mina before I do, let it bring my goodbye. Here comes the coach!

2

I couldn't sleep last night as I would have needed to after such a trip because it was as if all the town's dogs had agreed to meet under my window and howl, letting all hell break loose. Eventually I became so tired that sleep overcame me but I awoke shortly thereafter when I heard something scratch at the window. I raised the curtain and saw that a bat had landed on the window sill but it flew away just as I approached it. The barking and howling were no better than before, so I couldn't peacefully sleep again before dawn. When we sat down for breakfast, the hotel owner told me he had received a letter from the Count requesting he see to it that I get the best seat in the carriage. He had included money for the ticket, too. I tried to ask the owner and his wife about the Count but they were more than reluctant to tell me anything about him except that he was rich – or was said to be rich – and they had only seen him in passing but he rarely came into town and so on. To be honest, I barely understood the poor German they spoke. When I told them about the barking dogs and the bat, I noticed that they glanced at each other and crossed themselves furtively. Superstition is deeply rooted in this country and I regret not being able to learn more about these people and their way of thinking. It would be interesting to explore the simpleminded beliefs that are so alive around here although modern people – like me – would just call them old wives' tales as they are remnants of pagan thinking, attesting to the customs of a bygone era. Later on I met a Saxon teacher who spent part of the day showing

me the town. When I asked him about Count Dracula he was surprised to hear that I was going to meet the Count and stay with him for a fortnight because – he told me – the Count was known to live in seclusion, avoiding all people, and ever had he heard of the Count inviting none to his home. “There’ll certainly be many stories about him,” I said, “as men tend to taunt those who don’t tie their bundles the same way as their fellow travellers.”

He said it was true that much was rumoured about the Count but no reasonable person would put trust in such blathering. Other than that, he had nothing to say about the Count except that he was born of the greatest and oldest family in the country of which – due to the innate qualities of their kin – the men were the bravest and the women the most beautiful throughout the centuries the subjects of poetic lore. He didn’t know whether the Count had children but he had been married 3 times and had lost all of his wives. When I returned to the guesthouse to prepare for my departure, the landlady who seemed very distressed, came to me and said, “Are you seriously going?” She was so upset that she completely forgot what little German she knew and jabbered away in another language of which I didn’t understand a single word. When I told her that I had to go because I had an important business deal to finalise, she stared at me before asking solemnly, “Then you don’t know what day it is today?” I said that it was the 4th of May – as it was – but she shook her head, saying, “Yes, I know that, too, but do you know what *kind* of day it is?” I had to tell her that I didn’t understand her point, at which she answered me with urgency, saying, “But what part of the world are you from, you poor young man that you don’t know it is the eve of St. George’s Day when all the evil spirits are at large!” – And now she crossed herself – “Do you know where you’re going ... and what’d happen to you there? Believe an old lady who wishes you well. Don’t depart until morning; it’s a sin to tempt God and throw yourself into perdition.” Tears streamed down her cheeks and in an instant she was down on her knees, gesticulating before me and begging me in the name of the Holy Virgin Mary – and a number of other holy men whose saintly deeds I am actually not familiar with – not to leave within the next 2 days. To tell the truth, I was beginning to feel uncomfortable while she carried on like this but I don’t believe in such prattle, of course. I got her to stand up, wiped her tears, and then told her sternly that I had to go – it was my duty. When she got ahold of herself, she took a rosary from her bosom and handed it to me. I didn’t know what to do; like any English Churchman, I have been taught disdain for such holy toys since childhood but I didn’t want to offend this dear old woman. When she saw that I was wavering, she ended the discussion by putting the rosary around my neck and with a quivering voice she said, “Do it for your mom’s sake.” Having said this, she left. Superstition is contagious like the plague. I do not feel well. I have now been writing this to compose myself while I wait for the mail coach as it is delayed. It vexes me that the Count’s horses will have to wait, too. I will now write a letter to my Mina that will probably surprise her. –

5 May,

The Castle:

The grey of the morning has passed, and the sun is high over the distant horizon that seems jagged, whether with trees or hills I know not, for it is so far off that big things and little are mixed. I am not sleepy, and, as I am not to be called until, I awake, naturally I write until sleep comes. There are many odd things to put down, and, lest who reads them may fancy that I dined too well before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I dined on what they called robber steak – bits of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, and strung on sticks, and roasted over the fire, in simple style of the London cat’s meat! The wine was Golden Mediasch that produces a queer sting on the tongue that is, however, not disagreeable. I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. When I got on the coach, the driver had not taken his seat, and I saw him talking to the proprietor. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then, they looked at me, and some of the people who were sitting on the bench outside the door – came and listened, and then looked at me, most of them pityingly. I could hear many words often repeated, queer words, for there were many nationalities in the crowd, so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. I must say they were not cheering to me, for amongst them were Ordog – Satan, Pokol – hell, Stregoica – witch, Vrolok and Vlkoslak – both mean the same thing, one being Slovak and the other Serbian for something that is either werewolf or vampire. (Recall: I must ask the Count about these superstitions.) When we started, the crowd round the inn door that had, by this time, swelled to a considerable size, all made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me. With some difficulty, I got a fellow passenger to tell me what they meant. He would not answer at first but on learning that I was English, he explained that it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. This was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown place to meet an unknown man. But everyone seemed so kind-hearted, and so sorrowful, and so sympathetic that I could not but be touched. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had of the inn yard and its crowd of picturesque figures, all crossing themselves, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of rich foliage of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustreed in the centre of the yard. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the box seat, – gotza they call them – cracked his big whip over his four small horses that ran abreast, and we set off on our journey. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene as we drove along, although had I known the language, or rather languages that my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to throw them off so easily; before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses, the blank gable end to the road. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom – apple, plum, and pear, cherry. as we drove by, I could see the green grass under the trees spangled with the fallen petals. In and out amongst these green hills of what they call here the Mittel Land ran the road, losing itself as it swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the straggling ends of pine woods that here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. The road was rugged but still we seemed to fly over it with a feverish haste. I could not understand then what the haste meant but the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I was told that this road is in summertime excellent but that it had not yet been put in order after the winter snows. In this respect, it is different from the general run of roads in the Carpathians, for it is an old tradition that they are not to be kept in too good order. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so hasten the war which was always really at loading point. Beyond the green swelling hills of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to the lofty steepes of the Carpathians themselves. Right and left of us they towered, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags, until these were themselves lost in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the mountains, through which, as the sun began to sink, we saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. One of my companions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a mountain that seemed, as we wound on our serpentine way, to be right before us. “Look, *Isten Szek!*”

Lord’s seat!

And he crossed himself reverently. As we wound on our endless way, and the sun kept sinking lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasised by the fact that the snowy mountaintop still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Here and there, we passed Czechs and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. By the roadside were many crosses. As we swept by, my companions all crossed them. Here and there was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine that did not even turn round as we approached but seemed in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. There were many things new to me. For instance, hayricks in the trees, and here and there very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves. Now and again, we passed a litter-wagon – the ordinary peasants’ cart – with its long, snakelike vertebra, calculated to suit the inequalities of the road. On this were sure to be seated quite a group of homecoming peasants, the Czechs with their white, and the Slovaks with their coloured sheepskins, the latter carrying lance-fashion their long staves, with axe at end. As the evening fell it began to get very cold, and the growing twilight seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the hills, as we ascended through the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there against the background of late-lying snow. Sometimes, as the road was cut through the pine woods that seemed in the darkness to be closing down upon us, great masses of greyness which here and there bestrewed the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect that carried on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the evening, when the falling sunset threw into strange relief the ghost-like clouds which amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the valleys. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver’s haste, the horses could only go slowly. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we do at home but the driver would not hear of it. “No, no,” he said. “You mustn’t walk here. The dogs’re too fierce.” And then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry – for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the rest – “And you may’ve enough of such matters before you go to sleep.”

The only stop he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps. When it grew dark there seemed to be some excitement amongst the passengers, and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, as though urging him to further speed. He lashed the horses unmercifully with his long whip, and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to further exertions. Then through the darkness, I could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though there were a cleft in the hills. The excitement of the passengers grew greater. The crazy coach rocked on its great leather springs, and swayed as a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I had to hold on. The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly along. Then the mountains seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to frown down upon us. We were entering on the Borgo Pass. One by one several of the passengers offered me gifts that they pressed upon me with an earnestness that would take no denial. These were certainly of an odd and varied kind but each was given in simple good faith, with a kindly word, and a blessing, and that same strange mixture of fear-meaning movements that I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz – the sign of the cross and the guard against the evil eye. Then, as we flew along, the driver leaned forward, and on each side, the passengers, craning over the edge of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. It was evident that something very exciting was either happening or expected but though I asked each passenger, none would give me the slightest explanation. This state of excitement kept on for some little time. At last, we saw before us the Pass opening out on the eastern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres and that now we had into the thunderous one. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance that was to take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the blackness but all was dark. The only light was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in which the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white cloud. We could see now the sandy road lying white before us but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers drew back with a sigh of gladness that seemed to mock my own disappointment. I was already thinking what I had best do, when the driver looking at his watch said to the others something that I could hardly hear, it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone, I thought it was, "An hour less than the time."

Then turning to me, he spoke in German worse than my own. "There's no carriage here. The Herr isn't expected after all. He'll now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the next day, better the next day."

Whilst he was speaking, the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver had to hold them up. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal crossing of themselves, a caleche, with four horses, drove up behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I could see from the flash of our lamps as the rays fell on them, that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat that seemed to hide his face from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes that seemed red in the lamplight, as he turned to us. He said to the driver, "You're early tonight, my friend."

The man stammered in reply, "The English Herr's in a hurry."

To which the stranger replied, "That's why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You can't deceive me, my friend. I know too much and my horses're swift."

As he spoke he smiled, and the lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companions whispered to another the line from Burger's Lenore. "Denn die Todten reiten Schnell, for the dead travel fast."

The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face away, at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. "Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver, and with exceeding alacrity, my bags were handed out and put in the caleche. Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the caleche was close alongside, the driver helping me with a hand that caught my arm in a grip of steel. His strength must have been prodigious. Without a word, he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the pass. As I looked back, I saw the steam from the horses of the coach by the light of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina. As they sank into the darkness, I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling come over me. But a cloak was thrown over my shoulders, and a rug across my knees, and the driver said in excellent German, "The night's chill, mien Herr, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. There's a flask of slivovitz, the plum brandy of the country underneath the seat if you'd require it."

I took none but it was a comfort to know it was there all the same. I felt a little strangely, and not a little frightened. I think had there been any alternative I should have taken it, instead of prosecuting that unknown night journey. The carriage went at a hard pace straight along, and then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. It seemed to me that we were simply going repeatedly the same ground again, and so I took note of some salient point, and found that this was so. I would have liked to have asked the driver what this all meant but I really feared to do so, for I thought that, placed as I was, any protest would have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. By-and-by, however, as I was curious to know how time was passing, I struck a match, and by its flame looked at my watch. It was within a few minutes of midnight. This gave me a sort of shock, for I suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I waited with a sick feeling of suspense. Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road, a long, agonised wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then another and another, until, borne on the wind which now sighed softly through the Pass, a wild howling began that seemed to come from all over the country, as far as the imagination could grasp it through the gloom of the night. At the first howl, the horses began to strain and rear but the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they quieted down but shivered and sweated as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Then, far off in the distance, from the mountains on each side of us began a louder and a sharper howling, that of wolves that affected both the horses and myself in the same way, for I was minded to jump from the Caleche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. In a few minutes, however, my own ears were accustomed to the sound, and the horses so far became quiet that the driver was able to descend and to stand before them. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with extraordinary effect, for under his caresses they became quite manageable again, though they still trembled. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. This time, after going to the far side of the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway that ran sharply to the right. Soon we were hemmed in with trees that in places arched right over the roadway until we passed as through a tunnel. Again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that soon us, and all around us were covered with a white blanket. The keen wind still carried the howling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, was not in the least disturbed. He kept turning his head to left and right but I could not see anything through the darkness. Suddenly, away on our left I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment. He at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, the less as the howling of the wolves grew closer. But while I wondered, the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and we resumed our journey. I think I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the incident, for it seemed to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort of awful nightmare. Once the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the darkness around us I could watch the driver's motions. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose, it must have been very faint, for it did not seem to illumine the place around it at all, and gathering a few stones, formed them into some device. Once there appeared a strange optical effect. When he stood between the flame and me, he did not obstruct it, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. This startled me but as the effect was only short, I took it that my eyes deceived me straining through the darkness. Then for a time, there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through the gloom, with the howling of the wolves around us, as though they were following in a moving circle. At last, there came a time when the driver went further a field than he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether. But just then, the moon, sailing through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light, I saw around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long, sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim silence that held them than even when they howled. For myself, I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. Only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors, he can understand their true import. All at once, the wolves began to howl as

though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about and reared, and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see. But the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side, and they had perforce to remain within it. I called to the coachman to come, for it seemed to me that our only chance was to try to break out through the ring and to aid his approach, I shouted and beat the side of the caleche, hoping by the noise to scare the wolves from the side, so as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. How he came there, I know not but I heard his voice raised in a tone of imperious command, and looking towards the sound, saw him stand in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back further still. Just then, a heavy cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darkness. When I could see again, the driver was climbing into the caleche, and the wolves disappeared. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was afraid to speak or move. The time seemed interminable as we swept on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent but in the main always ascending. Suddenly, I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the sky. I must have been asleep, for certainly, if I had been fully awake I must have noticed the approach of such a remarkable place. In the gloom, the courtyard looked of considerable size, and as several dark ways led from it under great round arches, it perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not yet been able to see it by daylight. When the caleche stopped, the driver jumped down and held out his hand to assist me to alight. Again, I could not but notice his prodigious strength. His hand actually seemed like steel vice that could have crushed mine if he had chosen. Then he took my traps, and placed them on the ground beside me as I stood close to a great door, old and studded with large iron nails, and set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I could see even in the dim light that the stone was massively carved but that the carving had been much worn by time and weather. As I stood, the driver jumped again into his seat and shook the reins. The horses started forward, and trap and all disappeared down one of the dark openings. I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker, there was no sign. Through these frowning walls and dark window openings, it was not likely that my voice could penetrate. The time I waited seemed endless, and I felt doubts and fears crowding upon me. What sort of place I'd come to and among what kind of people? What sort of grim adventure's it on which I'd embarked? This's a customary incident in the life of a solicitor's clerk sent out to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner! Solicitor's clerk, *Mina wouldn't like that, solicitor, for just before leaving London I got word that my examination's successful and I'm now a full-blown solicitor!*

I began to rub my eyes and pinch myself to see if I were awake. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare to me, and I expected that I should suddenly awake, and find myself at home, with the dawn struggling in through the windows, as I had now and again felt in the morning after a day of overwork. But my flesh answered the pinching test, and my eyes were not to be deceived. I was indeed awake and among the Carpathians. All I could do now was to be patient, and to wait the coming of morning. Just as I had come to this conclusion, I heard a heavy step approaching behind the great door, and saw through the chinks the gleam of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating noise of long disuse, and the great door swung back. Within, stood a tall old man, clean-shaven save for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck of colour about him anywhere. He held in his hand an antique silver lamp, in which the flame burned without a chimney or globe of any kind, throwing long quivering shadows as it flickered in the draught of the open door. The old man motioned me in with his right hand with a courtly gesture saying in excellent English but with a strange intonation. "Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of thy own free will!" He made no motion of stepping to meet me but stood like a statue, as though his gesture of welcome had fixed him into stone. The instant, however, that I had stepped over the threshold, he moved impulsively forward, and holding out his hand-grasped mine with a strength that made me wince, an effect that was not lessened by the fact that it seemed cold as ice, more like the hand of a dead than a living man does. Again, he said, "Welcome to my house! Enter freely. Go safely, and leave something of the happiness you bring!"

The strength of the handshake was so much akin to that which I had noticed in the driver, whose face I had not seen, that for a moment I doubted if it were not the same person to whom I was speaking. So to make sure, I said interrogatively, "Count Dracula?"

He bowed in a courtly way as he replied, "I'm Dracula, and I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker, to my house. Come in, the night air's chill, and you must need to eat and rest." As he was speaking, he put the lamp on a bracket on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage. He had carried it in before I could forestall him. I protested but he insisted. "Nay, sir, you're my guest. It's late, and my people're unavailable. Let me see to thy comfort myself." He insisted on carrying my traps along the passage, and then up a great winding stair, and along another great passage, on whose stone floor our steps rang heavily. At the end of this he threw, open a heavy door and I rejoiced to see within a well-lit room in which a table was spread for supper, and on whose mighty hearth a great fire of logs, freshly replenished, flamed and flared. The Count halted, putting down my bags, closed the door, and crossing the room, opened another door that led into a small octagonal room lit by a single lamp, and seemingly without a window of any sort. Passing through this, he opened another door, and motioned me to enter. It was a welcome sight. For here was a great bedroom well lighted and warmed with another log fire, also added to but lately, for the top logs were fresh that sent a hollow roar up the wide chimney. The Count himself left my luggage inside and withdrew, saying, before he closed the door. "You'll need, after thy journey, to refresh yourself by making thy toilet. I trust you'll find all you wish. When you're ready, come into the other room, where you'll find thy supper prepared." The light and warmth and the Count's courteous welcome seemed to have dissipated all my doubts and fears. Having then reached my normal state, I discovered that I was half-famished with hunger. So making a hasty toilet, I went into the other room. I found supper already lay out. My host, who stood on one side of the great fireplace, leaning against the stonework, made a graceful wave of his hand to the table, and said, "I pray you, be seated, and sup how you please, you'll, I trust, excuse me that I don't join you but I've dined already, and I don't sup." I handed to him the sealed letter that Mr. Hawkins had entrusted to me. He opened it and read it gravely. Then, with a charming smile, he handed it to me to read. One passage of it at least, gave me a thrill of pleasure.

I must regret that an attack of gout from which malady I'm a constant sufferer, forbids any travelling on my part for some time to come. But I'm happy to say I can send a sufficient substitute, one in whom I've every possible confidence. He's a young man, full of energy and talent in his own way, of a very faithful disposition, he's discreet and silent, and is grown into manhood in my service, he'll be ready to attend on you when you'll during his stay, and'll take thy instructions in all matters.

The count himself came forward and took off the cover of a dish, and I fell to at once on an excellent roast chicken. This, with some cheese and a salad and a bottle of old Tokay, of which I had two glasses, was my supper. During the time I was eating it the Count asked me many questions as to my journey, and I told him by degrees all I had experienced. He [Dracula] seemed very interested especially in my adventures in Munich. When I told him of the coming of the soldiers, he appeared quite excited ... by this time, I had finished my supper, and by my host's desire had drawn up a chair by the fire and begun to smoke a cigar that he offered me, at the same time excusing himself that he did not smoke. I had now an opportunity of observing him, and found him of a very marked physiognomy. His face was a strong, a very strong, aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils, with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the temples but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, as far as I could see it under the heavy moustache, was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth. These protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years. For the rest, his ears were pale, and at the tops extremely pointed. The chin was broad and strong, and the cheeks firm though thin. The general effect was one of extraordinary pallor. Hereto I had noticed the backs of his hands as they lay on his knees in the firelight, and they had seemed rather white and fine. But seeing them now close to me, I could not but notice that they were rather coarse, broad, with squat fingers. Strange to say, there were hairs in the centre of the palm. The nails were long and fine, and cut to a sharp point. As the Count leaned over me and his hands touched me, I could not repress a shudder. It may have been that his breath was rank but a horrible feeling of nausea came over me that, do what I would, I could not conceal. The Count, evidently noticing it, drew back with a grim sort of smile that showed more than he had yet done his protuberant teeth, sat himself down again on his own side of the fireplace. We were both silent for a while, and as I looked towards the window I saw the first dim streak of the coming dawn. There seemed a strange stillness over everything. But as I listened, I heard as if from down below in the valley the howling of many wolves. The Count's eyes gleamed, and he said. "Listen to them, the children of the night. What music they make!" Seeing, I suppose, some expression in my

face strange to him, he added, "Ah, sir, you dwellers in the city can't enter into the feelings of the hunter." Then he rose and said. "But you must be tired. Thy bedroom's all ready, and tomorrow you'll sleep as late as you will; I've to be away until the afternoon, so sleep, and dream well!"

With a courteous bow, he opened for me himself the door to the octagonal room, and I entered my bedroom. I am all in a sea of wonders. I doubt. I fear. I think strange things that I dare not confess to my own soul, Lord keep me, if only for the sake of those dear to me!

2

It's broad daylight outside and it is 4^{AM}. I haven't gone to bed yet but am wide awake; I would be unable to sleep now so I might as well write instead as the Count has said that I can rest as long as I want after my travels. When I stepped into the mail coach that was to take me to the Borgo Pass, the driver had not yet come to his seat, as he was palavering with the landlady and some of the other villagers. It seemed as though the people were talking about me, and they were looking at me with expressions of surprise and compassion. As I only caught a few scattered words, I took my dictionary out of my pocket and looked up the ones I could make out best. They were not very pleasant: words such as *devil*, *hell*, *monster* and other such "nice" expressions were thrown around, and I suspected they related to my prospective host, the Count. When we departed, a crowd of people had gathered at the guesthouse, making the sign of the cross with two outstretched fingers and pointing to me, me who – innocent as a child – had done nothing wrong. I asked one of my fellow travellers who spoke German the reason for this, and he said that the people meant me no harm. Quite the contrary: they meant me well and were praying for me! Then the coachman struck the horses and I soon forgot all their blessings and ill-forebodings as I began to watch the scenery. The hills spread out before us, everywhere grassy and wooded, and on the slopes we saw farms with their windowless gables facing the road. Along the coach route, which lay in countless curves between the hillocks, I noticed an apple tree in bloom and many other fruit trees. The driver maneuvered the horses as if his life depended on it, over rocks and through potholes; road repairs, which are always to be done in spring, hadn't yet been made, leaving the track in bad condition. ⁵²Beyond the hills the rocky peaks of the Carpathians towered over the dark woods. ⁵³ They were soon surrounding us, glowing in the sunlight with the richest of colors, while in the distance we could discern blue-white glaciers. We came across farmers in motley attire, and I witnessed many sights I had never seen before, such as haystacks being put up in the treetops to dry. With darkness drawing near it was getting much colder. We even caught glimpses of snow in the ravines and passes. Sometimes the road was so steep that I wanted to get out and walk, as we would in England, but the driver flatly refused, saying, "No, by all means, do not step out of the carriage, it's not safe here – wild dogs," and so, except for when he turned on the carriage lights, he didn't stop once. The darker it became, the greater the apprehension that seemed to engulf my travel companions as they spoke to the coachman, and from what I understood, they were asking him to make haste – which he did, brutally snapping his whip at the horses like the worst butcher and whistling very high from time to time, hurrying them on even more. Suddenly the sky cleared ahead of us as if the mountains had opened up, and yet they became even steeper on both sides. My fellow travellers now became even tenser than they already were. The road was better here and the ride continued at an even more tearing pace than before, such that I had to hold myself in order not to be thrown around in the carriage. I am no coward, but it seemed crazy to rush on like this in the dark. I was then told that we were galloping up the Borgo Pass, and as if to make this event more ceremonious, my travel companions started giving me odd gifts, such as rose tree branches, rowan twigs, white flowers, crucifixes, and other small trinkets. I didn't have the heart to refuse them, but little by little I tried to get rid of most of them, as I could not see how they would be of any use to me. I did, however, understand that they were meant to protect me against the attacks and cunning tricks of the Evil One. The carriage rushed forward with the same breakneck speed as before, and all the while my companions wriggled in their seats as if sitting on hot coals, looking around us in all directions, which eventually made me nervous as well. I asked them if there was anything to fear, but they answered me with some balderdash, or muttered phrases I didn't understand. As the road began to descend from the pass, the driver pulled on the reins and we stopped. Although it was still behind the mountains, the moon had risen, illuminating our surroundings. I started to worry whether or not the Count had even sent his carriage for me, as the coachman insisted that no one would come. He advised me to go back to the village with him and to return tomorrow or some other day. While we were discussing this, the horses became skittish and began to prick their ears, whinnying and rearing, and the coachman struggled to keep hold of them. My companions shouted, called for the saints, crossed themselves and grabbed their crucifixes. In the midst of this chaos, an antiquated calèche, drawn by four splendid pitch black stallions, drove up to us. ⁵⁴ Their harnesses were adorned with silver and seemed as though they belonged in a history museum rather than on those magnificent animals. The driver was tall and had a large black beard. He was not in uniform, but in some sort of national dress, and wore a wide-brimmed felt hat on his head, so that only the lower part of his face was visible. I noticed, however, that his eyes seemed red in the lamplight. I have seen such eyes on other people, but it always makes an eerie impression. As I already felt rather beat up after the tiresome journey and conversation with my companions, I would have preferred this new escort of mine to be less peculiar. "You have been travelling fast this evening, my friend," the stranger said to our driver in German.

"The English gentleman was in a hurry."

"And so you have advised him to return with you; I hear well and am not easily fooled. Besides, I have swift horses."

He laughed out loud, so that his teeth shone white as snow. "Give me the luggage of the gracious lord," he said.

And with the help of all my travel companions, my baggage was transferred to the other carriage in the wink of an eye. Then I stepped out of the mail coach and the driver lifted me up into the calèche, rather forcefully. In an instant, the man got in his seat and grabbed hold of the reins, and we dashed off. I looked back and saw that my fellow travellers had stepped out of the carriage to see us better – still crossing themselves. When they were out of sight, some sort of horror struck me, and I felt all alone – as if I had left the civilized world and entered a realm of darkness, where anything could happen. The superstitions of my companions had unduly impacted me, and I had to employ all my common sense and self-control to pull myself together. I kept telling myself that I was no adventurer wrestling with ghosts and demons but the steady Jonathan Harker – a candidate for the bar with good testimony, currently an assistant at the law firm of Peter Hawkins, Esquire who had sent me to Count Dracula in Transylvania to finalize his real estate purchase in London. I was also thinking about my fiancée, Mina; I had just written her a letter, and as I brought her and our home life to mind my mood improved and I became composed once more. I began to look forward to exploring unknown paths at the Count's place. As I lit a cigar, the calèche suddenly stopped. The driver left his seat, came over to me, and spread a fur over my feet and knees. He also wrapped me in a pelt coat above the waist and said in good German: "It's chilly in the mountains tonight, and the gracious Count told me that I should make sure you would not be cold. There is a bottle of plum liqueur under the seat, if you need to warm yourself."

I thanked him, and he went back to his seat to steer the horses. I was about to doze off when it felt as though the carriage suddenly turned around. This was probably just my imagination, but it felt very real to me. A short while later I lit a match and looked at my watch – it was a few minutes to twelve. I began to remember some of the things the landlady at the inn had told me, but I laughed it off, tightened the mantle around me, and tried to sleep. But as soon as I closed my eyes I heard dogs barking from a farm nearby, and some time later from another direction, and then again from the distance, until the whole air, near and far, resounded with whining and barking, growing louder as the winds grew stronger. I could not sleep now, the more so as the horses were beginning to stir. The driver calmed them by speaking to them in a soothing voice, saying something to them that I didn't understand. The wind was growing more violent, and nothing could be heard but the rushing of the forest and the occasional hooting of owls in the treetops. Then the barking came again, followed by a ferocious howling that instantly terrified me. "What is that?" I asked the driver.

"It's the wolves, sir; here in the mountains," he said. "They're out tonight, but you can rest easy. To us – they do nothing."

The horses, however, seemed to be of a different opinion, as they were now becoming unruly, kicking back as if they were afraid. I saw that the driver had to muster all of his tremendous strength in order to keep them under control. The calèche nearly tipped over, which would have thrown me out into the gorge that I suspected was beside the road. I was prepared to jump out to safety, but the driver finally managed to settle the horses so that he could dismount the calèche and get to them. He stroked them and whispered to them, like horse tamers do, and soon they were meek as lambs. The driver took his seat again and we continued. Not much later we came out of the woods and were moving alongside enormously high cliffs. There we were sheltered from the gale, but I noticed that the storm was still building up, and it was not long before the weather became murderous. ⁵⁸ The barking from the valley we had crossed was faint now, but the sound of

wolves was much louder than before and could be heard all around us. I was not scared, but I was not at ease either. I wished I had some rifles with me, as I would have liked to give my Mina two or three wolf furs as a wedding present. I had to laugh to myself when I thought of the hunters I knew, who would have been grateful to be granted a month's stay in this area. Suddenly I noticed that the driver was scanning the forest in all directions, and as I watched more closely I saw something like a bluish flame flicker not far from us in the woods. The driver had obviously noticed it too. He jumped from the carriage and took off into the forest. It seemed that this glimmer was close to the road, and I could clearly see what the driver was doing: he was building a cairn. – It felt as if I had fallen asleep for a moment when I realized that the calèche had halted. ⁶¹The driver was away, longer than he had been before, and after a few moments the horses became restless. This puzzled me, especially as there was nothing to be heard from the wolves. Soon the horses were so unruly that I took hold of the reins myself and was about to leave the carriage to better handle them – but then the moon came out, and all of a sudden I saw four, five, six large *wolves* sneaking down the road with gaping snouts and sagging tongues. In a flurry, I reached into my pocket for my revolver, but I had put it into my carpetbag that morning.⁶² I had nothing to defend myself with but the whip, which I could hardly use, as I was having enough trouble handling the horses. Unwilling to sit idle, I yelled "Hello" as loud as I could, so that it echoed through the forest; the wolves didn't seem to like it. Then I heard the driver saying something I didn't understand, and when I looked to the side I saw him gesture to them, at which they shamefully crept away with drooping tails. "How could you leave the carriage in a situation like this?" I shouted to the driver. "We nearly had an accident. I could hardly cope with the horses much longer."

"I told you there was nothing to fear, even if the horses are young and inexperienced – I am an old hunter. The wolves will do *us* no harm. You saw how I drove them away. I know how to deal with them, they do not dare attack me. There are, however, much worse things in the woods when it's dark like this. Try to sleep; we will soon be at the castle." I let this be a lesson and I am sure I must have fallen asleep. When the calèche halted once more, the moonlight had become clear and I saw that we had arrived at a large courtyard, fenced in by a high wall that in some places had started to crack.

CHAPTER IV LETTER FROM VOIVODE VLAD DRACULA III TO JONATHAN HARKER

7 May,
I've to be absent for a while. Don't wait for me.
Dracula

CHAPTER V JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

7 May,
It's again early morning but I have rested and enjoyed the last twenty-four hours. I slept until late in the day, and awoke of my own accord. When I had dressed myself, I went into the room where we had supped, and found a cold breakfast laid out, with coffee kept hot by the pot being placed on the hearth. There was a card on the table, on which was written a letter. I set to and enjoyed a hearty meal. When I had done, I looked for a bell, so that I might let the servants know I had finished but I could not find one. There are certainly odd deficiencies in the house, considering the extraordinary evidences of wealth that are round me. The table service is of gold, and so beautifully wrought that it must be of immense value. The curtains and upholstery of the chairs and sofas and the hangings of my bed are of the costliest and most beautiful fabrics, and must have been of fabulous value when they were made, for they are centuries old, though in excellent order. I saw something like them in Hampton Court but they were worn, frayed, and moth-eaten. But still in none of the rooms is there a mirror. There is not even a toilet glass on my table, and I had to get the little shaving glass from my bag before I could either shave or brush my hair. I have not yet seen a servant anywhere, or heard a sound near the castle except the howling of wolves. Some time after I had finished my meal, I do not know whether to call it breakfast or dinner, for it was between five and six o'clock when I had it, I looked about for something to read, for I did not like to go about the castle until I had asked the Count's permission. There was absolutely nothing in the room, book, newspaper, or even writing materials, so I opened another door in the room and found a sort of library. The door opposite mine I tried but found locked. In the library, I found, to my great delight, a vast number of English books, whole shelves full of them, and bound volumes of magazines and newspapers. A table in the centre was littered with English magazines and newspapers, though none of them was of very recent date. The books were of the most varied kind, history, geography, politics, political economy, botany, geology, law, all relating to England and English life and customs and manners. There were even such books of reference as the London Directory, the Red and Bluebooks, Whitaker's Almanac, the Army and Navy Lists, and it somehow gladdened my heart to see it, the Law List. Whilst I was looking at the books, the door opened, and the Count entered. He saluted me in a hearty way and hoped that I had had a good night's rest. Then he went on. "I'm glad you found thy way in here, for I'm sure there's much that'll interest you. These companions've," and he laid his hand on some of the books, "been good friends to me, and for some years past, ever since I'd the idea of gonna London, given me many, many hours of pleasure. Through them, I've come to know thy great England, and to know her's to love her. I long to go through the crowded streets of thy mighty London to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, change, death, and all that makes it what it's but alas! Yet I only know thy tongue through books. To you, my friend, I look that I know it to speak."

"But, Count," I said, "You know and speak English thoroughly!"

He bowed gravely. "I thank you, my friend, for thy all too-flattering estimate but yet I fear that I'm but a little way on the road I'd travel. True, I know the grammar and the words but yet I know not how to speak them."

"Indeed," I said, "You speak excellently."

"Not so," he answered. "Well, I know that, did I move and speak in thy London, none there're who'd not know me for a stranger. That isn't enough for me. Here I'm noble. I'm a Boyar. The common people know me, and I'm master. But a stranger in a strange land, he's none. Men know him not, and to know not is to care not for. I'm content if I'm like the rest, so that no man stops if he sees me or pauses in his speaking if he hears my words, ha, ha, a stranger! I've been so long master that I'd be master still or at least that none other'd be master of me. You come to me not alone as agent of my friend Peter Hawkins of Exeter to tell me all about my new estate in London. You'll, I trust, rest here with me a while, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation. I'd that you tell me when I make error even of the smallest in my speaking. I'm sorry that I'd to be away so long today but you'll, I know forgive one who's so many important affairs in hand." Of course, I said all I could about being willing, and asked if I might come into that room when I chose. He answered, "Yes, certainly," and added. "You may go anywhere you wish in the castle except where the doors're locked where of course you'll not wish to go. There's reason that all things're as they're and did you see with my eyes and know with my knowledge, you'd perhaps better understand." I said I was sure of this, and then he went on. "We're in Transylvania, and Transylvania isn't England. Our ways are not thy ways and there'll be to you many strange things. Nay, from what you've told me of thy experiences already, you know something of what strange things there maybe." This led to much conversation, and as it was evident that he wanted to talk, if only for the sake of talking. I asked him many questions regarding things that had already happened to me or come within my notice. Sometimes he sheered off the subject, or turned the conversation by pretending not to understand but generally, he answered all I asked most frankly. Then as time went on, and I had somewhat bolder, I asked him of some of the strange things of the preceding night, as for instance, why the coachman went to the places where he had seen the blue flames. He then explained to me that it was commonly believed that on a certain night of the year, last night, in fact, when all evil spirits are supposed to have unchecked sway, a blue flame is seen over any place where treasure has been concealed. "That treasure's been hidden," he went on, "in the region through which you came last night, there can be but little doubt. For it's the ground fought over for centuries by the Wallachians, Saxons, and Turks. Why, hardly a foot of soil in this entire region's not been enriched by the blood of men, patriots, or invaders. In the old days, there're stirring times when the Austrian and the Hungarian came up in hordes and the patriots went out to meet them, men, women, the aged, the children too, and waited their coming on the rocks above the passes that they might sweep destruction on them with their artificial avalanches. When the invader's triumphant he found but little, for whatever there's, had been sheltered in the friendly soil."

"But how," said I, "can it've remained so long undiscovered, when there's a sure index to it if men'll but take the trouble to look?"

The Count smiled, and as his lips ran back over his gums, the long, sharp, canine teeth showed out strangely. He answered, "Because thy peasant's at heart a coward and a fool! Those flames only appear on one night, and on that night, no man of this land'll stir without his doors if he can help it. And, dear sir, even if he did he'd not know what to do. Why, even the peasant that you tell me of who marked the place of the flame'd not know where to look in daylight even for his own work. Even you'd not, I dare be sworn, be able to find these places again?"

"There you're right," I said. "I know no more than the dead where even to look for them."

Then we drifted into other matters. "Come," he said at last, "tell me of London and of the house that you've procured for me." With an apology for my remissness, I went into my own room to get the papers from my bag. Whilst I was placing them in order, I heard a rattling of china and silver in the next room, and as I passed through, noticed that the table had been cleared and the lamp lit, for it was by this time deep into the dark. The lamps were also lit in the study or library, and I found the Count lying on the sofa, reading, of all things in the world, an English Bradshaw's Guide. When I came in he cleared the books and papers from the table, and with him, I went into plans and deeds and figures of all sorts. He was interested in everything, and asked me myriad questions about the place and its surroundings. He clearly had studied beforehand all he could get on the subject of the neighbourhood, for he evidently at the end knew very much more than I did. When I remarked this, he answered. "Well but my friend, isn't it needful that I'd? When I go there I'll be all alone, and my friend Harker, Jonathan, nay, pardon me. I fall into my country's habit of putting thy patronymic first, my friend Jonathan Harker won't be by my side to correct and aid me. He'll be in Exeter, miles away, probably working at papers of the law with my other friend, Peter Hawkins. So!"

We went thoroughly into the business of the purchase of the estate at Purfleet. When I had told him the facts and got his signature to the necessary papers, and had written a letter with them ready to post to Mr. Hawkins, he began to ask me how I had come across so suitable a place. I read to him the notes that I had made at the time and that I inscribe here. "At Purfleet on a byroad, I came across just such a place as seemed to be required, and where's displayed a dilapidated notice that the place's for sale. It's surrounded by a high wall, of ancient structure built of heavy stones and hasn't been repaired for a large number of years. The closed gates're of heavy old oak and iron, all eaten with rust. The estate's called Carfax; no doubt, a corruption of the old Quatre Face, as the house's four sided, agreeing with the cardinal points of the compass. It contains in all some twenty acres, quite surrounded by the solid stall above mentioned. There're many trees on it that make it in places gloomy, and there is a deep, dark-looking pond or small lake, evidently fed by some springs, as the water is clear and flows away in a fair-sized stream. The house's very large and of all periods back, I'd say, to mediaeval times for one part's of stone immensely thick with only a few windows high up and heavily barred with iron. It looks like part of a keep and it's close to an old chapel or church. I'd not enter it as I'd not the key of the door leading to it from the house but I've taken with my Kodak views of it from various points. The house'd been added to but in a very straggling way, and I can only guess at the amount of ground it covers that must be very great. There're but few houses nearby, one being a very large house only recently added to and formed into a private lunatic asylum. It isn't, however, visible from the grounds."

When I had finished, he said, "I'm glad that it's old and big. I'm myself of an old family, and to live in a new house'd kill me. A house can't be made habitable in a day, and after all, how few days go to make up a century. I rejoice also that there's a chapel of old times. We Transylvanian nobles love not to think that our bones may lie amongst the common dead. I seek neither gaiety nor mirth, not the bright voluptuousness of much sunshine and sparkling waters that please the young and happy. I'm no longer young, and my heart's through weary years of mourning over the dead attuned to mirth. Moreover, the walls of my castle're broken. The shadows're many, and the wind breathes cold through the broken battlements and casements. I love the shade and the shadow, and I'd be alone with my thoughts when I may." Some-how, his words and his look did not seem to accord, or else it was that his cast of face made his smile look malignant and saturnine. Presently, with an excuse, he left me, asking me to pull my papers together. He was some little time away, and I began to look at some of the books around me. One was an atlas that I found opened naturally to England, as if that map had been much used. On looking at it I found in certain places little rings marked, and on examining these I noticed that one was near London on the east side, manifestly where his new estate was situated. The other two were Exeter, and Whitby on the Yorkshire coast. It was the better part of an hour when the Count returned. "Aha!" he said, "Still at thy books? Good! But you mustn't always work. Come! I'm informed that thy supper's ready." He took my arm and we went into the next room where I found an excellent supper ready on the table. The Count again excused himself, as he had dined out on his being away from home. But he sat as on the previous night, and chatted whilst I ate. After supper, I smoked as on the last evening and the Count stayed with me, chatting, asking questions on every conceivable subject hour after hour. I felt that it was getting very late indeed but I said nothing for I felt under obligation to meet my host's wishes in every way. I was not sleepy, as the long sleep yesterday had fortified me but I could not help experiencing that chill which comes over one at the coming of the dawn that is like, in its way, the turn of the tide. They say that people who are near death die generally at the change to dawn or at the turn of the tide. Anyone who has when tired, and tied as it were to his post, experienced this change in the atmosphere can well believe it. All at once, we heard the crow of the cock coming up with preternatural shrillness through the clear morning air. Count Dracula, jumping to his feet, said, "Why there's the morning again! How remiss I'm to let you stay up so long. You must make thy conversation regarding my dear new country of England less interesting, so that I mayn't forget how time flies by us," and with a courtly bow, he quickly left me. I went into my room and drew the curtains but there was little to notice. My window opened into the courtyard, all I could see was the warm grey of quickening sky. So I pulled the curtains again, and have written of this day.

2

Morning: I will continue where I left off writing about the events of the last few days. Although I have not yet seen it in daylight, the courtyard of the castle seems unusually large to me. Upon arrival here at the castle, the driver helped me out of the calèche, and again I saw what a hellishly large fellow⁶⁶ he was. I am more than six feet tall⁶⁷ and of matching build, but I felt as though he could toss me away like a glove. He took my luggage from the calèche and put it down beside me. Ahead of me was a stone staircase leading up to an ornamental gate. The driver tugged on the bell rope and the sound reverberated in the distance. Then he jumped onto the calèche, struck the horses, and in an instant disappeared through some passageway in the walls. From the castle no sound could be heard, nor could light be seen in the windows. As I stood there kicking my heels, I considered waking up the residents by banging on the door when I heard footsteps on the stone floor inside, and then the gate opened. An old woman appeared, wearing what seemed like national Hungarian dress – or the attire of some other nation found in this region. She bowed, looking at me with a strange smile, which gave me the impression that she was deaf and dumb – as was later confirmed.⁶⁸ But I didn't take too much notice of her, as I soon spotted the man behind her – who drew all my attention. He was tall and old with white hair and a long white moustache. He, too, was wearing some kind of folk costume, dark and trimmed with galloons.⁶⁹ He held an old silver lamp in his hand, and even before I had reached the top of the staircase, he greeted me very politely in fluent, slightly accented English, saying, "Welcome to my house! Enter freely and merrily."

As I stepped over the threshold, he grasped my hand tightly. His grip was so forceful that it made me wince, especially because his hand was so cold, and the chill shot right to the bone. He then welcomed me again, and although I presumed that this was my prospective client, I felt compelled to ask, "Count Dracula?"

He nodded and replied in a friendly tone, "I am Dracula. Yes, please be welcome, Mr. Harker; I have eagerly been awaiting your arrival. But you are tired and cold – you have travelled a long way in the night and you are not used to such journeys. You could do with some rest and refreshments." He motioned to the old woman and she rushed out to fetch my luggage. Lamp in hand, the count led me to an iron-shod door, which he opened wide. We entered a well-lit living room, where the table had already been set and a fire was burning in the fireplace. The Count went into a windowless octagonal chamber where he opened a further door, inviting me into a large room – this would be my bedroom. On the table stood two lit wax candles in silver candlesticks, while another fire was crackling cosily in the open hearth. "You are tired," said the Count. "I assume you'll want to tidy yourself up a bit before you eat so I shall wait for you in the living room."

I did as he said and then hurried back to the living room. Dinner was on the table and the Count offered me a seat. "Please, eat whatever you like, but you must excuse me for not joining you, for I have had dinner already." I handed him the letter from my employer, Mr. Hawkins. He read it and handed it back to me with a genial smile. I, too, enjoyed the letter, as it stated:

Sir Count,⁷²

I am terribly sorry for not personally tending to you, but I am suffering from gout, which for some time forbids me to make any journeys. Fortunately, I can send someone else in my place; someone whom I fully trust as a reliable, hard-working and energetic man. He is a young but very promising lawyer whom I have known since he was a boy, and he now works as an assistant in my law firm. I can absolutely guarantee that his proficiency in this field is excellent, and that he is silent as the grave. You may therefore discuss with him any legal particulars regarding the planned real estate purchase. I have informed him well, but to prepare for this journey he has also acquired a great deal of the necessary knowledge himself. Therefore, I highly recommend him, and am yours with humble respect, Peter Hawkins.

The Count lifted the lid of the tray on the table and again invited me to sit down. I didn't need to be told a third time, and without further delay I began to eat. Although it was quite peppered, it was the best chicken fillet I have ever had. There was also a good salad, cheese, bread and butter, and an old bottle of sweet Tokay honye that all tasted ambrosial – as famished as I was. The exhaustion lifted from me, and when my client, presenting me with a cigar, offered me an arm-chair by the fireplace, I became so comfortable that I could have talked with him all night. The Count sat right up against the light, directly in front of the fireplace, giving me a good vantage point to observe him. With eyes that lay deep beneath his beetle brows and a nose like a vulture's beak, his features appeared very harsh. He had a domed forehead peering out from the grey hair that ran down onto his shoulders; a white moustache that covered his mouth, in which I detected a hardness, or even cruelty, that disappeared when he spoke or laughed; impeccable teeth, except for his unusually long canines;⁷⁶ and white and elegant hands, though hairier than any man's I have ever seen. We talked about anything and everything, including my journey to the castle and current political issues, about which he was very well informed. We also briefly touched upon the purpose of my trip, but he said that we would discuss it the next day. There was a pause in our conversation, and when I cast a glance out the window, I saw that dawn was breaking. All was quiet, until suddenly I heard the rushing sound of wolves. It was as though a streak of lightning flickered in the Count's eyes, which glistened like a carrion bird's. "Hear," he said, "the children of the night – what tuneful tones!" I thought the sounds were horrible, but he laughed gently and said, "Oh, dear Sir! You city dwellers cannot understand the sentiments of an old hunter." Then he stood up, saying, "You must be tired; I beg your pardon for keeping you awake this long. Your bedroom is ready and you may go to bed whenever you please. Feel free to sleep until after noon – you must rest yourself. It just so happens that I have to leave the castle and will probably not return until evening. You may be at ease. Sleep well and have pleasant dreams."

He opened the door and bowed courteously, and I bid him good night, but I didn't sleep until the sun had already risen high. After waking up rather late in the day,⁸⁰ I reviewed what had happened the day before and chuckled at how adventurous my travel story would sound to Mina when I came home. I began looking around the bedroom. The bed curtains were made of heavy old silk and there were very expensive-looking tapestries on the walls. As for the furniture, one couldn't get by with less than what was present; nevertheless, all the furnishings appear to be precious and antique. The washbowl, for example, was unusually small but made of solid gold. When I was dressed and ready I went into the room where I had dined the night before. It was a big hall with more tapestries on the walls. Cold food and wine were on the table, and as I came nearer, I saw that it had only been set for one person. The Count had left me a note on the table, reading,

I will be away from home for most of the day, but hope that you shall kindly forgive me for this impoliteness that I cannot help. If you could arrange all your documents, we can talk upon my return. Much obliged,

Your D—a

After I had eaten – the meal was good, though seasoned and cooked in a different way than I'm used to – I looked for a bell to call the servants but found nothing of the sort. I then tried to open the door to the corridor and was surprised to find it locked. Strange are the habits of this house. All was silent as the grave. I looked out the window and saw the old woman from the night before fetching water. It was between four and five o'clock, so I went back to my bedroom and began looking through and sorting the papers relating to the property purchase. Then I returned to the dining room and tried to open two of the other doors, but they were also solidly locked. The third door, however, was unbolted and led to a large corner room where the sun shone in. As I entered, I saw that it was the Count's library. There were large shelves with books – some still handwritten, and some very old – that seemed to cover topics such as astrology, alchemy⁸³ and magic of the Middle Ages; they were written in various languages that I didn't understand, but what surprised me most was the large collection of English volumes I found – old and new, covering a variety of subjects, from poetry, old tales and sagas, to scientific publications and ordinary reference books. Markings and reader comments showed that all of them had been read. On the table lay English newspapers and magazines. I began to entertain myself with the books and sat with them until the sun went down. The sunset was the most glorious I have ever seen – incomparable to any I have enjoyed in other places, except perhaps in the Highlands of Scotland.⁸⁴ But when the sun sank beneath the horizon, everything changed in a heartbeat; the air became cold and moisture-laden, while the colors faded under the pale shimmer of the rising moon. The swallows disappeared and in their place came bats, which are plentiful around here. One flew in through the window, and as I am disgusted by these creatures, I hurried to close it. When I looked back from the window, I was startled – I was not alone. It was dusk now, and although it was not as bright as day, the moon shone through the window, casting light onto the scene. At the table in the middle of the room stood a woman, slender and dressed in light colors. She rested one hand on a chair near the table, and with the other, she held a shawl to her shoulder. She was young and fair-skinned, and she seemed to be looking at me with curiosity. I bowed and said in my best German, "Please forgive me, Miss – I was expecting the Count."

As I said this, she moved closer to me and replied in German, with traces of an exotic accent, "You're the foreigner we were expecting. Be welcome. It is lonely in the castle; lonely in these mountains." Her voice was curiously clear. It felt as though the sound of her words pierced my every nerve, but I was not sure whether it was a pleasant or unpleasant feeling. All I knew was that she caressed some strings within me that before had been untouched, and it flustered me quite a bit. I felt my heartbeat quicken, as if I had a fever. I'm not quick to be overcome by women – in fact I'm considered rather impassive and reserved, and since I was a boy I have never loved anyone else but my Mina. But as I watched this woman while she spoke to me, I couldn't take my eyes off her. She stood in front of me in the moonlight, and I couldn't recall ever seeing a girl of such breathtaking beauty. I won't provide a detailed description, as words can do her no justice, but she had golden-blond hair, which was bound in a chignon. Her eyes: blue and large.⁸⁸ Her dress resembled those worn by beauty icons from the turn of the century – like Queen Josephine – with her neck and upper chest revealed. Around her neck, she wore a necklace of glittering⁹⁰ diamonds. "You admire the view," she said. "They say that our mountains are beautiful. Indeed they are. But they are so barren, so barren. Here one lives like a prisoner, wanting to go out into the world – to the big world ... to men. There are no men here, and I am so fond of men." She reached out as she said this, as if overcome, and her eyes appeared to flash in the moonlight. "I am glad that you have come here," she said. "You look so handsome and masculine – that is an advantage⁹¹ here in the Carpathians. It will be our pleasure to get to know you."

I didn't know how to respond as I was completely beside myself – my foremost desire was to take her in my arms and kiss her. I moved closer to her but she disappeared when the Count suddenly entered the room with a lamp in his hand. She must have snuck out behind him or gone through a secret door in the room. "My dear Mr. Harker, I am truly distraught that I wasn't able to be here with you today. You must think poorly of the hospitality in this old house. Unfortunately, I could not come sooner and now I find you here in the dark. I sincerely ask for your forgiveness – my servants are not used to guests. Please excuse how primitive things are here in the Carpathians." He lit the candles and closed the shutters. "I hope that you have now recovered from your journey. I am glad that you have found your way in here, for there is a lot here that may interest you. These books," he said, pointing out the English volumes, "have been my friends for years; ever since I began to think about going to London – should I have the opportunity. It is thanks to them that I know about England, your pretty and powerful country. I long for London with its crowds and its commotion, its infinite activities, all that makes that big city what it is. I have lived alone for long enough. I want to get to know people." It was almost exactly what the mysterious girl had said, yet I felt a kind of cruelty in his voice. For a moment, it was as if I was looking upon a beast stalking its prey, and it sent shivers down my spine. The Count seemed to have noticed that I was a bit unnerved, because his strange eastern eyes⁹³ looked up at me from beneath his brows before he said in a changed tone, "And how have you been during my absence?" I said that I had slept for most of the day, at which he nodded and reassured me that it had been a good idea to sleep off my exertions. "But what have you been doing since then?" I told him truthfully that I had arranged my documents and found that the doors were locked. It had been mere chance that I had come across this reading room, and I hoped that he was not

angry with me for entering. "No, not at all! Here you are always welcome and I hope that you will spend most of your time in this room while you are in my house. This is my usual place as well. I beg you to excuse me for locking the door to the corridor – I always do that out of old habit. You are of course welcome to look around our castle as much as you'd like. Unfortunately, most of the rooms are empty now and have been so for many years, while dust falls on a heap of relics from ancient times. Some of the rooms are locked, however, for reasons that no one needs to know. Old houses like this contain many things that outsiders are not meant to see, and I hope that you will respect that. Transylvania is not England – there is much here that British people will not understand." I bowed to show my consent but noticed that he was observing me persistently. "I live here now," he said, "like an old hermit in the house of my ancestors. I live in hoary memories, but I also observe what happens in the outside world – hearing merely the echo of it, here in this deserted corner of the earth. You might find it surprising that, although my hair is white, my heart is young, and it wants to take part in life outside these castle walls, where the destinies of nations are forged and the wars of this world are fought. I once played a role in this game and pulled quite a few of the strings." His voice grew cold. "To *rule*, my young friend, to rule – that is the only thing worth living for, whether it be over people's wills – or their hearts." He was silent for a moment, and then he spoke again. "So you have been here most of the evening? It shortens the hours to read my books – but you had to wait for me in the twilight. I hope that you have managed to get some sleep?"

It was as if he was trying to find out whether I had noticed something unusual, and as I suspected it would be best⁹⁵ not to conceal anything from him, I told him the truth. "I was admiring the sun setting over your mountains, as I have never seen anything more magnificent. And the air – the fragrance of the forest – was like a heady wine, intoxicating. I couldn't step away from the window."

"The window," he said. "You have opened the window. The view is indeed stunning; these mountains are unique. But by Jove, assure me, you did close the window again before sundown?"

"A few minutes later, yes, I did. Five or perhaps ten minutes later – I don't remember so precisely,"

I replied, surprised by his fervour. "What the devil!" he said viciously, rising halfway from his chair. The thought flashed through my mind that he might dart at me and bite my throat, so I jumped up, ready to defend myself.⁹⁶ But the Count quickly calmed down, and then he said in his usual tone, "Forgive me, dear Harker – I tend to be a little irritable. But please understand this, my friend: There is a rule in this house that must never be disregarded – especially when we have guests. No window shall be left open after the close of day. There are harmful vapors – toxic gasses, or whatever they call them – that make the evening air here unhealthy for strangers. This you must always remember from now on. You may not wander these rooms and hallways once darkness closes in, and, for my sake, do not sleep in the unoccupied chambers, as this could have grave repercussions for the both of us. That aside – I hope nothing bad has happened to you. You are sure that you closed the window?"

"Yes, I did. The air was getting colder and was swarming with bats, the most disgusting creatures I know," I said frankly. "And I must confess – one of these vile things managed to get in through the window. I haven't been able to find it yet, but it must be here somewhere."

The Count sat very still, rubbed his hands together, and looked at me with a peculiar, observant gaze. "I was just searching for it when this woman came into the library."

The Count seemed oddly baffled by this, and I expected him to flare up again, but instead he just asked me to explain. "The woman who was in the room when you arrived. You must have seen her," I said. "You came in just after her."

"No, I did not see her," he said, seeming distracted. "I should have expected this – there are indeed things in this house which few people know about. You have experienced one of them. What did the girl look like? Was she blonde?"

"Yes."

"...and dressed in pale colours but in somewhat unusual fashion?"

I nodded. "She had sparkling diamonds on her breast, with a ruby in the center?"

"Yes."

"...and she must have been, let's say – rather pretty?"

"Very pretty!"

"Very pretty? Ha ha ha! Ravishing! Radiant, like Venus, like Helen of Troy! A wonder of nature one might say. Have you ever seen a neck like that? Such a bosom, such arms, such lips – not to speak of all the rest. My poor boy, my poor, virtuous Englishman, you have probably never seen a woman like that in your whole life." There was something indecent in his voice and laughter. "Excuse me for making fun of you," he said. "You modern young people take everything so seriously, but we laughed about such things when I was a lad. I was really just laughing at your innocent expression, but the truth is that there is nothing to laugh about here. Did she speak to you by chance?"

"As I recall, she welcomed me. I thought that she was living here."

"Yes, she lives here and is closely related to me – gorgeous as a goddess but galloping mad." My heart skipped a beat. "That however, does not mean one has to fear her. She believes she is her own great-grandmother. This is why she always wears the same kind of clothes as seen in her great-grandmother's portrait. Some other evening I will show you the paintings of my relatives, and I am sure you will find that the women are remarkably similar. It is, of course, nothing but innocent folly. Normally one keeps a close eye on her, but every now and then, she sneaks out at dusk, wandering through the corridors of the castle. You see, she has been unlucky in matters of love – the poor girl – and thus she is always searching for her suitor.⁹⁷ I have now told you everything there is to know about her." He stared at me with a vacant look as if thinking to himself. "Any more than that you will most *certainly* not find out." I could have been mistaken, but I was quite certain he was not telling me the truth. I'm not sure why, but the Count frightens me. It's normal to feel uneasy about someone whom you don't like, but I cannot help being afraid even though the Count is nothing but affable. "The farmers here in the countryside tell many stories about the castle. One of them is about the white woman, who legend has it roams around the castle, appearing only to those who are in some kind of mortal danger. You must be familiar with tales of such white maidens in old European castles but here to a certain degree, the story is rooted in facts. Of course, there's no need to tell everyone about that." I bowed to show him that I agreed. "I trust that I do not have to tell you not to believe all the rumours you have probably heard about me or my home. Here in the mountains people tend to be superstitious, as they say, and often-old houses are linked to a host of frightening stories. You may think you have experienced some unusual incidents here in this castle, but I assure you everything stems from natural causes and that you need not have any fear."

"Yes, please be assured that I don't believe in ghosts."

"Perfect. I had figured as much," he said. "England is a land of culture and practical pursuits. Eyes that have cherished the light of modern civilization¹⁰² never see phantoms."

"Of course not," I replied. "Those kinds of beliefs are now regarded as pathological, and as far as I can tell, they are caused by hallucinations and overexcited nerves – nothing more. Could anything be more absurd than imagining the spirits of dead people ghosting around, even dressed in the same clothes as they wore when they were alive – clothes which have rotted and fallen apart by now?"

"That's right," he said with – what seemed to me – a scoffing look on his face. "I like that. That is how young people are supposed to think. We old diehards may cling to our dogmas, but the future belongs to the younger generation. That is why I long for the whirlpool of young life in London. There, people have other things to think about than believing in spectres. Yes, but we should look into business matters now. Will you please get the documents?"

I went to fetch them and came right back. The Count thoroughly examined all of the papers and bombarded me with questions. I was greatly surprised at how familiar he was with the habits and customs of people in London. "Yes but as I have already told you, I have spent years studying the heart of England, which I soon hope to enjoy in person. Unfortunately, though, I've had to learn everything from books – including the language. I think I might be able to learn from you now, while we converse."

"You speak English pretty well, Sir Count."

"I still have a lot to learn," he said. "I am familiar with the grammar and can speak so that people understand me, but when I come to London, I know that everyone will hear that I am a foreigner. I want to learn to speak the language like the local people do." We started looking through the documents. The house offered to the Count was located in the east side of the city; it was a large, old mansion, which no one had lived in for a long time. The Count said that he was pleased with the property in every way. He loved that it was old and worn out, much like his own house, and he found the nearby chapel to be an additional benefit. "Here, in this country, people like me cannot forget that we will one day be buried together with the crowd of common peasants – the worst earthworms who have only lived a day's life." After looking over the documents, my host invited me to dinner. He told me that he had already eaten on the way home, which is why he had been delayed. He took a seat by the oven¹⁰⁷ and we started chatting. I told him about my travels and what had happened the previous night, on my way to the castle. He said that the driver had acted appropriately when he left the carriage as the wolves might have attacked the horses but usually shy away from humans. When I asked him about the gleam of light that I had seen in the dark, he asked me whether I had ever heard of grave mound fires.¹⁰⁸ He said it was believed that such fires could be seen on St. George's Night – burning in places where money had been buried. "There is no doubt," he said, "that there are countless coins hidden in the ground around here. The Turks, Vlachs, Szeklers, and Saxons fought in this area for many centuries and it was customary to bury one's treasures to shelter them from the enemy."

"But how could this money have stayed hidden for so long, when it's possible to find the places where it's buried?"

"Because peasants are, and always will be, cowards. They are parasites, and while they will badger us whenever they can, they lack guts. Also no easy task to find the money where such flames have been seen. In fact, you may find that there is no money at all, as old tales are not often reliable, but yes, it would be lovely to find a chest of glowing gold; gold – the only thing this world will be ruled by." It was as if the Count had fallen into some kind of trance as he stared blankly into the distance, scratching the chair with his fingers, like an animal with its claws. I began to believe that he was not entirely sane – at least, not like other men – so I will have to try to keep him in good spirits and make sure that everything is very well handled, as would be expected from a lawyer. By now, dawn was already starting to break. The Count awoke from his trance and apologised for having kept me up for so long. He then wished me a good night and I went to my bedroom. As before, once I was alone, sleep eluded me. I was overwhelmed by what had happened to me during the day and it made me restless. To ease my mind – and to look as much as possible in my memory – I began to write. I wrote in shorthand so that my client wouldn't be able to read it; even if he wanted to pry, shorthand strokes would be too difficult for the Count to crack, even with his wolf teeth. Every time I think of the girl, I found in the library, the memory is as fresh as ever. What the Count told me about her may be true, but it felt as if something didn't add up. I am certain that here in the castle not everything is as it seems. But we lawyers tend to be sceptical – as mistrust is our shadow spirit. I would like to see her again though, preferably in broad daylight.

8 May,

I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was getting too diffuse. But now I am glad that I went into detail from the first, for there is something so strange about this place and all in it that I cannot but feel uneasy. I wish I were safe out of it, or that I had never come. It may be that this strange night existence is telling on me but would that that was all! If there were any one to talk to I could bear it but there is none. I have only the Count to speak with, and he – I fear I am myself the only living soul within the place. Let me be prosaic as far as facts can be. It will help me to bear up, and imagination must not run riot with me. If it does, I am lost. Let me say, at once how I stand, or seem to. I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and feeling that I could not sleep any more, got up. I had hung my shaving glass by the window, and was just beginning to shave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to me, "Good morning." I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. In starting, I had cut myself slightly but did not notice it now. Having answered the Count's salutation, I turned to the glass again to see how I had been mistaken. This time there could be no error, for the man was close to me, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there's no reflection of him in the mirror!

The whole room behind me was displayed but there was no sign of a man in it except me. This was startling and coming on the top of so many strange things was beginning to increase that vague feeling of uneasiness that I always have when the Count is near. But at the instant, I saw that the cut had bled a little, and the blood was trickling over my chin. I laid down the razor, turning as I did so half round to look for some sticking plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away and his hand touched the string of beads that held the crucifix. It made an instant change in him, for the fury passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that it was ever there. "Take care," he said, "take care how you cut you. It's more dangerous that you think in this country." Then seizing the shaving glass, he went on, "And this's the wretched thing that's done the mischief. It's a foul bauble of man's vanity, away with it!"

And opening the window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out the glass that was shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard far below. Then he withdrew without a word. It is very annoying, for I do not see how I am to shave, unless in my watchcase or the bottom of the shaving pot that is fortunately of metal. When I went into the dining room, breakfast was prepared but I could not find the Count anywhere. So I breakfasted alone. It is strange that yet I have not seen the Count eat or drink. He must be a very peculiar man! After breakfast, I did a little exploring in the castle. I went out on the stairs, and found a room looking towards the South. The view was magnificent, and from where I stood, there was every opportunity of seeing it. The castle is on the very edge of a terrific precipice. A stone falling from the window would fall a thousand feet without touching anything! As far as the eye can reach, is a sea of green treetops, with occasionally a deep rift where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind in deep gorges through the forests. But I am not in heart to describe beauty, for when I had seen the view I explored further. Doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked and bolted. In no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit. The castle is a veritable prison, and I am a prisoner! When I found that I was a prisoner, a sort of wild feeling came over me. I rushed up and down the stairs, trying every door and peering out of every window I could find but after a little, the conviction of my helplessness overpowered all other feelings. When I look back after a few hours, I think I must have been mad for the time, for I behaved much as a rat does in a trap. When, however, the conviction had come to me that I was helpless I sat down quietly, as quietly as I have ever done anything in my life, and began to think over what was best to be done. I am thinking still, and yet have come to no definite conclusion. Of one thing only am I certain. That it is no use making my ideas known to the Count. He knows well that I am imprisoned, and as he has done it himself, and has doubtless his own motives for it, he would only deceive me if I trusted him fully with the facts. As far as I can see, my only plan will be to keep my knowledge and my fears to me, and my eyes open. I am, I know, either being deceived, like a baby, by my own fears, or else I am in desperate straits, and if the latter were so, I need, and shall need, all my brains to get through. I had hardly come to this conclusion when I heard the great door below shut, and knew that the Count had returned. He did not come at once into the library, so I went cautiously to my own room and found him making the bed. This was odd but only confirmed what I had all along thought, that there are no servants in the house. When later I saw him through the chink of the hinges of the door laying the table in the dining room, I was assured of it. For if he does himself all these menial offices, surely it is proof that there is none else in the castle, it must have been the Count himself who was the driver of the coach that brought me here. This is a terrible thought, for if so, what does it mean that he could control the wolves, as he did, by only holding up his hand for silence. How it's that all the people at Bistritz and on the coach'd some terrible fear for me? What meant the giving of the crucifix, the garlic, the wild rose, the mountain ash? Bless that good, good woman who hung the crucifix round my neck! For it is a comfort and a strength to me whenever I touch it, it is odd that a thing that I have been taught to regard with disfavour and as idolatrous should be of help in a time of loneliness and trouble. *It's that there's something in the essence of the thing itself, or that it's a medium, a tangible help, in conveying memories of sympathy and comfort!* Some time if it may be, I must examine this matter and try to make up my mind about it. In the meantime, I must find out all I can about Count Dracula, as it may help me to understand. Tonight he may talk of himself, if I turn the conversation that way. I must be very careful, however, not to awake his suspicion. It is midnight. I have had a long talk with the Count. I asked him a few questions on Transylvania history, and he warmed up to the subject wonderfully. In his speaking of things and people, and especially of battles, he spoke as if he had been present at them all. This he afterwards explained by saying, that to a Boyar the pride of his house and name is his own pride, that their glory is his glory, that their fate is his fate. Whenever he spoke of his house he always said we, and spoke almost in the plural, like a king speaking. I wish I could put down all he said exactly as he said it, for to me it was most fascinating. It seemed to have in it a whole history of the country. He grew excited as he spoke, and walked about the room pulling his great white moustache and grasping

anything on which he laid his hands as though he would crush it by main strength. One thing he said which I should put down as nearly as I can, for it tells in its way the story of his race. "We Szekelys've a right to be proud for in our veins flows the blood of many brave races that fought as the lion fights for lordship. Here, in the whirlpool of European races, the Ugric tribe bore down from Iceland the fighting spirit that Thor and Odin gave them that their Berserkers displayed to such fell intent on the seaboard of Europe, aye, and of Asia and Africa too until the people thought that, the werewolves themselves had come. Here, too, when they came, they found the Huns, whose warlike fury'd swept the earth like a living flame, until the dying peoples held that in their veins ran the blood of those old witches, who, expelled from Scythia'd mated with the devils in the desert, fools, fools! What devil or what witch's ever so great as Attila, whose blood's in these veins?" He held up his arms. "It's a wonder that we're a conquering race, proud, when the Magyar, the Lombard, the Avar, the Bulgar, or the Turk poured his thousands on our frontiers, we drove them back? It's strange that when Arpad and his legions swept through the Hungarian dadland he found us here when he reached the frontier that the Honfoglalas' completed there! And when the Hungarian flood swept eastward, the Szekelys're claimed, as kindred by the victorious Magyars and to us for centuries's trusted the guarding of the frontier of Turkey-land. Aye, and more than that, endless duty of the frontier guard, for as the Turks say, water sleeps, and the enemy's sleepless. Who more gladly than we throughout the Four Nations received the bloody sword or at its warlike call flocked quicker to the standard of the King? When's redeemed that great shame of my nation, Cassava, when the flags of the Wallach and the Magyar went down beneath the Crescent? Who's it but one of my own race whom as Voivode crossed the Danube and beat the Turk on his own ground? This's a Dracula indeed! Woe's it that his own unworthy bro, when he'd fallen, sold his people to the Turk and brought the shame of slavery on them! It's not this Dracula in-deed who inspired that other of his race who in a later age again and again brought his forces over the great river into Turkey-land who, when he's beaten back, came repeatedly, though he'd to come alone from the bloody field where his troops're being slaughtered, since he knew that he alone'd ultimately triumph! They said that he thought only of himself. Bah! What good're peasants without a leader? Where ends the war without a brain and heart to conduct it? Again, when after the battle of Mohacs, we threw off the Hungarian yoke, we of the Draculya blood's amongst their leaders, for our spirit'd not brook that we're unfree. Ah, young sir, the Szekelys, and the Dracula as their heart's blood, brains, and swords can boast a record that mushroom growths like the Hapsburgs and the Romanovs can never reach. The warlike days're over. Blood's too precious a thing in these days of dishonourable peace, and the glories of the great races're as a tale that's told." It was by this time close on morning, and we went to bed. Recall: this diary seems horribly like the beginning of the Arabian Nights for everything has to break off at cockcrow or like the ghost of Hamlet's dad.

2

Midnight coming to an end: Much has happened since my last entry – some of which is rather suspicious. A large part of the day had already passed before I awoke. When I walked into the dining room food was on the table, but all the doors were locked as usual. There were also some foreign newspapers lying there – and a letter from my Mina, which had come by mail. That was by far the best spice on the table. I was ravenous, and I sat at the dining table for a long time – the more so as I couldn't help but look through the newspapers. Later, I went to the library but as usual, the Count was nowhere to be found. Every day he is out and about, which does not surprise me, as he has a big estate to take care of and also happens to be an avid hunter. I sat reading the newspapers until sunset, and then I hurried to my bedroom to shut the window. There I realized that I had forgotten to shave, and as I had nothing better to do while I waited for the Count, I hung my shaving mirror in the window, took off my jacket and vest, then picked up the razor blade and put it to my skin. I looked out the window, admiring the landscape, and thought about the letter from Mina. I didn't notice that anyone had come into the room until I heard the Count say: "Good evening, my dear young friend." He is always so cordial. I was so startled that I gave myself a nasty cut with my razor, but I ignored the blood running down my throat and turned to answer the Count's greeting. Never have I seen anyone's appearance change so drastically. Suddenly the Count became as pale as a corpse; his eyes, turning red, bulged out of his head, and with his hair standing up like that of an angry dog, he looked like a raging beast. Before I knew what was happening, he seized me by the throat, tearing my shirt, and would probably have bitten my windpipe had my rosary not gotten in the way. He must have been shortly possessed. Soon his outburst subsided, and he asked that I forgive him for becoming so frenzied. "But I cannot bear to see human blood," he explained.

"These cuts can be dangerous," he added. "More dangerous than you can imagine, and it is all because of this instrument of vanity: this mirror – away with it!"

He flung the mirror towards the furnace, shattering it into countless pieces.¹¹¹ Then he threw the shards into the coal basket and left for the dining room, saying, "I will wait for you there, my dear Harker."

I was uneasy about the Count, as he was clearly not of an entirely sound mind, and even though he was old and white-haired, I surmised that I would be no match for him, in neither strength nor agility, as he boasts of being a descendant of Attila, king of the Huns. It seems that in this castle anything can be expected. I have spotted no other servants here but the deaf and dumb old woman and the driver, whom I haven't seen since I arrived. This manor is so large; however, that it could hide dozens of people and for hours they'd have no knowledge of one another. It's as though the silence of death rules over this castle, and as I have no contact with anyone but the Count, he would quite easily be able to lock me up entirely if it so suited him. I wouldn't even be able to get away through the windows, as the castle is built on a rocky mountaintop with steep cliffs on three of its sides. Looking down, all I can see is a deep ravine where tall trees grow, so unless I could fly like a bird, I cannot escape. In broad daylight, my self-control and lack of exaggerated imagination generally keep me from fearing what darkness may bring, but if the Count has inherited some nasty tribal character from the Huns, such as an urge to kill or some other sinister trait, it is best to be cautious. I found the Count in the library skimming through magazines and newspapers. He was composed and courteous, as if nothing had happened in my bedroom. He greeted me kindly and asked how I was, as if he hadn't spoken to me earlier that day. I realised he must not have been fully aware of what had occurred. He then stood up, saying, "It is not late yet, and I wondered if you would like to see the family portraits upstairs." I said that I would love to. "It may not be ideal to look at the portraits by candlelight but as I have so much to do during the day I am unable to show them to you at a more appropriate time. Later, you can view them again in daylight. If you don't mind waiting for a moment, I will go take care of the light, so that it will be bright enough."

He walked away and I heard his footsteps as he went down the corridor and up the stairs. It seemed to be a long way to the portrait gallery. Suddenly I grew frightened, so I ran to my room and grabbed my revolver that had remained in my travel bag, untouched since I'd embarked on my journey. When I returned to the library, I was struck with yet another shock that left me lightheaded. It was getting dark, and before leaving the library, the Count had lit all the silver candlesticks. There, in the chair by the fireplace, sat the Count's "niece," her ivory arms adorning the armrests. She had opened up her shawl, revealing her breast, which was bare down to her bosom and shining with diamonds, just like the first time I saw her. She turned her head slightly, like a flower on a stem, her bright blonde hair coiled upon her head in a Greek style. I had hoped that I would see her again but was greatly surprised at the effect I allowed her to have on me, for I had promised myself that it would be different next time – especially because the Count had briefed me about her.¹¹⁶ Nevertheless, everything happened the same way as before. I experienced the same sensations again, a kind of dull and deadly dread, but also a sort of bittersweet pain.¹¹⁷ I tried to pull myself together to guard against the effect she had on me, and I more or less succeeded, but the moment she turned towards me and locked her incomparable eyes with mine, it felt as though an electric current surged throughout my body. I grabbed a nearby chair and held onto its backrest. She looked steadily into my eyes, and it didn't even occur to me that I should have greeted her, or that my behavior was doltish. But evidently neither did she see a need for salutations. It felt as though we had already known each other for a long time and therefore didn't need to explain ourselves. "Why do you never come up?" she asked, with the same astonishing voice as last time. I have never heard such a voice before. "I thought that you would come up and visit us. There is so much I would like to discuss with you." I tried to pardon myself and explained that I didn't know what she was referring. "That's right," she said, not taking her eyes off me. "You will come. You are expected." Without shifting her gaze away from me, she smiled, almost imperceptibly. The blue glow in her eyes was so striking that it felt as though one of its rays had pierced right into my brain and I could feel it burn. Then I heard the Count's footsteps in the hallway. "He's coming," she whispered. "I must go but remember –" she got up and for a moment stood before me, bathed in candlelight. She was a sight more striking than any other I had ever seen. She then proceeded to tiptoe past me so quietly that I hardly noticed, and without taking her eyes off me, she put her white hand, glittering with rings, on top of mine and whispered, " – tell him nothing but come! And *beware*."

Then she disappeared but just as before, I didn't see what had become of her. I may however, have heard a tiny spring click in one corner of the room, where I had never seen a door before. With much effort, I tried to get ahold of myself again before the Count came in and I somehow managed to do so, pretending to be absorbed in the map of England that was lying on the table in front of me. "Come on, my dear friend," he said, "everything is ready upstairs. You must excuse us that everything is so primitive in this place – we do not have electric light here in the Carpathians."

"But you don't have any of the London fog here in the clean mountain air, either," I said.

"Yes, these fog banks," he said with excitement. "I've also read about them in my books. I think they only increase my longing for London. This fog that turns day into night and lies like a thick blanket over the streets and squares – all over, more obscure than darkness itself – I want to see it."

"I'm afraid that you would soon tire of it. Fog is the main drawback of London. It smothers the town like a vampire sucking the blood and bone marrow of its citizens, poisoning the blood and lungs of the children, and resulting in countless diseases. Not to mention all the pernicious crimes committed under its cloak – crimes that would otherwise be quite impossible to perpetrate."

"Yes," the Count said, breathless with excitement while fire seemed to spark from his eyes. "Yes, these crimes, these horrible murders; those slaughtered women found in sacks, drifting in the Thames; this blood that runs – runs and flows – with no killer to be found." I don't think I wrongly accuse him when I say that he seemed to be licking his lips with lust when I mentioned the murders. "Yes, it is a tragedy," he said, "and these murders will never be solved – ever. Your writer, Conan Doyle, has written many good books about London, and I read your newspapers. According to them, barely two or three percent of all homicide cases are solved. Yes, London is indeed a remarkable city."

Then perhaps my good fellow, it'd be best if you stayed in police custody once you're there, I thought to myself.

We walked down the hall, the count leading the way with the light. Then we climbed the stone stairs and reached an iron-clad oak door. He opened it and we entered the portrait gallery. When the Count closed the door again, I thought I saw something dart across the other end of the hall – a big, hairy animal of some kind. I was quite startled, and my host noticed. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Have you suddenly taken ill? I did tell you that the air in these old rooms would be harmful."

"No, there is nothing wrong with me. But what's there at the far end of the gallery?"

"There is nothing – or did you mean the large painting?" Now I saw nothing either but I somewhat sheepishly told him what I believed to have seen. He laughed at me and said, "I'll not say it is just your imagination, dear Harker – no, that I'll not say, because you claim it with such conviction. But if you *did* indeed see something, it must've been – a rat.¹²⁴ There are plenty of them in these old houses."

"No, I daresay, what I saw was the size of a –"

"Cat," he said. "Many parts of the castle are barely more than ruins, and the cats have multiplied. It is their instinct to hunt rats and mice; natural laws are the same everywhere: the stronger and smarter creatures live off the weak and dumb." The gallery was unusually large. At the far end hung a large portrait – that at first seemed to portray the unknown woman whom I have now seen twice in the library. It looked so much like her that it was impossible to distinguish: the same eyes and look, the same countenance in all respects, the same hairstyle, and the same clothes. The likeness was executed life-size by one of the masters of the beginning of this century. The woman was reclining on a chair or some kind of divan, with flowery shrubs and trees behind her. The artist's arrangement, although rather pretentious, had some effect. He had also allowed himself to make some changes to her garments, which the women of those times would no doubt have considered proper – although they probably would have fainted if they were to see the bicycle garments worn by women today. At first glance, the picture surprised me greatly – she looked like an exact replica of the noble girl I had seen here in the house. But I soon collected my thoughts and recalled what the Count had told me; I knew that this was not *her* in the portrait but some female ancestor of hers. This had to be the reason why they appeared so much alike, especially as the portrait was full-scale. When I took a closer look, I saw that the woman in the portrait wore on her chest the same diamond jewelry with a ruby in the center. She also had a belt around her middle, displaying a brooch with dragon jewels. I gazed at the portrait entranced, while the Count watched me with eager curiosity. "Ha, ha, my friend," he said, "you don't have to be embarrassed. You are not the first person she has confused – and you will probably not be the last. But look at her now – watch closely," he continued, raising the candelabra that, although it was very heavy, appeared weightless in his hands as if it were just a wax candle. "These breasts that poets would compare to alabaster – your language has no words to express it, you poor bloodless people, neither snow nor alabaster – that skin, firm, soft as down feathers to the touch ... and that unrivalled physique." I looked at him and saw that his mask had now fallen. In that moment, I realized that he was an old libertine. "And these lips," he said, pursing his own a little as if he were swallowing up the painting. Then he shared more pictures with me, such as a portrait of a naked woman being sold by a slave trader, displayed at the last show. The Count introduced each painting with a very indecent description. "You are saying nothing," he said.

"No, Sir Count, you are so well spoken. I have nothing to add."

"It is the cold blood in you Englishmen; you do not know the power of love and beauty, and still, I have read that English women are among the most enchanting in the world."

"There are quite a lot of handsome girls there, yes," I said.

"Like her up there?" I answered truthfully that I had ever seen no one like her but also that I was generally unfamiliar with women and only knew the fine women pictured in magazines and newspapers – some of which are thought to outshine others when it comes to beauty. "I've seen these illustrations; they're captivating," he said. "I have had some of them sent to me for my own enjoyment, but a picture is just a picture – not the same as flesh and blood."

"Whose portrait is this, then?" I asked.

"A cousin of mine," he said. "The family blood was pure in her veins, as her mother was also of our clan. A custom in our family: the men do not marry outside of the clan as it has usually ended badly when they do. The women have been short-lived and the children rarely reach adulthood." I was horrified; it was as if there was something triumphant in his voice. "But some of our daughters," he said, "have married outside of the family, as they have not been able to find a match amongst their relatives. Because our daughters have always been the most beautiful women, distant kin from the noblest clans in Europe have joined our family, although they hardly possess the same rank as ours. She up there –" He arched his head towards the large portrait.¹³¹ " – even from childhood she was one of those women who hold the hearts of men at their fingertips, playing with them as a child plays with grapes before sucking out the liquid." He slipped his arm through mine and began leading me back around the gallery, saying, "She married a young Austrian man, a nobleman – the name does not matter, but you can look it up in many books if you want, as she made it famous. She understood that each gift of nature bestowed upon man fully is essentially the gift of power. Artistry, prowess, wisdom, and beauty – all that is *power*! It is passed on from one generation to the next, my good friend; nature is always working, it is constantly trying to produce something more refined; squandering much material selecting and rejecting. That which is inferior contributes its part, and then it is discarded – like trash." He waved his hand, as if he were throwing something away, and his face turned cruel; I could not discern the slightest trace of human feeling. "But then," he said, "perhaps once or twice in a generation, the hard work pays off and the family flourishes; the elite among them are revealed." Although the Count has a remarkable number of English words at the ready, he had a hard time coming up with these last ones. He always tends to be at a loss for words when enthusiasm seizes him. "She up there," he said. "She had the power, and that is why she had the right to rule. She was blessed with everything: beauty, as you can see, intellect and eloquence, nobility and willpower and strength. She held the destinies of whole nations in her hands, though few suspected it. Heads of state, kings and emperors, lay at her feet – or in her arms. She knew very well that such a woman, possessing all these qualities, could not be bought for all the gold in the world, and thus, she could make everyone her slave – the most humble slaves, whom she could wrap around her finger because they imagined that they possessed her, when in fact *she* was the one holding the reins in her beautiful hands. Everyone danced like a puppet beneath her fingers. She knew how to rule, and she knew that such is the supreme goal of life. She became a widow early," he said. "Her husband withered up. The poor devil had been a weakling since childhood, although he was from a noble line." He laughed contemptuously. "It was said that she cared for him – he was a good-looking lad, his portrait is there – but the love of *our* women is like a consuming flame, and he ... he melted from it, like a wax candle thrown into a blazing bonfire. We of the genus Dracula,

a primary line of the Szeklers¹³⁴ – we believe that our kin descends from the ancient Huns, who once swept across Europe like wildfire, destroying nations and their people. As the story goes, the Huns were descendants of the Scythian witches who had been banished to the woods, where they commingled with the demons. These tales, of course, are like any other of their sort, but it is known that no demon or wizard has ever been greater or more powerful than Attila has – our ancestor.¹³⁶ Therefore, it is not surprising that we, his descendants, hate and love more passionately than other mortals love. But I have now come a long way from our story. She became a widow, but as you might guess, such a trivial incident did not matter to such a woman. No historian has ever suspected how much power she held, and that is why some things will never be fully explained. The few who know – I could mention names, but it is not necessary – can prove that hardly a political event at that time in which she did not have her pretty finger in the pie. In fact, for most of these occurrences, some sort of planning can be traced right back to her bedchamber – for there she was a queen, and it is from *there* that she reigned in secret.¹³⁷ What a grand life! No law but love and free will! This picture was painted in Paris, two years before Napoleon was crowned.¹³⁸ It was a few years later that she met a man in Vienna, who, like her, was of the Dracula family. He was younger than she was in years, but women like her never age. She was more beautiful than ever, and he was unlike anyone she had ever fallen for, a man cut from the same wood as her.¹³⁹ It was as if two fires had met. Oh, you cold, rational children of the West – you do not know *this* kind of love. A love as biting as the bitterest hatred, with kisses that burn like glowing iron, and embraces... but no more of that! She married him and moved here with him, to the ancient family estate – which was, of course, not as decrepit as it is today – and here they lived together as one fire, both created to rule. If these old walls could talk, they would tell many stories that your cool English virtue could never dream of – although even I can appreciate that virtue, as it is also a form of power. Yet we, Attila's children, have a nature truly different from yours. Oh, you are going to hate the ending of this story. I have read about eternal love from your English books, but perhaps I will come to understand its meaning when I arrive in London, as I do not yet fully know what it means – or rather, I do not understand the meaning *you* attach to it. Love has its lifespan, like the flower in the field: once in full bloom, it quickly withers away.¹⁴⁰ Then spring returns, but not the same flower, nor one of the same root. This is a law of nature. Once passion has blazed at its peak, it is more likely to be extinguished. This love of theirs eventually burned out, as love usually does – or hers at least ... she was one of those women.” He lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper. “I will tell you, my friend. She was one of those women whose life is *too* rich to have just one man. Yes, such creatures do exist – but no more of that! She got herself a lover, a pretty boy from the mountains here; a country bumpkin, as you would call him, although we Szeklers are all aristocrats. For her it was no disgrace, and her husband should have understood that and let her live her life the way she needed to, but he did not, and that was a major mistake on his part. She was his dutiful wife, nevertheless, and she managed the castle's household as was expected of a noble woman. Simply put, as his spouse, she paid him proper respect and performed her duties to him. Her personal affairs were none of his business.”

“None of his business?” I blurted out, unintended.

“Certainly not, dear friend; love is free. It is detached from all other commitments and circumstances. In our clan, this has always been the applicable law. His refusal to accept this, as I said, was a great and punishable mistake. Perhaps the fire of love had not yet been extinguished in him, as it had been in her. A few glowing embers could have still survived within him – that would explain his actions, but not excuse them, for he certainly did not act in the honorable way of a nobleman. Instead, he acted like a lowly commoner. He belittled himself by spying on her and her lover. One evening he burst in on them and, without even realizing how ridiculous it was, began to play the role of the betrayed husband, which was far beneath his dignity.¹⁴² Then he let himself have his revenge. And how do you think he accomplished this, my dear friend? Plain and simple, and undeniably funny as it was, he had the door to the Countess's chambers nailed shut, letting them stay in there by themselves. But it was not his intention that they should starve to death, for they lacked neither food nor drink; it is said that he saw to that himself. All the servants were dismissed, except for the most loyal and reliable one. The castle, then, was as quiet as a dead man's grave. Can you imagine, with your mind's eye, the lovers living there in that room? In the beginning, I would imagine, they lived as if they were in paradise: she was too proud to know the meaning of fear, and he, the poor boy, must have considered himself richer than the king must – having her all to himself. The Count, however, knew very well how he would have his requital. Knowing the Countess and the devouring flame of her emotions, he sensed that her lover, being one of life's wax candles, would melt at such heat, as her first husband had done. Some people die, others go mad – poor useless devils – and so the Count just bided his time. It took several months, until one evening, when the moon was waxing; the window of the locked room – that little tower room in the southeast – was opened. It was said that the terrible sound of insane, anguished cries could be heard: ‘Help me! Help me! She is killing me!’ The next moment, it seemed as if someone had stepped onto the windowsill and plunged out, head first. Have you not seen the abyss out there? You can see it outside your window, but here, at the top of the tower, the drop is several hundred feet. When he was found down there among the cliffs, there was not much left of him for her soft arms to embrace.” I cannot describe the impact that his story had on me, as it seemed to be free of any human sentiment. He lowered his voice, as if noticing my reaction to what he was saying. “No one knows what she had been up to, but the window was shut again and all was quiet once more. The Count waited a few days before he went to her, after her lover had leapt to Heaven – or Hell.¹⁴³ Nobody knows what happened between them but it is said that he kept going to her every night, at the same hour. This probably was a joyful time for him, though perhaps not quite so much for her – but who knows! No one saw or heard anything more, but a few months later he had women picked up from the village to provide the death service.¹⁴⁴ She was lying dead in her bed; any more than that, people did not know. She was dressed in a garment similar to the one shown here in the portrait and placed in her coffin by command of the castle's master. She rests here in the chapel, along with her family members. But as you see, my friend, she is still as beautiful as ever.”

“How awful to hear this,” I said, trembling with such distress that I could barely manage to shake it off.

Had I been a woman, I would have believed I was going hysterical.¹⁴⁵ I had never felt like this. Had I suddenly caught a glimpse into the bowels of the earth, with all its demons and blazing brimstone down below – as medieval people believed – I would not have reacted worse. “Yes,” he said, “it was a major mistake on *his* part. The people in the region – Czechs, Tatars, Vlachs, and all the ragtag and bobtail who have swarmed to this country that we Szeklers are born to rule – have always feared and held a grudge against us, particularly us members of the Dracula family. Now they had found new gossip to enrich their chatter. And though we ignore the serpent that creeps on the ground, it will bite nonetheless.¹⁴⁶ I have learned this the hard way. That is why I now live like a recluse, with owls and crows nesting in the towers of my ancestors' castle. Perhaps people have also tried to smear my name while talking to you, dear friend. Come out with the truth now, what have they told you about Dracula before you came here?”

“Nothing worth mentioning,” I said candidly, “but–”

“But they insinuated all the more,” he said. “Oh, these slaves! These vagabonds! They fear Dracula and for good reason! Vengeance and curses shall bite them long after he has found himself a new homeland!¹⁴⁷ Come on, my dear friend,” he said, slowing down and changing his tone, “on another occasion, let us look at this picture again in daylight.” He held up the candlestick, illuminating the portrait one last time, and then he showed me more paintings, telling me something about each of them. It was a strange collection of family portraits, spanning over centuries. Many of the paintings were amateurishly executed and some poorly made, though others were masterpieces. What intrigued me most was the unbroken perpetuation and gradual perfection of the two or three human likenesses that consistently emerged, generation after generation. It seemed as though the clan had reached its greatest bloom with the Count and the ravishing noble woman in the magnificent portrait he had described. The same facial features as possessed by the Count could be seen in paintings from different eras, three or four of which looked so much like him that I was taken aback. “It is exactly as you say,” said the Count. “I am a true Dracula.” The reoccurring features – big head with black hair, short neck, unusually broad chest, low forehead, and brown, wrinkly skin (even in the young men) – looked very different from modern, civilized people. Not even pictures I'd seen of savages had looked less appealing to me. I praised the Count's family for its continuously heightening beauty. Although he clearly appreciated the compliment, he changed the subject all the same. “Yes, my friend,” he said, “that is just more proof of what I always say – that the strongest must prevail and conquer the world. Those who are weak are only created to satisfy the needs of others more powerful. The person who knows how to exert his strength will gain supremacy and have everything at his command – beauty, prudence and knowledge – in the same way that the small seedling, growing in the graveyard, will gradually become a tall tree with the life force of a thousand generations, all contributing their strength, comeliness and other good qualities.” As far as I could follow, it was Darwin's law fluttering vaguely through the Count's mind, but he had adapted it in his own way. While we were discussing this, he doused

the lights in the portrait gallery with a long extinguisher, and we left the room in the faint moonlight. I had managed to regain my full composure. I was in a serene mood when we came down the stairs and entered into the courtyard, but then I clearly heard someone walking close to us. I turned, but the sound of footsteps seemed to move farther away, and I saw no more than a glimpse of a short, stocky man suddenly disappearing through one of the doors to the corridor. The count was walking ahead of me, holding the light. "What is wrong, my friend?" he asked. "Why have you stopped?"

"It's nothing – just that I heard footsteps behind us," I said, "and I thought I saw someone slip through the door over there, by the corridor."

It occurred to me that although my bedroom faces the direction of the corridor, I had never heard anyone enter or wander around in it.

"A man walking *here*?" he asked. "You must be kidding. No one is here. It was probably just the echo of our footsteps and your own shadow."

"But I saw it with my own eyes ..."

"I can assure you, my friend that no living creature sets foot in here at this hour – unless it was old Natra, but she never comes this way.¹⁵³ You said yourself that you do not believe in ghosts."

"Yes, but *here* one might be led to believe differently," I said.

"What you saw was nothing more than a trick of the senses," said the Count. When we reached the living room, everything was prepared as usual: The candles were lit and the dishes were set on the table. The Count invited me to dine, but he said that he himself didn't have an appetite, as he usually does not sup so late. I have seen him touch no food since I arrived, but as the master of this estate, he should be able to have his meals whenever he wants, and it would be consistent with his usual manners that he would prefer to eat by himself. "With your permission, I'll sit here while you eat," he said, taking a seat by the fireplace. "I'd like to practice my English." Yes, that would explain why he is so talkative with me. His English has progressed a great deal in these past few days. I've noticed that he has an unusually sensitive ear for languages, as he corrects his pronunciation as soon as he hears that mine is different. When I finished my dinner, I seated myself in the chair opposite him. "What you said earlier in the hallway reminded me of something," he said. "The superstitious cowards here in the surrounding countryside maintain that this castle I live in is full of spectres and evil spirits, because of how rich its history is – because here, there is much to remember from the past that the general public does not get to know. I struggle to find workers, even if I offer higher pay, because they are simply too frightened. These poor wretches. I know that in the big city of London, such superstitious views are not adhered to, but I still feel that it is best for your health always to stay inside after dark. The evening air is detrimental to you, and you may see or hear things that you don't understand. I only hope that you are comfortable and well here and that you will stay with me for a few weeks – as I have said before. I wouldn't take it kindly if you were to leave before I feel it is time for you to depart. I hope that you stay here with me for one more month, from this date on." Staying here for so long didn't suit me at all, but I didn't have the courage to say so. So instead, I mentioned my employer, Mr. Hawkins. "I'll let him know. In fact, I have asked him for his permission already," he said sternly. "Yes, you will stay. There are many things to be found in my library, including works of art – but no ghosts," he said, laughing heartily. "As I have told you, these superstitious people talk about a white-clad woman wandering about the castle, but it is none other than the poor young girl whom you've already met, living upstairs" – he pointed up to the ceiling – "and she is rumored to appear when danger lurks. Still, I ask that you remember if you ever see any glimpse of white that it is no ghost, only her. She truly is dazzling enough to be dangerous, but not to you. She has, as I have told you, bats in the belfry, believing she is the noble lady whom she resembles in the portrait. She wanders around the castle looking for her cavalier. It is sad, but then again, it is also amusing." He spoke with such arrogant airs that I could barely stand to listen to him, so in an effort to say something I asked him whether his mentally disturbed relative would accompany him to London. "No! Don't even let that idea cross your mind. As captivating as she is, she could easily end up in the claws of a Casanova, as you call them – I have read about them in your books as well. It would be a risk to take her to London. It's more suitable for her to stay here at home in this secluded place. Don't you think so?" I said something to the effect of him knowing what the best arrangement would be about this matter. "Of course," he said, "but now it is nearly twelve o'clock. I can no longer rob you of your sleep and have a few letters to write. Good night, my friend, sleep well and long."

9 May,

The next evening, the count asked me, "Have you not written to your employer, that fine old gentleman Mr. Peter Hawkins, or anyone else since you came here?" I told him truthfully that I had not done so, for I didn't know how I would send such letters. He shrugged and stroked his moustache, saying, "Yes, we here in the mountains lack many of the luxuries that you have in your splendid London. It is a long way from here to Borgo and unfortunately, I do not have many servants to run errands for me, but if you write them this evening – I also happen to have many letters to write – I will take care of them all in one go. Please write, my friend," he said, resting his hand firmly on my shoulder. "Write to Mr. Peter Hawkins and anyone else you like. Tell them that you feel comfortable here as I hope you do, and that you are going to stay here for the period we have agreed upon."

I made a final attempt to escape sooner from his custody. "You trouble yourself too much for my sake," I said. "Do you really want me to stay for so long? I am afraid that you will be bored to death having me here."

I tried to sound as if I were making a joke. "I have already told you, and so it still stands," he replied in such a steely tone that it felt useless to make any further objections. "When your employer made his arrangement with me regarding your trip here, the intention was, of course, to have my interests taken care of – and that my needs would come first and foremost. As you will come to see, I don't ask for favors that I'd not readily return." I bowed in silence. I had not heard him speak in this fashion before and I cannot deny that I was growing irritated. But then he immediately changed his demeanour, saying, "I did not expect that my friend's assistant would be so much to my liking as you have turned out to be. You'll have to excuse my stubbornness and grant me the pleasure of your stay."

I bowed again. *How'd I protest?*

I was – and am – convinced that although he is a man of great intellect, he must be a bit unhinged and perhaps even dangerous when something is done against his will. Given my current circumstances, I had better avoid disobeying him. It would also be in my employer's best interest for me to give in to his wishes. I wrote to Mina, my fiancée, telling her more or less that I felt comfortable here, and that the Count's castle was pleasurable. I also told her that the Count had asked me to stay with him for a few more weeks. I wrote another letter to my boss, informing him that the Count seemed happy with the real estate purchase and that he wanted me to stay with him at the castle for a while longer. When I finished my letters, the Count sat down at the table in the chair I'd been sitting in and began to write his own, while I read a book. However, I couldn't help but glance to see whom the Count's letters were addressed. I found that the intended recipients included Samuel Billington in Whitby,¹⁶⁰ Seutner's shipping company in Varna,¹⁶¹ Coret's Bank in London,¹⁶² and Klopstock's Bank in Vienna. When he was finished, writing the Count collected all the letters and set off, bidding me farewell. "I've several things to take care of tonight and hope that you'll excuse me for saying goodnight earlier than usual. I hope that you have enough here to keep yourself entertained until you go to bed," he said, pointing to the bookcase. "The food is on the table, but I am in a hurry." From the way, his eyes flickered and his lips trembled, I could tell that he was excited about something. This surprised me, as until then he'd seemed to be in such a balanced mood.

CHAPTER VI

LETTER FROM MISS MINA MURRAY TO MISS LUCY WESTENRA

9 May,

My dearest Lucy,

Forgive my long delay in writing. But I've been simply overwhelmed with work. The life of an assistant schoolmistress's sometimes trying. I'm longing to be with you, and by the sea where we can talk together freely and build our castles in the air. I've been working very hard lately, because I wanna keep up with Jonathan's studies, and I've been practicing shorthand very assiduously. When we're married, I'll be able to be useful to Jonathan and if I can stenograph well enough I can take down what he wanna say in this way and write it out for him on the typewriter at that I'm practicing very hard. He and I sometimes write letters in shorthand and he's keeping a stenographic journal of his travels abroad. When I'm with you, I'll keep a diary in the same way. I don't mean one of those two-pages-to-the-week-with-Sunday-squeezed-in-a-corner diaries but a sort of journal that I can write in whenever I feel inclined. I don't suppose there'll be much of interest to other people but it isn't intended for them. I may show it to Jonathan some day if there's in it anything worth sharing but it's really an exercise book. I'll try to do what I

see lady-journalists do, interviewing and writing descriptions and trying to recall conversations. I'm told that with a little practice, one can recall all that goes on or that one hears said during a day. However, we'll see. I'll tell you of my little plans when we meet. I've just'd a few hurried lines from Jonathan from Transylvania. He's well, and will be returning in about a week. I'm longing to hear all his news. It must be nice to see strange countries. I wonder if we'll, I mean Jonathan and I, ever see them together. There's the ten o'clock bell ringing. Goodbye. Thy love,
Mina

PS: Tell me all the news when you write. You've told me nothing for a long time. I hear rumours and especially of a tall, handsome, curly-haired man?

CHAPTER VII JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

10 May,

Looking through my journal entry from yesterday, I realise that I have been long-winded. Therefore I'm determined to be more concise from now on. I went to bed early last night, extinguishing the lights not long after midnight. It felt as though I had just drifted off to sleep when it started growing light out and I was suddenly awoken by a sound from outside. It was like the sound of a dying person; a loud cry at first, but then it gradually got weaker. Fully awake now, I sat up in bed and a cold sweat broke out all over my body. I could still hear the scream echo in my head. In one sweep, I threw on my clothes and rushed to the window. I had forgotten to let the shutters down the night before and when I opened the window, the cool air flowed in. I could vaguely make out the first trace of early sunrise in the east, but fog lay over the ground, so nothing could be seen. I peered out the window as far as I could and listened. The air was cold and damp, and through the thick brume I could just make out the outlines of the castle walls a little farther away. After standing at the window for nearly half an hour, I heard a shuffling noise out in the darkness. It sounded as though something was creeping along the outside of the castle wall – perhaps on a ledge that had either been built for decoration or simply marked the transition between the lower and upper levels of the castle. As it moved closer, I saw that it was a human form, wrapped in a long grey coat, with a sort of hood over his head. He crawled on hands and feet, like a cat, along the narrow ledge, but after some time he disappeared, as if he had slipped through a crack in the wall or climbed into a window. In a desperate hurry, I closed the window and let down the shutters. After lighting the candles in my room, I was able to steel my nerves and calm down a bit. I shivered from the cold, so I went straight for my hip flask and took a mouthful of cognac. It wouldn't be funny if I became ill here. Then I checked whether the door was locked and made sure that the revolver was loaded. I laid it on the bedside table and got back under the blankets. If I'd seen something like this in London – a strangely dressed man creeping cautiously along a gutter – my only thought would be to fetch the nearest police officer and, with his help, find out whether this was some unfortunate sleepwalker or an unconventional burglar, and then make sure he be taken into custody. But as a stranger here, I have no idea what to do. I don't know my way around the castle – in fact, I don't even know where the Count sleeps! I also suspect that, save for the two of us, not a single living soul would be found in this part of the house. I considered the risk of making a commotion to wake the Count, so that I could tell him what I'd witnessed, but I wasn't certain he'd take kindly to such a disturbance. I decided it was wisest to try to keep myself safe with the means I had at hand and to pretend that everything was fine – keeping hold of my emotions. I intended to keep watch and not fall back asleep, but I dozed off all the same and didn't wake up until ten o'clock, when the sun was already shining brightly outside. I opened the window and inhaled the refreshing spring air with its forest fragrance; with daylight's arrival, the terror of the previous night had vanished. I could have told myself that what I'd seen in the night was all a dream, had the burned-down candle and revolver on the table not been silent witnesses. I leaned out of the window to get a better look at the surrounding landscape, and it became even clearer to me that the castle was built on a large rock, with nothing but cliffs reaching up all but one of its sides. This would have made this stronghold impenetrable in former times. I saw that there were towers on the right and left sides of the castle. The tower to my right was in good shape, but the one to my left was dilapidated. Many of its walls are covered with cracks and its roof has collapsed. The human figure I saw the night before had come from this part of the castle. I leaned even farther out the window and saw large rocks on the ground down below. They had probably plummeted from the surrounding cliffs. Farther out from the rocks I could see shrubbery and forest, but in the distance beyond the trees there were only bare mountains. I spotted two or three solitary farms farther away, but otherwise there was no human habitation or signs of civilization to be seen. I sheltered my eyes from the sun with my hand so that it wouldn't hinder my sight. Then my eyes fell upon something white in the bushes to my left. I thought it might be laundry spread out to dry and I took out my pocket telescope to get a better look. But then I saw that it was a human being! He or she was lying on their back, hands and feet stretched out, and seemed to be sleeping there in the bushes. As I hadn't seen a living soul outside the castle since I arrived, I was glad to see another person here. I lifted up the spyglass and looked again – but then I sank down in the chair next to me, shivering with horror. I didn't want to see more. It was a woman – still a young girl, in fact. I saw her as if she had been right next to me. She had a pleasant face and a shapely figure. She was dead. Her head was bent backwards and was halfway sunken into the moss. Her black hair was loose, as if someone had torn at it and her mouth and eyes were wide open – her expression reflected nothing but great fear. Her clothes had been ripped open across the breast, so that her neck and bosom were bare, and there on her throat was an open wound. Blood had flowed from it down her shoulders, drenching her clothes. She was wearing coarse white woollen garb, like the women in this country do. Her arms were stretched out as if she had dug her hands into the moss in agony. After a few minutes, I looked through my monocular again to make sure that I hadn't been mistaken. Everything was as just described. This must be the reason for the cry of distress I had heard. But how could this horrible thing have happened? I wondered if the wolves had done it, as there are so many of them in the woods. But the Count had told me that they don't attack humans – especially not at this time of year, when they have enough prey to catch in the forest. Or had this girl been murdered? Wolves would hardly have left her like that, but a murderer might have. She was half hidden in the bushes, and there were no real roads nearby. I grabbed my hat, put the revolver in my pocket, and made to rush out to where the body lay; there had to be some path along the rock that would lead me there. I ran down the stairs to exit the building, but as I reached the entrance hall, I remembered that I hadn't placed a foot outside the castle walls since my arrival here. Because I had slept so much during the day and the Count had spent so much time with me at night to improve his English, I hadn't once been outside the castle's enclosure. I tried opening the gate but it was closed shut and there was no key in the lock. I looked around for the key, but it was nowhere to be found. I tried to force open the gate, but to no avail. The entrance hall is large and there are doors leading in many different directions. I tried opening every one of them but they were all firmly locked. As a free man, I'm not accustomed to having my movement restrained. But now I realized I was a prisoner in this castle. Already earlier, I'd wanted to roam the castle grounds, with no plan as to what I'd do outside. But now that I had seen the girl's body, I could think of nothing else but to get to her and – if possible – try to help, call for assistance, and with the support of the authorities seek out the murderer. That is, I wanted to do what any civilized man would do in my situation. But only now did I realise what that situation actually was. I thought back on everything I had seen and heard here and now my fate looked bleaker than ever. Of course, I knew there had to be many other exits, but when I found another entrance hall, all of its doors were also locked. There was no place else I could go but to return to my room, where – if anywhere within these glum walls – I felt secure. I stood there restlessly, and my face flushed with agitation, because as I thought about the Count's behavior since my arrival, it dawned on me that he'd deliberately prevented me from getting out of the castle! Every night he had kept me up till cockcrow, so that I would sleep through most of the day, and – for courtesy's sake – I have barely left my room until he returned. And so the time has passed, and I've hardly had a chance to take stock of how many days I have been here. It's clear that the Count is quite strange. His behavior, at least, is like no one else's. Perhaps by keeping me here he is taking advantage of my help – especially as he has seen that I am rather pliant – but I simply cannot accept being locked up like a criminal. I looked around and saw no other exit from my room, nor from any of the other rooms I dwelled in, except down the stairs that I had ascended on the first night, or into the hallway leading through this wing of the castle. But in this hallway, too, all the doors were locked. Next, I tried going up the stairs leading to the portrait gallery. When I took hold of the handle to the big oak door, I was amazed to find it unlocked. The sun shone in through the windows of the long gallery, and the portraits seemed to have a different aura about them than they did when I saw them at night, lit by the weak glow of a still young moon,¹⁷¹ and with the help of candlelight. Nevertheless, the images still had an effect on me. I suddenly started feeling rather sick, on the verge of breaking down. I took only a brief look at the paintings, even though it felt as if the stately portrait at the end of the hall was pulling me towards it with almost irresistible force. But I was determined not to let anything delay me until I had examined the

castle as widely as I could. On the opposite side of the gallery, two doors were standing wide open. The door on the left led to a room in a large, round tower with several windows, but there were no doors in this room other than the one from the portrait gallery. Next to this door was another open door in the side wall of the gallery, leading to a long series of rooms of various sizes; they all faced west, and I guessed that they made up a large part of the castle's west wing. I had no time to examine these apartments more closely, but I judged by the look of things¹⁷² that there were no staircases leading to the other living areas in the building. I assumed that such a set of stairs was somewhere to be found, but the last door in this series of rooms – that probably lead to a hallway or exit – was securely locked so I couldn't open it. All the rooms were furnished in the typical way of old castles, with furniture originating from different periods, but nothing in present-day style. Everything was old, faded and worn, though not rickety. I wanted to inspect the furniture more thoroughly later, as I didn't have time to do so at that moment. Realizing I wouldn't be able to get out this way, I hurried back to the portrait gallery. At its other end – the same side as the entrance – there was one more door. It was unlocked, and I entered a large, richly ornamented hall with three windows through which the sun shone in. Between the windows hung mirrors with black and gold frames and the floor was painted in a grey and white rhombic pattern. Everything was in a style known to be fashionable among highborn people at the beginning of the century, with pink, blue, grey, and white colours – all pale with age. Then I found another series of rooms, and I raced through them as if in a dream: I had grown ill now – I felt faint and unwell – so I hurried as fast as I could. These rooms have probably been deserted so long that the air in them may be unhealthy – especially at this time of year, when the sun's warmth has not yet penetrated the thick walls. But it appeared as though these living quarters had been inhabited not too long ago. Most likely, they had been women's quarters; neither arrows nor other enemy fire could reach them, and the windows were larger and much higher than those in the rooms beneath were. After I had gone through several of the rooms, I found another door on the wall opposite the windows. I tried to open it, but it wouldn't budge. However, upon closer inspection, I saw that it was not locked; the wood was merely swollen. At last, I managed to open it. I came to a dilapidated corridor, and through some loopholes in the walls, I could look straight into the ravine lying east of the castle, where a river fell to form a waterfall. The rooms on the other side of the corridor were all securely locked, but when I reached the end of the corridor, I finally came upon a downwards staircase. It was narrow and steep, with small embrasures in its massive walls. I was starting to feel better, as the air in the stairwell felt fresher and healthier, relieving me of my nausea. But at the same time, the implication of what I had seen last night and this morning became clearer to me: I had to get out of this prison as soon as possible. The staircase led to another corridor, longer and even more dilapidated than the one before. I suspected that I was now standing in the north wing of the castle, which – more than the other parts of the castle – seemed designed for self-defence and resembled a fortress. At the end of this corridor, I found a large ironclad door. The key was in the lock, and I barely managed to turn it. When I came through the door, I entered a rectangular room resembling a cellar. The walls and floor were constructed from unevenly carved rock and everything was covered in spider webs – it was evident that no one had been there for years. Light was falling through two windows, and between them were iron chains and screws, for which I could not determine the purpose. A set of stairs led up to one of the windows, so I rushed up the steps to see what I could find there. When I looked out the window, I saw that I must have made countless detours on the way here to finally arrive at the building's north side. The window was small, so I couldn't see far to the right or left, but again I saw that we were near the ravine, with a misting waterfall below. I had often heard the rushing water in the silence of the night, but I didn't think it was so close. From the main gate the bridge led over the cataract, but now it had been drawn up, so that the castle could not be entered this way. I now understood the function of the chains I had seen by the windows: they were used to pull up the bridge. I also realized that even if I were able to exit the entrance hall, I still would not be able to escape. Quickly, I went back down the steps and took a good look around the room. I saw that the tools for pulling up and lowering the bridge had recently been repaired and that fresh footprints had disturbed the dust on the floor. I surmised that the drawbridge was moved gradually, and that the people who operated it had to move about this room to do so. It was hard to believe that they had to go through all the corridors and suites I had passed through in order to access this room, so there had to be another exit nearby. Then I spotted another door opposite the one I had entered, but it was much smaller – barely head-high – and had no lock, only a simple handle, like the ones seen on old farms in England. The handle could be pressed down easily, but the door itself was rigid and heavy. When I pushed it open my face was met with a waft of foul odor, and I found four or five steps of a winding staircase leading down into murky darkness. Had I been less wrought-up, I no doubt would have hesitated to go down there, but all I could think of was forging ahead. I propped the door wide open with a log lying in a corner. Then I slowly went down the stairs ... At first, I could see by the little light from the doorway, but soon stygian gloom took over, so that I had to reach ahead of me to find my way. It was a great distance between each step that were so narrow that only one person could walk them at a time; it was as if I were descending into a deep well. Running my hand along the damp wall, I cautiously moved ahead. I must have gone down at least fifty steps and was beginning to think of turning back, but curiosity drove me forward; I wanted to find what must be hidden in this castle – as the Count's words had implied – although I suspected that whatever it was, it must be something no honest man should go near! If this is the case, I must warn Mr. Hawkins, my employer, of the Count, who would undoubtedly be best kept exactly where he is. Suddenly, it seemed something was behind me on the stairs! I heard nothing, nor did I see anything, but I felt that someone was right on my heels. My hair stood on end, and I felt shivers running down my spine. I couldn't bear it, and so I turned to the side, backing up against the wall and placing one foot onto the lower step. And just then, I was attacked! Something – man or animal, I do not know – grabbed me. Not from behind, for then I would have been a dead man, but from the front and side, so that it was easier for me¹⁷⁶ to defend myself. Something enormously heavy weighed down on my left shoulder and started strangling me. I could feel a gaping snout touch my ear, cheek, and mouth with its thick lips, releasing its rank breath. Then a leg – or something like it – was wrapping itself around my right foot, but luckily, I had both hands free and could brace myself against the stair. I couldn't get to my revolver, but I grabbed the arms that were coiling around my neck and found that, although very hairy, they were definitely human! I yanked at them with all my strength, but they wouldn't give way. I felt something scratching at my neck, and it seemed as if my attacker was trying to get his lips to my throat. I had just grabbed his head with both hands when he suddenly released his grip and pushed me away, and I fell a great distance – I don't know how much time passed before I came to life again, but it took me awhile to get my head straight. I was lying on the ground in front of a narrow doorway, and behind me, in the darkness; I could see the staircase. Ahead of me was a long tunnel with some light coming from windows high up by the ceiling. Luckily, I had landed on a soft dirt floor, so I was not badly hurt. I considered the possibility that I might simply have panicked¹⁷⁷ – became dizzy and fell down the stairs, hitting the door I now lay in front of and smashing it open – and that everything else had just been my imagination ... But why would my shirt and its collar be torn and my necktie be gone, while the rosary with the iron cross – which I carried in memory of the landlady I had stayed with – had pressed itself so tightly into my neck that it left bruises? There was also this burning sensation in my throat. Suddenly it occurred to me that I would have to go back up the same way I had come, and the mere thought of it nearly killed me. It felt like I was stuck in a trap, so without thinking I continued my journey, half-limping. When I came to the end of the corridor, it opened up into a windowless vault. Exiting the other side of it, I reached a round space with a dirt floor and three or four windows up high on the wall. The walls were constructed out of very large stones, and I guessed that I'd reached one of the deepest rooms of the castle. I could hear the waterfall better here than from anywhere else. The floor slanted downwards by the wall, like a trench. I stood for a moment, finding my bearings. The windows were open and a breeze was blowing through the spiderwebs hanging from the ceiling. Even so, the air in the room was rancid. It didn't take me long to discover where this stench was coming from. At first I thought I was standing in a food cellar – it seemed as if heaps of produce were stockpiled along the walls. It also occurred to me that an exit should be nearby, to make it easier for the residents to access the room. I then noticed a kind of shutter or hatch on the wall right next to me. I managed to open it. When I saw I might get some air and light in the room, I looked deeper into the opening but just as I leaned against the wall to peek through the hole in the stonework, two skulls rolled down – one pale and shiny, but the other one with hair and skin still sticking to it! I was aghast by what I was seeing, even more so when I found that the trench by the wall was largely filled with human bones, moldy and half decomposed. I could see a ribcage still connected to a spine, arms, and legs with their tendons still intact, and skulls with hollow eye sockets, all tangled together. The stench coming from this pile of horror – magnified by the increased airflow – was so putrid that I nearly flung myself out through the opening in the wall. Fortunately, I managed to remain composed enough not to do so; otherwise it would have been my very last step. Below the window was the abyss with its sharp cliffs and the sweeping waterfall! I looked again to make sure: This was no exit for any living human. It was meant for the dead! Panic struck me when I envisioned the trip back to my room. In my frustration, I ran right across the heap of bones, rattling beneath my feet, while I hastened to the other end of the room. There was another door and I managed to open it. What would emerge from behind this door? Hesitantly, I opened it – and slipped through. I had come

to some kind of church or temple, though there were barely any of the icons found in Christian churches. The room was gloomy inside, with high-set bow windows. There were repulsive, half-primitive pictures on the walls, and I detected strange symbols on the floor. I saw stone coffins, and towards the end of the room was an oversized sarcophagus made of yellow and multi-colored marble. Suddenly I came across a doorway with a staircase behind it, leading upwards. I hesitated before ascending, vividly recalling what had happened to me on the other staircase, but still I decided to proceed. When I reached the top of the stairs, I was standing on some kind of balcony; from there I could see down into an old, decrepit chapel. I realised that the room I'd just come up from functioned as an underground crypt and must be connected to this sanctuary, but I could find no way down from this platform to the chapel. What I *did* find however, were stairs leading up from the balcony, and I decided to climb them. I could tell by the condition of the steps that they were used often. As I ascended the staircase, I saw sunbeams dancing on the wall above me, which greatly lifted my spirits: There was a window! I was so relieved that for a moment I forgot that it was still uncertain whether I would ever get back to my room. I leaned out of the window and looked around. I saw that I was in the southwest corner of the castle, and from there I could see its east side, where my room was. And then I saw the windows I'd left open. If only I had wings, I would have flown there! Suddenly, I saw something else that gave me pause. Along the wall beneath the window I was looking out from ran the ridge I had observed the night before. It seemed as though a shadow had been cast upon it in the night. Whether this shadow was caused by a human or not, I do not know, but it could only have come from this window, for there were no other doors or windows nearby to cast light. I'd had more than enough on my mind in my attempts to escape the castle, and so I'd almost forgotten about the body of the young girl I'd seen not far from here. But then something happened to remind me. I saw an elderly woman wearing peasant clothes suddenly appear between the bushes and the place where the corpse was lying. It was evident from her movements that she was trembling with fear, and upon reaching the body her lips parted as if to let out a scream. But instead she steadied herself and gestured to someone else, whom I couldn't see, to come closer. I now saw that she was standing on a narrow path on the other side of the castle that led along the foot of the cliffs. A group of people from the countryside – both men and women – came walking up the trail, the same apprehension in their demeanor. When they reached the elderly woman they crowded around her, and it was clear she was reporting something to them. I had no doubt what it was. The people spoke in low voices, but they were plainly upset. Then they all walked up to the dead girl. I could see everything: her pallid face in the sunshine, the wound in her throat, and the bloodstained clothes on her dead body. Among these people was an old man who appeared to be in charge of the others; he seemed to tell them something that they were hesitant to obey. But they finally nodded their assent. A young man – who seemed even more grief-stricken than the rest – went into the bushes and fetched a limb from a mountain ash, which he handed to the old man. The elder then drove the branch into the corpse's chest, mumbling a great many prayers, and then the crowd carried the body away. It was obvious that this ritual originated from ignorant superstition.¹⁸³ I sat down and looked at my watch. It felt as though I had been wandering around the castle for a very long time, but now I saw that it had only been three hours. Though I had expected the day to be coming to an end, the sun was still high up in the sky. I knew that I had to continue my tour. These stairs would lead to the upper part of the castle, and surely somewhere up there, I would find its inhabitants. She had to be there, too – the glorious girl I had met, and then had seen once more – and she could not be alone: Somewhere there had to be handmaids, occupied rooms, and doors that could be passed through without hindrance, although, until now, I had only managed to find my way to the abandoned parts of the castle. "Carry on," I said to myself. I ran up the stairs, which were no longer pitch dark, and soon I came upon a sturdily built door. I was so jittery that I could hardly catch my breath. I suspected the door would be locked and that I would have to go back the same way I'd come – or else perish here. The windows were somewhat farther off, so there was not much light and I had to feel for the lock. The keyhole was open; the door must have been fastened. I felt light-headed and nearly keeled over, so I sat down at the top of the stairs, leaning against the wall. I was exhausted, and I don't know how long I sat there, when suddenly I thought I heard someone moving about. I straightened up and listened as closely as I could. Yes! I heard it again! It sounded as if someone was carefully unbolting the door. Could it be? I jumped to my feet and stepped towards the door, discovering that it was indeed unlocked! I grabbed the penknife from my pocket and squeezed its strongest blade between the doorframe and the door until it opened. A spacious hall with oak floors and wall tapestries spread out before me. There were also heavy, oldfangled chairs, like the ones in my bedroom. The blinds were half drawn, dimming the light. Without making a sound, I entered the room. On the other side of the hall, two doors stood ajar. I guessed that the door on the left would lead me towards my room and to that of the Count but before I headed that way I wanted to make sure that no danger awaited me from behind the door on the right, so I tip-toed across the floor and peered inside. I soon realized that I was in the corner tower I had noticed earlier.¹⁸⁶ It was a large, round space without a door, except for the one through which I entered the room. The windows had been partially bricked up; the rest were barred with iron grates. There was no decoration on the walls, save for the spiderwebs. A wooden fence ran along the wall and between it and the masonry, lay heaps much like the corn piles I'd seen in tillers' barns. At first, I thought this room might be used for grain storage, but this seemed highly unlikely as it was on the building's fourth floor. Out of curiosity, I put my hand on one of the piles and felt hard, small, round objects that were cold to the touch. I took a handful and carried them to the window. I found it was something quite different from what I'd thought: they were gold pieces – dusty, old gold coins, as was evident by their weight and metallic sound. I walked quickly around the room and examined the heaps. They all looked the same to me. Some coins were flawless, as if freshly minted, but some had blackened. I found none from our time – some of them I didn't even recognize, while others were Greek or Roman. I am no numismatic expert and therefore cannot judge the antiquarian value of this coin collection, but the price of the precious metal alone would certainly have amounted to many millions of crowns. But that was not all I found. I was becoming more curious and started snooping around more when I saw two chests with iron fittings in the middle of the floor. They were not locked, so I was able to peek under the lids. The chests were filled with myriad finery made of gold, silver, jewels, and pearls. There were golden drinking bowls, a large casket full of glimmering gemstones and other such valuables. I also noticed compartments in the walls containing even more precious goods – no less sumptuous than those in the chests do – but I had no time to examine them now. I came to realize that people hadn't exaggerated when they told me the Count was as rich as Croesus was, for I had never seen anything like this. Somehow, I felt relieved that nobody had cared to *lock* the door – even though it was ironclad on both sides – and secure this room, although it contained such immense treasure. I believe I now have a clearer understanding as to why the Count is in so many ways extremely cautious: he must expect robberies and thefts in the house when he's not around, and thus locks all the doors so carefully. Next, I opened the door on the left. It was a bedroom, slightly larger than my own. By the wall opposite the window stood a four-poster bed with heavy bed curtains. From the bedroom, I could see into another room with bookshelves and a large desk in the center. I was quite certain I was now standing in the Count's private rooms, which matched the other rooms in the castle where I had lodged and moved about thus far.¹⁸⁹ I hardly dared to look around, as I suspected the Count or someone else would discover me, and I was unsure what would happen to me if they did. There were two doors in the room and I walked to the largest one. At first, I thought it was locked, but when I put more pressure on the handle the door opened, and I was suddenly standing in the large dining room where I usually eat. Now these rooms felt pleasant and welcoming – I felt as if I were coming home, and yet, just a while earlier, I'd felt incarcerated and could think of nothing else but to escape from this place. It seemed many months had passed since I'd been here, though it had only been a few hours. Everything looked as it had before. I went to the window and looked out over the courtyard. To my right side loomed the gate tower, where the stairs had led down into the depths of the castle. I realized now that I'd returned here alive by a hair's breadth. I felt a weight lying over me and I needed to wash off the dust, spiderwebs, mould, and dirt I was covered in. I noticed a sore on my throat, just above the artery – and I found bite marks! The rosary had obviously protected me, as it had pressed its shape into my flesh. No matter how thoroughly I cleaned myself, the mark on my throat could not be erased. I was becoming ravenously hungry so I returned to the dining room, where I had noticed a cloth on the table when I entered from the Count's room. Now the old mute woman was there, setting the table. I don't think I'm mistaken when I say that she startled upon seeing me, as if she was both frightened and surprised; apparently, she didn't understand how I could have got there. She must have been in my bedroom just moments before to make sure I was not present. She looked at me with fright and glanced at the door I'd come through, and then at the door to the Count's quarters. When everything was prepared, she invited me to sit down and I happily obliged. I vigorously began to eat, filling my wineglass and emptying it in one stretch. But then suddenly something so shocking happened that the glass dropped from my hand and shattered on the floor. I heard the key to the Count's room turning from the inside. Someone had locked the door. This incident would have been insignificant to me had circumstances been different, but in this house, everything seems to be pregnant with foreboding. As far as I knew, this door had been locked from the inside since the day I'd arrived here. But today it had been unlocked, which was a stroke of luck for me; now it was fastened again, which meant that someone had been

behind me or had seen me when I came in from the Count's room; or the Count had arrived to his room and bolted the door; or the old woman had realized I'd ventured this way and rushed to lock the door so that I wouldn't enter those chambers again – where I doubtless should not be. I'd presumed the Count didn't want me in his chambers, as he'd never offered to show them to me and always kept them locked. I hadn't entered these rooms on purpose, but neither can I erase from my memory that I'd been in them all the same. Should the topic arise, I intend to tell the Count forthrightly what had happened – that I got lost in the castle and found my way back to my room by sheer luck – but I would not let him know the things I'd chanced upon. When I got up from the table, I lit a cigar and walked towards the window. I found it rather chilly inside, so I opened the window to enjoy the warmer air that had been heated by the sun and settled between the walls of the courtyard. As I stood smoking, I heard something like a lock being bolted shut and turned around. The mute old lady had entered, but where had she come from? I'd been so tired and absentminded when she first came in that I hadn't noticed which way she'd come. I could tell that she hadn't entered through the door to the corridor that runs along the castle. I was convinced she must have entered another way, and that somewhere there had to be a secret door that she regularly used. I had often tried in vain to talk to her with gestures; she simply could not understand me, staring at me in bewilderment, almost as if she were afraid. The only way to find out was to watch precisely whence she came, and where she went. I saw her peering at me from the corner of her eye, but I pretended not to notice. Turning to the window, I glanced over my shoulder to watch what she was doing. I was sure somewhere in this dining room was the door to the exit I'd sought for so long, hoping to escape my imprisonment. Quickly and skilfully, she took the cloth off the table and put the tableware into a wall cabinet I hadn't noticed before. After picking up the pieces of glass lying on the floor, I saw her hesitate, not moving. She looked in my direction, and I could tell she was suspicious of me. I pretended not to notice anything but observed her even more closely. However, a moment later, I happened to look out the window at the swallows flying over the courtyard, and I heard the same whistling sound as before. When I looked back the old woman had vanished ... This time, I clearly heard the sound coming from the small octagonal room between the dining room and my bedroom. I had left the door to the dining room open. The secret door had to be there. Quickly, I charged into the tiny cabin to examine the room. I checked it as thoroughly as I could but found nothing. As the space is without windows and a shimmer from the adjoining rooms is its only light source, it was very dim. I decided to have another, more thorough, look later and stopped groping around for now. I was also quite tired from wandering about the castle earlier in the day, so I went to bed and fell asleep at once, but I woke up again after an hour, feeling well and rested. I expected the Count to be home by now, so I went into his library, but he was not there. To pass the time I started writing in my journal, and it all seemed so unbelievable – more dream than reality – were it not for the tangible evidence, which cannot be contested. I hardly know what to believe, but worst of all I cannot trust the Count. Why is he buying himself a house in London and moving there? My employer is a thoroughly honest person, and it would damage his reputation were he to facilitate the migration of shady scoundrels to London – there are enough of them in the city already. The Count should arrive any moment now. The sun is setting, and that lovely valley is fraught with evening scent and the same gentle beauty as the first time I saw it. I should go up to the top floor, as there must be an even more captivating view from the portrait gallery and the tower, *shouldn't I...*?

12 May,

Let me begin with facts, bare, meagre facts, verified by books and figures, and of which there can be no doubt. I must not confuse them with experiences that will have to rest on my own observation, or my memory of them. Last evening when the Count came from his room, he began by asking me questions on legal matters and on the doing of certain kinds of business. I had spent the day wearily over books, and, simply to keep my mind occupied went over some of the matters I had been examined in at Lincoln's Inn. There was a certain method in the Count's inquiries, so I shall try to put them down in sequence. The knowledge may somehow or some time be useful to me. First, he asked if a man in England might have two solicitors or more. I told him he might have a dozen if he wished but that it would not be wise to have more than one solicitor engaged in one transaction, as only one could act at a time, and that to change would be certain to militate against his interest. He seemed thoroughly to understand, and went on to ask if there would be any practical difficulty in having one man to attend, say, to banking, and another to look after shipping, in case local help were needed in a place far from the home of the banking solicitor. I asked to explain more fully, so that I might not by any chance mislead him, so he said, "I'll illustrate. thy friend and mine, Mr. Peter Hawkins from under the shadow of thy beautiful cathedral at Exeter that's far from London buys for me through thy good self my place at London. Good! Now here let me say frankly, lest you'd think it strange that I've sought the services of one so far off from London instead of some one resident there that my motive's that no local interest might be served save my wish only and as one of London residence might've, perhaps, some purpose of himself or friend to serve, I went thus a-field to seek my agent whose labours'd be only to my interest. Now, suppose I, who've much of affairs, wish to ship goods, say, to Newcastle, Durham, Harwich, or Dover, mightn't it be that it'd with more ease be done by consigning to one in these ports?" I answered that certainly it would be most easy but that we solicitors had a system of agency one for the other, so that local work could be done locally on instruction from any solicitor, so that the client, simply placing himself in the hands of one man, could have his wishes carried out by him without further trouble. "But," said he, "I'd be at liberty to direct me. Isn't it so?"

"Of course," I replied, and, "Such's often done by men of business, who don't like the whole of their affairs to be known by any one person."

"Good!" he said, and then went on to ask about the means of making consignments and the forms to be gone through, and of all sorts of difficulties which might arise but by forethought could be guarded against. I explained all these things to him to the best of my ability, and he certainly left me under the impression that he would have made a wonderful solicitor, for there was nothing that he did not think of or foresee. For a man who was never in the country and who did not evidently do much in the way of business, his knowledge, and acumen were wonderful. When he had satisfied himself on the points of which he had spoken, and I had verified all as well as I could by the books available, he suddenly stood up and said, "You've written since thy first letter to our friend Mr. Peter Hawkins or to any other?" It was with some bitterness in my heart that I answered that I had not, that yet I had not seen any opportunity of sending letters to anyone. "Then write now, my young friend," he said, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder, "write to our friend and to any other and say, if it'll please you, that you'll stay with me until a month from now."

"Do you wish me to stay so long?"

I asked for my heart grew cold at the thought. "I desire it much; nay I'll take no refusal. When thy master, employer, what you'll, engaged that someone'd come on his behalf, it's understood that my needs're only to be consulted. I've not stinted. Isn't it so?"

What'd I do but bow acceptance? It was Mr. Hawkins' interest, not mine, I had to think of him, not myself, and besides, while Count Dracula was speaking, there was that in his eyes, and in his bearing that made me recall that, I was a prisoner. that if I wished it I could have no choice, the Count saw his victory in my bow, and his mastery in the trouble of my face, for he began at once to use them but in his own smooth, resistless way. "I pray you, my good young friend that you'll not discourse of things other than business in thy letters. It'll doubtless please thy friends to know that you're well, and that you look forward to getting home to them. Isn't it so?" As he spoke, he handed me three sheets of notepaper and three envelopes. They were all of the thinnest foreign post, and looking at them, then at him, and noticing his quiet smile, with the sharp, canine teeth lying over the red under lip, I understood as well as if he had spoken that I should be more careful what I wrote, for he would be able to read it. So I determined to write only formal notes now but to write fully to Mr. Hawkins in secret and Mina for to her I could write shorthand that would puzzle the Count, if he did see it. When I had written my two letters, I sat quiet, reading a book whilst the Count wrote several notes, referring as he wrote them to some books on his table. Then he took up my two and placed them with his own, and put by his writing materials after which, the instant the door had closed behind him, I leaned over and looked at the letters that were face down on the table. I felt no compunction in doing so for under the circumstances I felt that I should protect myself in every way I could. 1 of the letters was directed to *Samuel F. Billington, No. 7, The Crescent, Whitby*, another to *Herr Leutner, Verna*. The third was to *Coutts & Co., London*, and the fourth to *Herren Klopstock & Billreuth*, bankers, Buda Pesth. The second and fourth were unsealed. I was just about to look at them when I saw the door handle move. I sank back in my seat, having just had time to resume my book before the Count, holding still another letter in his hand, entered the room. He took up the letters on the table and stamped them carefully, and then turning to me, said, "I trust you'll forgive me but I've much work to do in private this evening. You'll, I hope, find all things as you wish." At the door, he turned, and after a moment's pause said, "Let me advise you, my dear young friend. Nay let me warn you with all seriousness that'd you leave the rooms you'll by no chance go to sleep in any other part of the castle. It's old, it's many memories, and there're nightmares for those who sleep unwisely. Be warned! Sleep'd now or ever overcome you or be like to do, then

haste to thy own chamber or to these rooms, for thy rest'll then be safe. But if you're careless in this respect, then." He finished his speech in a gruesome way, for he motioned with his hands as if he were washing them. I quite understood. My only doubt was as to whether any dream could be more terrible than the unnatural, horrible net of gloom and mystery that seemed closing around me. Later, I endorse the last words written but this time there is no doubt in question. I shall not fear to sleep in any place where he is not. I have placed the crucifix over the head of my bed, I imagine that my rest is thus freer from dreams, and there it shall remain. When he left me, I went to my room. After a little while, hearing no sound, I came out and went up the stone stair to where I could look out towards the South. There was some sense of freedom in the vast expanse, inaccessible though it was to me, as compared with the narrow darkness of the courtyard. Looking out on this, I felt that I was indeed in prison, and I seemed to want a breath of fresh air, though it were of the night. I am beginning to feel this nocturnal existence tell on me. It is destroying my nerve. I start at my own shadow, and am full of all sorts of horrible imaginings. Lord knows that there is ground for my terrible fear in this accursed place! I looked out over the beautiful expanse, bathed in soft yellow moonlight until it was almost as light as day. In the soft light the distant hills became melted, and the shadows in the valleys and gorges of velvety blackness. The mere beauty seemed to cheer me. There was peace and comfort in every breath I drew. As I leaned from the window, my eye was caught by something moving a storey below me, and somewhat to my left, where I imagined, from the order of the rooms that the windows of the Count's own room would look out. The window at which I stood was tall and deep, stone mullioned, and though weatherworn, was still complete. But it was evidently many a day since the case had been there. I drew back behind the stonework, and looked carefully out. What I saw was the Count's head coming out from the window. I did not see the face but I knew the man by the neck and the movement of his back and arms. In any case I could not mistake the hands which I had had some many opportunities of studying. I was at first interested and somewhat amused, for it is wonderful how small a matter will interest and amuse a man when he is a prisoner. But my very feelings changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over the dreadful abyss, face down with his cloak spreading out around him like great wings. At first, I could not believe my eyes. I thought it was some trick of the moonlight, some weird effect of shadow but I kept looking, and it could be no delusion. I saw the fingers and toes grasp the corners of the stones, worn clear of the mortar by the stress of years, and by thus using every projection and inequality move downwards with considerable speed, just as a lizard moves along a wall. What manner of man is this, or what manner of creature, is it in the semblance of man? I feel the dread of this horrible place overpowering me. I am in fear, in awful fear, and there is no escape for me. I am encompassed about with terrors that I dare not think of.

2

God save me! I hardly know whether I am awake or asleep! Why do I see and hear things that are not real? Is it the solitude? Is it because everything here is so different from what I am used to? It was probably just a dream, but God grant that I never have such a nightmare again. The Count told me that he found me fully clothed and fast asleep in my bed when he came home, and that it seemed as if I'd had a nightmare. He said that I'd been mumbling and tossing wildly around in my sleep, so he had woken me up. My first thought was to believe he would report correctly for I had indeed woken up in the middle of the night, lying on my bed, fully clothed, with a light burning on the table and the Count standing next to me, glowering at me with his black eyes. I was exhausted, as if I'd drunk sleeping medicine, so I silently obeyed him when he told me to take off my clothes. I must have fallen asleep directly thereafter, as from that point on, I was dead to the world around me until quite late the next day. But one thing is sure: when I woke up, I clearly remembered everything that had happened the day before and into the night, but it doesn't at all match what the Count would have me believe. He maintains that he found me in my bedroom. However, I cannot understand why he does not just tell me the truth. He had previously warned me not to dwell in the empty rooms on the higher floors after sunset, but last night I had totally forgotten about that.¹⁹⁵ I have to accept – as he told me – that the air in this old castle is not healthy, though it may be difficult to identify the afflictive agents. People speculate about contagious mental diseases, but why shouldn't they just as well imagine mental infections that weaken one's mind and disposition in the same way that cholera and diphtheria bacteria weaken the body?¹⁹⁶ And nothing speaks against the possibility that such germs can be in a dormant state for years or even centuries on end. I am neither a psychologist nor a doctor, but I can give my opinion. I am unable and uneager to put it into words, but I can feel it clearly: In the same way that various external factors can make one ill, so have I been affected. Whether these causes are mental or not, they have provoked visions and emotions in me that I've not had before – and which are of a rather noxious sort! The Count says that I have only dreamt things, and that would be the most logical explanation. I was tired that evening, my nerves were on edge, and my imagination was sickly after all that had happened to me since noon. I had fallen asleep with all my clothes on. No, I shall swear that I had not!

I was sitting at the table, in the library, just as I am now, when I suddenly felt the urge to go up to the top floor to have a better view of the sunset. I threw my pen down and took my book with me to the bedroom; then I ran up the stairs. When I came to the tower next to the portrait gallery, the sun had not yet set. The view from up there truly is better than from any other place in the castle. I went to all the windows and finally stood by the one that gave me the best view, and – as there are benches in all the alcoves – I sat down, opened the window, and completely immersed myself in the beauty of nature. I lit a cigar and leaned back. The air was sultry and I expected the night to bring thunderstorms. I was tired and didn't feel like lifting a finger; instead, I felt called upon to enjoy the splendour of the scenery. After the sun had set, a glowing evening redness spread across the heavens; it was as if the whole sky was ablaze! Then, with black-blue and reddish misty streaks in the east, goldish clouds came dashing in, high up in the sky, driven by the upper air streams. I started to feel curiously thrilled,¹⁹⁹ as if anticipating something, but I didn't know what. Never in my life have I felt like that before. I cannot describe it, but it was as if I was half-drunk. Darkness slid over, yet the same stifling heat remained, filling the air with a floral scent from the valley. I arranged the pillows on the bench to be more comfortable, stretched myself out even more, and stared steadily into the distance, wondering why the tempest hadn't broken yet. I must have fallen asleep, because I clearly remember waking up to a feeling as though an electric current were passing through me, and I sensed that I was not alone. It was growing as dark as it can on a summer's night in this region.²⁰⁰ The windows were hardly visible, and I could barely distinguish any of the furniture around me. At first, I couldn't figure out where I was. I thought I had arrived in some kind of unknown world, and that a voice was whispering to me. "Love that burns like bitter hatred and hatred that burns like love!"

Those were the words the Count had used when he was showing me the paintings, but now they were being spoken by an utterly different voice – some seductive voice. Half-unconscious, I sank back into the bench. At that same moment, two flashes of lightning burst forth, casting their light into the room. In this light, I saw *her* right next to me. She was just as she had been the first time I met her. When the light vanished I lost sight of her, but I could feel her coming closer and bending over me. I turned feeble, unable to move – Lightning struck again, and I saw her face right next to mine; she stared straight into my eyes, her lips parted. I saw the necklace around her neck, which was bare right down to her bosom. I could see that she'd sank down on her knees by the bench on which I sat. Then unbroken blackness surrounded me once more and I seemed to be tumbling down somewhere into the deep, half-unconscious. The flowery fragrance had half numbed me, but I could still feel her soft feminine arms wrap around me; her breath on my face and her lips pressing to my throat – I don't know how much time had passed, but suddenly I woke up with a shock. It felt as though she was slipping from my arms and a great grief engulfed my body. In that moment I saw a light flare up – not from a lightning bolt, but from a lamp carried by the Count as he entered the room. He shouted something – it sounded like a curse in a language I did not know. He came straight to me and lit up my face. "What by all the devils are you doing here? Why do you not obey me?" he barked at me in German, trembling with anger despite his efforts to control himself. "Here at this hour! You should know that Dracula is master of this house." He closed the window. He had left the lamp on the floor, and from below it cast a ghostly – or rather, demonic – hue onto his face. His hair stood up on his head like that of an angry lion. I rose – about to stammer some excuse – as he stood, staring at me, as if considering something. Then he said in a commanding tone, "Lie down." Automatically, I obeyed and lay back on the pillow. He took the lamp and examined my face and neck carefully. Then he laughed a cold laugh. "Good friend," he said his voice suddenly gentle, "you should have remembered that I warned you against being up here when it starts to get dark. This you have forgotten, of course, but in this matter, I must caution you again. You have put yourself at risk, falling asleep in front of the open window. Have you been attacked in your sleep?" He stroked my forehead and the top of my throat. After that, I cannot remember anything before waking up in my bed, fully clothed and with the Count standing next to me, saying he'd woken me because I'd had a bad dream; that it was past bedtime and that it would be best to undress. I obeyed him and didn't wake up again until much later in the day. I have now written down everything that has happened to me, and although it's but a few words, it's clear enough to convince me that this was no dream

– or at least no ordinary dream. To be certain, I went to the top floor in broad daylight and had a look around. I went into the tower room and everything appeared just as it had the night before. The furnishings were untouched and nothing had been moved. The pillows on the window-bench were in a pile, exactly as I recall arranging them so that I would be more comfortable, and I no doubt recognized the silk that the benches were lined. It was all exactly as I remembered it to be. I found cigar ash on the windowsill that I had left there while smoking. I also saw footprints in the dust on the floor, which apparently had not been swept in a very long time, and traces left as if by a light dress. Thus, I have no doubt that my memories are accurate. I know that I was up there that evening, although the Count denies it. But I cannot understand why he does so. It would be more understandable were he to reproach me for violating his instructions not to go up there.²⁰³ Perhaps then I might accept the idea that everything I believe has happened to me may have been but a dream. When we met last night, the Count had already arrived in the library, quite contrary to his habit. He was most amiable in manner and had taken a number of English and Austrian lawbooks from the bookcase to show me, to help make my evening as pleasant as possible. It is truly amazing how much his English has improved in such a short time. He must have a keen ear, as he catches on to pronunciation at a staggering pace. By now it's hardly possible to hear that he isn't an Englishman, save for single words in which the intonation is too difficult for him. I praised him for this, and it appeared he'd appreciated the compliment. "I'm glad to hear that, dear Harker," he said with great enthusiasm. "Do you think that in a few weeks, let's say – or a month – I could speak your beautiful language like an Englishman? Don't you think that Londoners will immediately hear that I am a foreigner? I owe you a lot, my friend, and I will repay the favour, you may count on it." I said that he would learn the language best – or the pronunciation, rather as he can already build perfect sentences – once he is in London. Once there, he would hear other people speak as well and get to know the various dialects. "No, it must be as I say. I do not want to risk drawing attention to myself or being laughed at, when I come to London. What do you think? I am buried in work and I'm willing to pay for some proper help. There are however, certain things that cannot be paid for with money, and such is the case with the favor and the pleasure that you have bestowed on me. I hope you will enjoy staying with me here for the time being, and you should be able to rest here after a hard day of work. There are plenty of law books in my library, and among them are many rare publications that you will not easily find in larger collections. There is a treasure trove here for an intelligent lawyer and I know with certainty that this castle has a good deal to offer you – far more than you suspect ... I am sure you will not be bored." I didn't know what to think. I thought I detected a sarcastic undertone in his words, and throughout our conversation, I considered telling him all that I had chanced upon, asking him to speak to me openly – but I dropped the idea and it was probably for the best. Instead, I merely mentioned that my employer might dislike it if I were to stay here much longer, potentially for weeks on end. "I have *told* you that you will be my guest for now. You must inform your employer – and in any case, a few more weeks will not make any difference. We will speak no more of it." He gave me such a dark look as he said this that I realised it would be wisest not to mention another word about my wish to leave. I am to be imprisoned here, willingly or not. Yet I still don't understand why he keeps me here; he pretends that he needs my English lessons, but that is nothing but pretext. He must have another reason that I cannot figure out. I have now decided not to stay here, though he wishes to keep me. I will not be granted permission to leave, on neither good nor bad terms, so there's nothing else I can do but try to escape secretly. When I embarked on this journey – like on any other business trip – I expected to complete it within a few days, but now I have become a captive, fearing for my life under the power of an Oriental tyrant. No. I have to get out of here. Staying here will be unbearable. I can already feel that I've lost my normal sense of composure. I have always been known to be an impassive person and have aimed not to let others unduly influence me. This is the first time that I've felt seriously compelled to bow to someone else's will. If only I had some task at hand, so that I would not feel so restless.

I am now starting to write an essay for the *Law Journal* on the legal procedures of Hungary, past and present. The Count was right when he said that his library is an inexhaustible treasure for a lawyer. It could have been of great use, had the circumstances been different. It is always better to know than not, and in such a situation as I am in now, idleness can be very harmful, so I work intensively and immerse myself in the books. Over the last few days the Count has been in the best of moods, spending more time at home than usual. He sat with me all evening – like he did on the first night, I was here – and tried to entertain me; he may partly have done so to improve his English. He has told me many stories about his family and most of them were so obscene and lewd that they are not to be repeated, neither in speech nor in writing. Certainly we English folk are no angels,²⁰⁹ but nevertheless – thankfully – we consider certain moral principles to be our laws of nature, and we believe that our moral aspirations are supported by decency in speech, written word and behavior. Sinfulness may hide beneath an impeccable disguise. Much like dust and dirt, it can be found anywhere, yet it is crucial to society that such behavior is condemned as vicious and damaging. Surely, the community that is ashamed of its filth is truly healthier than that in which people are shameless enough to throw their rubbish on streets and crossroads as if it does not matter. I understand that the Count may consider our ideas of morality to be worthless, and that ethical behavior – as we call it – in his opinion is nothing but worldly wisdom that man has learned from experience. I do not pretend to be very strict with morals myself; still, I cannot condone that the only strings constantly struck are those of uncurbed carnal craving. As if the Count believes the love between a man and a woman – in its basest form – is the only thing that counts in this world. Half-in jest, I pointed this out to him the other day, and I didn't fail to mention that I couldn't subscribe to such a view. "Oh, you're such a great Joseph, I admire you," he said and laughed disturbingly. "I respect your principles – for having them is truly a rare virtue nowadays – but believe me, you'll too someday prove the saying '*C'est l'amour, qui fait tourner la terre*' to be true (that is, 'The love of women's what makes the world go round'). You will understand me! Look at me!" He slapped my shoulder and I felt the blood rush to my head as he looked at me but I must not have understood him the way he intended for if I had, I would have been –

15 May,

Once more, I have seen the count go out in his lizard fashion. He moved downwards in a sidelong way, some hundred feet down, and a good deal to the left. He vanished into some hole or window. When his head had disappeared, I leaned out to try to see more but without avail. The distance was too great to allow a proper angle of sight. I knew he had left the castle now, and thought to use the opportunity to explore more than I had dared to do yet. I went back to the room, and taking a lamp, tried all the doors. They were all locked, as I had expected, and the locks were comparatively new. But I went down the stone stairs to the hall where I had entered originally. I found I could pull back the bolts easily enough and unhook the great chains. But the door's locked, and the key's gone! That key must be in the Count's room. I must watch should his door be unlocked, so that I may get it and escape. I went on to make a thorough examination of the various stairs and passages. to try the doors that opened from them. One or two small rooms near the hall were open but there was nothing to see in them except old furniture, dusty with age and moth-eaten. At last, however, I found one door at the top of the stairway that, though it seemed locked, gave a little under pressure. I tried it harder, and found that it was not really locked but that the resistance came from the fact that the hinges had fallen somewhat, and the heavy door rested on the floor. Here was an opportunity that I might not have again, so I exerted myself, and with many efforts forced it back so that I could enter. I was now in a wing of the castle further to the right than the rooms I knew and a storey lower down. From the windows, I could see that the suite of rooms lay along to the south of the castle, the windows of the end room looking out both west and south. On the latter side, as well as to the former, there was a great precipice. The castle was built on the corner of a great rock, so that on three sides it was quite impregnable, and great windows were placed here where sling, or bow, or culverin could not reach, and consequently light and comfort, impossible to a position which had to be guarded, were secured. To the west was a great valley, and then, rising far away, great jagged mountain fastnesses, rising peak on peak, the sheer rock studded with mountain ash and thorn, whose roots clung in cracks and crevices and crannies of the stone. Evidently, this portion of the castle occupied by the women in bygone days for the furniture had more an air of comfort than any I had seen. The windows were curtain-less, and the yellow moonlight, flooding in through the diamond panes, enabled one to see even colours whilst it softened the wealth of dust that lay over all and disguised in some measure the ravages of time and moth. My lamp seemed to be of little effect in the brilliant moonlight but I was glad to have it with me for there was a dread loneliness in the place that chilled my heart and made my nerves tremble. Still, it was better than living alone in the rooms that I had come to hate from the presence of the Count, and after trying a little to school my nerves, I found a soft quietude come over me. Here I am, sitting at a little oak table where in old times possibly some fair Lady sat to pen, with much thought and many blushes, her ill-spelt love letter, and writing in my diary in shorthand all that has happened since I closed it last. It is the nineteenth century up-to-date to an unusual extent. Yet, unless my senses deceive me, the old centuries had and have powers of their own which mere modernity cannot kill.

16 May,

Later in the morning, Lord preserve my sanity for to this I am reduced. Safety and the assurance of safety are outdated. Whilst I live on here there is but one thing to hope for, that I may not go mad, if, indeed, I were not mad already. If I be sane, then surely it is maddening to think that of all the foul things that lurk in this hateful place the Count is the least dreadful to me, that to him alone I can look for safety, even though this be only whilst I can serve his purpose, Great Lord! Merciful Lord, let me be calm, for out of that way lies madness indeed. I begin to get new lights on certain things that have puzzled me. Up to now, I never quite knew what Shakespeare meant when he made Hamlet say, "*My tablets*, and quick! It's meet that I put it down."

Etcetera, for now, feeling as though my own brain were unhinged or as if the shock had come which must end in its undoing, I turn to my diary for repose. The habit of entering accurately must help to soothe me. The Count's mysterious warning frightened me at the time. It frightens me more not when I think of it, for in the future he has a fearful hold upon me. I shall fear to doubt what he may say! When I had written in my diary and had fortunately replaced the book and pen in my pocket I felt sleepy. The Count's warning came into my mind but I took pleasure in disobeying it. The sense of sleep was upon me and with it the obstinacy which sleep brings as outrider. The soft moonlight soothed, and the wide expanse without gave a sense of freedom that refreshed me. I determined not to return tonight to the gloom-haunted rooms but to sleep here, where, of old, women had sat and sung and lived sweet lives whilst their gentle breasts were sad for their men folk away in the midst of remorseless wars. I drew a great couch out of its place near the corner, so that as I lay, I could look at the lovely view to east and south, and unthinking of and uncaring for the dust, composed myself for sleep. I suppose I must have fallen asleep. I hope so but I fear for all that followed was startlingly real, so real that now sitting here in the broad, full sunlight of the morning, I cannot in the least believe that it was all sleep. I was not alone. The room was the same, unchanged in anyway since I came into it. I could see along the floor, in the brilliant moonlight, my own footsteps marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation of dust. In the moonlight opposite me were three young women, women by their dress and manner. I thought at the time that I must have been dreaming when I saw them, they threw no shadow on the floor. They came close to me, looked at me for sometime, and then whispered together. Two were dark, had high aquiline noses like the Count, and great dark, piercing eyes that seemed to be almost red when contrasted with the pale yellow moon. The other was fair, as fair as can be with great masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. I seemed somehow to know her face and to know it in connection with some dreamy fear but I could not recollect now how or where. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous lips. Something about them made me uneasy, some longing and at the same time, some deadly fear. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips. It is bad to note this down, lest some day it should meet Mina's eyes and cause her pain but it is the truth. They whispered together, and then they all three laughed, such a silvery, musical laugh but as hard as though the sound never could have come through the softness of human lips. It was like the intolerable, tingling sweetness of water glasses when played on by a cunning hand. The fair girl shook her head coquettishly and the other two urged her on. One said, "Go on! You're first, and we'll follow. Thine's the right to begin."

As she spoke I was looking at the fair woman and it suddenly dawned on me that she was the woman — or her image — that I had seen in the tomb of Walpurgis Night. The other added, "He's young and strong. There're kisses for us all."

I lay quiet, looking out from under my eyelashes in an agony of delightful anticipation. The fair girl advanced and bent over me until I could feel the movement of her breath upon me. Sweet it was in one sense, honey-sweet, and sent the same tingling through the nerves as her voice but with a bitter underlying the sweet, a bitter offensiveness, as one smells in blood. I was afraid to raise my eyelids but looked out and saw perfectly under the lashes. The girl went on her knees, and bent over me, simply gloating. A deliberate voluptuousness was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck, she actually licked her lips like an animal, until I could see in the moonlight the moisture shining on the scarlet lips and on the red tongue as it lapped the white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range of my mouth and chin and seemed to fasten on my throat. Then she paused, and I could hear the churning sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips, and I could feel the hot breath on my neck. Then the skin of my throat began to tingle as one's flesh does when the hand that is to tickle it approaches nearer, nearer. I could feel the soft, shivering touch of the lips on the super sensitive skin of my throat, and the hard dents of two sharp teeth, just touching and pausing there. I closed my eyes in languorous ecstasy and waited, waited with beating heart. But at that instant, another sensation swept through me as quick as lightning. I was conscious of the presence of the Count, and of his being as if lapped in a storm of fury. As my eyes opened involuntarily I saw his strong hand grasp the slender neck of the fair woman and with giant's power draw it back, the blue eyes transformed with fury, the white teeth champing with rage, and the fair cheeks blazing red with passion but the Count!

Never did I imagine such wrath and fury, even to the demons of the pit. His eyes were positively blazing. The red light in them was lurid, as if the flames of hell fire blazed behind them. His face was deathly pale, and the lines of it were hard like drawn wires. The thick eyebrows that met over the nose now seemed like a heaving bar of white-hot metal. With a fierce sweep of his arm, he hurled the woman from him, and then motioned to the others, as though he were beating them back. It was the same imperious gesture that I had seen used to the wolves. In a voice that, though low and almost in a whisper seemed to cut through the air and then ring in the room he said, "How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I'd forbidden it? Back, I tell you all! This man belongs to me! Beware how you meddle with him, or you'll've to deal with me."

The fair girl, with a laugh of ribald coquetry, turned to answer him. "You yourself never loved. You never love!"

On this, the other women joined and such a mirthless, hard, soulless laughter rang through the room that it almost made me faint to hear. It seemed like the pleasure of fiends. Then the Count turned, after looking at my face attentively, and said in a soft whisper, "Yes, I too can love. You thineelves can tell it from the past. Isn't it so? Well, now I promise you that when I'm done with him you'll kiss him at thy will. Now go! Go! I must awaken him, for there's work to be done."

"We're to have nothing tonight?" said one of them, with a low laugh, as she pointed to the bag that he had thrown upon the floor that moved as though there were some living thing within it. For answer, he nodded his head. One of the women jumped forward and opened it. If my ears did not deceive me, there was a gasp and a low wail as of a half smothered child. The women closed round whilst I was aghast with horror. But as I looked, they disappeared, and with them the dreadful bag. There was no door near them and they could not have passed me without my noticing. They simply seemed to fade into the rays of the moonlight and pass out through the window, for I could see outside the dim, shadowy forms for a moment before they entirely faded away. Then the horror overcame me, and I sank down unconscious. I awoke in my own bed. If it were that I had not dreamt, the Count must have carried me here. I tried to satisfy myself on the subject but could not arrive at any unquestionable result. To be sure, there were certain small evidences, such as that my clothes were folded and laid by in a manner which was not my habit. My watch was still unwound, and I am rigorously accustomed to wind it the last thing before going to bed, and many such details. But these things are no proof, for they may have been evidences that my mind was not as usual, and, for some cause or another, I had certainly been much upset. I must watch for proof. Of one thing, I am glad. If it was that the Count carried me here and undressed me, he must have been hurried in his task, for my pockets are intact. I am sure this diary would have been a mystery to him that he would not have brooked. He would have taken or destroyed it. As I look round this room, although it has been to me so full of fear, it is now a sort of sanctuary, for nothing can be more dreadful than those awful women, who were, who are, waiting to suck my blood.

CHAPTER IIX LETTER FROM LUCY WESTENRA TO MINA MURRAY

Chatham Street

Wednesday

17 May,

My dearest Mina,

I must say you tax me very unfairly with being a bad correspondent. I wrote you twice since we parted, and thy last letter's only thy second. Besides, I've nothing to tell you. There's really nothing to interest you. Town's very pleasant just now, and we go a great deal to picture-galleries and for walks and rides in the park. As to the tall, curly-haired man, I suppose the one who's with me at the last Pop. Someone's evidently been telling tales. That's Mr. Holmwood. He often comes to

see us, and he and Mom get on very well together, they've so many things to talk about in common. We met some time ago a man that'd just do for you, if you're not already engaged to Jonathan. He's an excellent party, being handsome, well off, and of good birth. He's a doctor and clever, just fancy! He's only twenty-nine, and he's an immense lunatic asylum all under his own care. Mr. Holmwood introduced him to me, and he called here to see us and often comes now. I think he's one of the most resolute men I ever saw and yet the calmest. He seems imperturbable. I can fancy what a wonderful power he must've over his patients. He's a curious habit of looking one straight in the face as if trying to read one's thoughts. He tries this on very much with me but I flatter me he's a tough nut to crack. I know that from my glass. Do you ever try to read thy own face? I do, and I can tell you it isn't a bad study, and gives you more trouble than you can well fancy if you've never tried it. He says that I afford him a curious psychological study, and I humbly think I do. As you know, I don't take sufficient interest in dress to be able to describe the new fashions. Dress's a bore. That's slang again but never mind. Arthur says that everyday. There, it's all out, Mina, we've told all our secrets to each other since we're children. We've slept, eaten, laughed, and cried together and now, though I've spoken, I'd like to speak more. Oh, Mina, you'd not guess! I love him. I'm blushing as I write for although I think he loves me, he's not told me so in words. But oh Mina, I love him. I love him! There, that does me good. I wish I were with you, dear, sitting by the fire undressing, as we used to sit, and I'd try to tell you what I feel. I don't know how I'm writing this even to you. I'm afraid to stop or I'd tear up the letter and I don't wanna stop for I do so wanna tell you all. Let me hear from you at once and tell me all that you think about it. Mina, pray for my happiness.

Lucy

PS: I needn't tell you this's a secret, goodnight again.

CHAPTER IX JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

18 May,

I have been down to look at that room again in daylight, for I must know the truth. When I got to the doorway at the top of the stairs I found it closed. It had been so forcibly driven against the jamb that part of the woodwork was splintered. I could see that the bolt of the lock had not been shot but the door is fastened from the inside. I fear it was no dream and must act on this surmise.

19 May,

I am surely in the toils. Last night the Count asked me in the most suave tones to write three letters, one saying that my work here was nearly done, and that I should start for home within a few days, another that I was starting on the next morning from the time of the letter, and the third that I had left the castle and arrived at Bistritz. I would fain have rebelled but felt that in the present state of things it would be madness to quarrel openly with the Count whilst I am so absolutely in his power. To refuse would be to excite his suspicion and to arouse his anger. He knows that I know too much, and that I must not live, lest I be dangerous to him. My only chance is to prolong my opportunities. Something may occur which will give me a chance to escape. I saw in his eyes something of that gathering wrath which was manifest when he hurled that fair woman from him. He explained to me that posts were few and uncertain, and that my writing now would ensure ease of mind to my friends. He assured me with so much impressiveness that he would countermand the later letters that would be held over at Bistritz until due time in case chance would admit of my prolonging my stay, that to oppose him would have been to create new suspicion. I therefore pretended to fall in with his views, and asked him what dates I should put on the letters. He calculated a minute, and then said, "The first'd be June twelve, the second June nineteen, and the third June twenty-nine." I know now the span of my life. Lord help me!

2

I would have been done for. Yes, that is what I cannot erase from my mind – even as I sit here to read or write – for my thoughts are constantly wandering. It feels as though some current is carrying me to the brink of destruction and I cannot fight it. My dear Mina, I call upon you, just like a Catholic man calling to the Virgin Mary at the hour of temptation.²¹⁴ There's another image that always crops up before my mind's eye, clouding your appearance so that my spirit cannot see it any longer, and when I try to seek comfort in memories of our happiest times – when we would silently understand one another and look with hope towards the future, with all our plans to live and work together in harmony – another memory surfaces. One that suffocates all else and affects me like a fever, or poison, or drunkenness. And when I open my arms ... it is not you – whether I am awake or sleeping, she haunts me – this strange creature. She scares me, and yet she attracts my thoughts, harder and harder. I don't understand how I have changed – how I have become crazed and obsessed. I have seen her again, although I have sworn a solemn oath – more than once! – that I would never do so again. But what's the use of that? Without the least forewarning, she shows up here. When I sit here and write in my journal – only about the things, I have experienced – she suddenly stands behind me, like the other day, when I put down my pen and left my diary. I hear nothing and don't notice anything until I feel an electric shock run through my every nerve, urging me to look up, and then – I will try to describe these personal trials, as that may make it easier to avoid them. One example: I sat writing in the library after the Count had bid me good night. Suddenly, while writing those last lines on the previous page, I felt the urge to go up to the top floor – to the tower room next to the portrait gallery. Something drew me there against my will. I fought against it with all my might and continued to write, but it felt as though some voice were whispering in my ear incessantly, "Why do you not come up? I thought you would visit us. I have so much to talk about with you. You will come. Remember that you're expected."

I didn't go up there – *there* I will not go again while I'm still in control of myself – but although I have considered myself tougher than most other people, I am so weak. I can control my body, but my inner man I cannot. Physically I was not there, but something in my inner man obeyed her and called her to me. I continued to write, but then I suddenly sensed her presence. The pen dropped from my hand – I looked back and saw that she stood behind the chair, gazing at me with those eyes that are like radiant beams, cutting through bone and marrow. – There is a lot of discussion about hypnosis. I have never tried letting myself be hypnotized, but in my law cases, I have seen on more than one occasion a wrongdoing blamed on hypnosis. I have always believed that this so-called hypnotic state is nothing more than a lack of moral endurance or will, and I have never wanted to accept that such an excuse would be honoured in legal proceedings. If men of law would acknowledge and use this as an argument, it could lead to a confusion of people's moral compass and accountability. It would however, be convenient for all weak men, if they could employ this subterfuge to lay blame on some chap whose evil will they couldn't have resisted. As a result, society would plunge into chaos. Although I had to undergo the painful experience myself, that another person was powerful enough to make my will melt like wax – weakening until it dissolved altogether – I feel and I know that it is entirely my own fault. If my soul were purer, and my desire for the good stronger and tougher in the battle, I'd not so easily give in to something that I cannot identify – which I cannot even understand with common sense. She bent over me and I could feel how her eyes sought out my innermost nature, my independence, and all my mental strength. I sensed it, although at that moment I couldn't put it into words. I leaned back in the chair and looked at her. A ray of light revealed the ruby heart on her chest and it seemed to me as though blood ran from it. Was I asleep?

At first, I only saw the radiance in her eyes, but then I clearly saw that her bosom was bloody, and I remember how horrified I was. What happened next I only recall as if from a dream in which truth and fantasy merge. She sank down on my knee, and I felt her soft body in my arms as she wrapped hers around me so tightly that I could hardly breathe. I can still feel how she pressed her lips to my neck with a long, quivering kiss. It was as if I melted and lost all awareness, as if time and space dissolved. But then I woke up in pain and she whispered to me impetuously, "The cross – I cannot stand it – take it away."

I assumed that she meant the crucifix hanging from the rosary I carried around my neck, but it was as if some internal force within me revolted. By no means can I explain it, for I put no belief in inanimate objects – neither in the cross, nor in anything else – and I am such a devoted Lutheran that I cannot ascribe supernatural power to the crucifix as Roman-Catholics do. I honestly don't know what stopped me from obeying her. It was as though some voice whispered to me that I should pay no heed to her words. I woke up as if from a slumber, and it felt like some invisible string suddenly snapped. She jumped up from my lap like a spring, glancing at me with a threatening look. She extended her arm over my head, gradually lowering it while she stared at me; at the same time, she inched backward towards the door. I stood still, stunned as if struck by a rock, and so I didn't notice how she stole out, though I was curious to find out. – And since then I've felt that she is constantly around me. Even though I'm clearly helpless and horror struck when I think of her, I cannot rid myself of the strings she has wrapped around me;

those invisible threads that have been spun around me ever since I got here, initially filigree and light like spider silk, but then stronger and stronger – so strong that they practically strangle me. I have seen her twice since then. Once in the twilight, like the first time I saw her. I stood by the window in the library and looked out, but when I glanced back, I saw that she was standing behind me, and before I knew what was happening she had slung her arms around me and pressed a kiss on my throat like before. The second time, she was standing, pale and sylph-like, right under the lamp in the octagonal room, when I opened my door. We looked at each other, but I had enough strength to turn around and slam the door so that it locked between us. – But whether I'm awake or asleep, she always hovers before my mind's eye, and if I were to obey that voice that always seems to be talking to me, I would search the whole castle for her. There is only one desire in me that am stronger: my wish to get away from here, even if it costs me my life. But *how* do I get out? The gate is always locked and I don't know any other exit. True, the Count doesn't monitor me at all times, but I know for sure he'd soon find out if I tried to flee. It seems he's constantly observing me in his self-satisfied and scornful manner – he hardly cares to cover that up. Sometimes when he speaks to me (always diligent to practice his English) and I'm so lost in thought that I forget to answer him, he pauses and looks at me with an expression that I cannot describe. But it frightens me. I am almost convinced that he knows and understands how I feel, and that he's enjoying it. The things he said to me during the first days of my stay here often cross my mind, when he talked about his – allegedly moonstruck – cousin; I remember how slyly he peered at me with those eyes of his. Now I wonder whether I am caught in a trap. Is she actually a lunatic – or what then? No. I have to get away from here ... before I go insane myself.

21 May,

I no longer doubt that this castle is home to hideous demons – not human beings with hearts and conscience. I shall now explain in a few words what I have discovered. I have repeatedly studied the octagonal room, searching for the exit that I was convinced had to be there, although I had yet to find it. Last night, after the Count had gone to bed – and I assumed he'd be fast asleep – I decided to make one more attempt. I opened my bedroom door, lit all the candles, and investigated every inch of the small room. I guessed that the secret passage had to be right across from my bedroom door. In effect, the octagonal room has only four walls large enough for a door, as the diagonal panels at the corners aren't wide enough for passage. In two of the walls were the doors I already knew about – one leading to my bedroom and the other one to the dining room – and as one of the remaining sides backed an outer castle wall, there was only one side left. After a long search I found a triangular button on the floor. I stepped on it. Immediately, and without a sound, a door wide and high enough for me to walk through opened up in the wall. Now I saw how it was possible for the old lady to disappear in an instant every time she left the dining room. Cautiously, I shined my light into the doorway and saw a broad corridor, which I assumed during daytime would get light from a window above. At the end of the hallway I saw a stairway leading down. I rushed to my room to fetch matchsticks and my revolver, then lit the candle in my train lantern,²²⁴ before starting my expedition down the stairs. They descended gradually and it was clear they were used often. I felt vigorous and high-spirited – I had finally found the exit I'd sought for so long. I went down the steps and proceeded as cautiously as possible. I startled and stopped dead in my tracks when I heard the echo of some sound I couldn't identify. This reverberation seemed to come up from deep below the ground. I soon found, however, that it was the sound of trumpets, but then the music slowly faded away. As I stood there stock-still, listening, I thought I could make out a dozen²²⁵ horns or trumpets. I was so horrified by these sounds, truly terrified for the first time in my life, that I was about to turn back. I managed to brace myself, however, and continued down the stairs. I had been circumspect enough to take off the shoes I usually wore and put on slippers instead. I made no more noise than a fly. When I went down another floor, the sound was clearer and I could hear people talking – their voices striking me as primitive and aggressive. I heard many people speaking at once, like when schoolchildren are reciting something by heart, as in the old days. Then I detected a strange smell, and when I lifted my lamp, I saw thin streaks of bluish smoke drifting up the staircase. I was becoming very curious and no longer thinking of the danger that could be – or most likely was – waiting for me, should I go any further. At any cost, I *had* to see what was happening down there. I headed down another stairway, just as careful as before. It was a spiral staircase cut into rock, and I guessed that I was now below the castle's ground level. I wondered if these stairs would ever end! Finally, I saw a gleam of fire down in the deep, while the chords from below grew to a crescendo. I extinguished my light straight away and froze on the spot. The glow of a fire shone through a low door at the foot of the stairs²²⁷ and cast its light on the nethermost steps, the smoke obscuring the end of the stairway like a fog. I went farther down the stairs, pressing myself to the darker side of the wall. Finally, I made it to the door and reluctantly peeked through it. I relaxed when I saw that the door didn't lead to the domed space from which the glow came, but instead opened up to a kind of balcony, from which a winding staircase led down towards a hall where the fiery glow and voices originated. I crawled onto the balcony and was able to hide myself behind the lattice. Even if I live to be a hundred years old, I will never forget the sight I witnessed there. There was a large arched vault down below, with a very low ceiling held up by two stout pillars supporting the roof. It appeared that the walls weren't made of brickwork but were carved into the rock. They were pitch-black with soot left by the burning torches – the source of the light I had seen – and the waves of smoke billowing up the stairs. Below me was a mass of people, men and women in separate groups; there might have been 150 people altogether. Never have I seen faces with such distinct animalistic features. I refer to them as such because they are the kind of traits we find to be normal in other creatures, but we think them repulsive in humans. It was as though I could recognise the faces to some extent but I couldn't immediately recall where I'd seen them. But after some further thought, I realized I had seen similar features in Count Dracula's family portraits! When I try to recall the impression their appearances made on me, I remember they seemed more diabolical than beastlike. They were all bare to the waist, and it was horrendous to see their yellowish-brown frames, with muscular structures more like that of apes than humans were. When in full harmony, the human body is the noblest work of nature, but here, the combination of their primitive look, build, and posture created something more beastly than human. It seemed as though some kind of religious ritual were taking place. I started looking around. Across from where I crouched I saw a kind of altar – for lack of a better word – consisting of a large black stone with a pillar of black marble on top. Behind this pillar – which seemed to replace the cross normally standing on church altars – a mural displayed a disgusting, horrible face with coarse and lewd characteristics. Around it, on a black background, fiery flames were painted. In front was a large marble staircase, where I saw that six brutes were sitting; they were even more ape-like than the rest. They were perched on their heels and staring at the wall on the other side. I saw that the hateful characteristics, so evident in the faces of the others, were multiplied in these individuals. Their foreheads were receding, wrinkled, and barely an inch high; straw-like hair grew from their big heads; their necks were like that of a bull and they had very broad shoulders. All six were stark naked, revealing their tan – and very hairy – bodies. I shuddered at the sight and immediately understood that it must have been one of these brutes who had overpowered me on the stairs when I was attacked in the dark. The same chord I'd heard while coming down the stairs started up again. The whole vault resounded with the same tones of horror. If the trumpets used by the priests of Israel when they marched around Jericho were akin to these, it's no surprise that the city walls collapsed²²⁹. The rock began to tremble and I felt myself begin to pass out. Then I noticed a tall, old man. He had whitish hair and a grey beard, and he wore a red cloak that went all the way down to his feet, though his arms and neck were bare. It was the Count. When he rose before the congregation, they all bowed as low as wheat in the field bending in a gushing wind. He went to stand before the altar. After various ceremonial procedures, which were of such a nature that they couldn't be described, I saw the six men – if one can call them such²³² – enter the room again two by two, each pair leading a young girl with her hands tied behind her back. The girls were all practically naked, of luscious build, and with most lovely looks. They probably would have appeared exceptionally alluring had they not been disfigured by terror. Then came another group of men who looked like the rest. They carried archaic-looking drums that made a rare sound, which can best be described as resembling the rumble of thunder. Next, four men came forward who were unlike the others. They carried shiny copper trumpets that were almost as tall as the men themselves were. I realized they were the source of the trumpet sounds I'd heard. Now the whole congregation approached the altar, whereupon the old man dressed in red – the Count, as far as I could see – stepped forward to read some kind of ceremonial invocation. The trumpet players sounded their instruments again, and in the same moment, one of the gorillas grabbed the fettered girl next to him and threw her lengthwise onto the altar. She struggled, as if fighting death itself. A moment later, the red-clad Count advanced towards the girl. He bent over her, staring hard into her eyes. I saw her face begin to change; little by little the fear seemed to fade and, after a while, her deathly pale cheeks were flushing normally again. It was as though she'd given up her resistance, her lips parting in a lascivious smile. She closed her eyes halfway, leaned her head back, and opened her arms. And then she seemed to swoon. The old man gestured to one of the scoundrels²³⁴ kneeling by the altar, who promptly jumped onto the girl like a wild beast. I could hardly stop myself from crying out. I saw how he bit her throat, seeming to suck her blood. She struggled for a moment, but all was over in a flash. She was

dead. The trumpets called again while the corpse lay on the altar. The crowd went berserk upon seeing the blood flow from the wound. The Count went to the girl's body, dipped his hands in the blood, and splattered it all over himself. I had seen too much and couldn't stay in my hiding place any longer. With great difficulty, I managed to stand up. My legs could hardly carry me, but with great effort, I succeeded in getting up the stairs. When I reached the top of the staircase, I lit my lantern again. I managed to open the door – and I closed it behind me with great care. On my way back to my room, I could still hear the grisly sounds from below. I felt weak, as if I had been confined to bed for a long time and had just stood up. I threw myself onto my mattress, quivering with fear. It isn't mere fabrication by theologians that Hell exists, for it is right here on Earth. I have personally stood at its border and seen the devils carry out their work. Perhaps next time it will be *my* turn to be slaughtered on that stone slab ...

Two days have now passed, but I haven't had the courage to investigate further whether I can use this secret staircase to escape. Everything still follows the same routine as before. The Count sits beside me in the evenings and is the epitome of benevolence itself – in both words and manners. On the table before me lies the latest home directory of London, and in this library one can find all kinds of books explaining the progress of the nineteenth century. But down below – underneath this castle – the most gruesome human sacrifices, more horrifying than in any story, seem to be common practice.

CHAPTER X

LETTER FROM LUCY WESTENRA TO MINA MURRAY

24 May

My dearest Mina,

Thanks, thanks, and thanks again for thy sweet letter. It's so nice to be able to tell you and to have thy sympathy. My dear, it never rains but it pours. How true the old proverbs are. Here I'm, who'll be twenty in September, yet I'd never a proposal until today, not a real proposal, and today I'd three, just fancy, three proposals in one day! Isn't it awful! I feel sorry, truly sorry, for two of the poor fellows. Oh, Mina, I'm so happy that I don't know what to do with me, and three proposals! But for goodness' sake, don't tell any of the girls, or they'd be getting all sorts of extravagant ideas and imagining themselves injured and slighted if in their very first day at home they didn't get six at least. Some girls're so vain! You and I, Mina dear, who're engaged and are gonna, settle down soon soberly into old married women, can despise vanity. Well, I must tell you about the three but you must keep it a secret, dear, from everyone except of course, Jonathan. You'll tell him because I'd certainly tell Arthur if I were in thy place. A woman ought to tell her husband everything. Don't you think so, dear? And I must be fair. Men like women, certainly their wives to be quite as fair as they're. Women, I'm afraid, aren't always quite as fair as they'd be. Well, my dear, number one came just before lunch. I told you of him Dr. John Seward, the lunatic asylum man with the strong jaw and the good forehead. He's very cool outwardly but he's nervous all the same. He'd evidently been schooling himself as to all sorts of little things, and recalled them but he almost managed to sit down on his silk hat that men don't generally do when they're cool, and then when he wanna appear at ease he kept playing with a lancet in a way that made me nearly scream. He spoke to me, Mina, very straightforwardly. He told me how dear I was to him though he'd known me so little, and what his life'd be with me to help and cheer him. He's gonna tell me how unhappy he'd be if I didn't care for him but when he saw me cry he said he's a brute and wouldn't add to my present trouble. Then he broke off and asked if I'd love him in time when I shook my head, his hand trembled, and then with some hesitation he asked me if I cared already for anyone else. He put it very nicely saying that he didn't wanna wring my confidence from me: but only to know because if a woman's heart's free, a man might've hope. Then, Mina, I felt a sort of duty to tell him that there's someone. I only told him that much, and then he stood up, and looked very strong and very grave as he took both my hands in his and said he hoped I'd be happy, and if I ever wanted a friend, I must count him one of my best. Oh, Mina dear, I can't help crying, and you must excuse this letter being all blotted. Being proposed to is all very nice and all that sort of thing but it isn't at all a happy thing when you've to see a poor fellow, whom you know loves you honestly, going away and looking all broken hearted, and to know that, no matter what he may say at the moment, you're passing out of his life. My dear, I must stop here at present, I feel so miserable, though I'm so happy. Evening, Arthur's just gone, and I feel in better spirits than when I left off, so I can go on telling you about the day. Well, my dear, number two came after lunch. He's such a nice fellow, an American from Texas, and he looks so young and so fresh that it seems almost impossible that he's been to so many places and has such adventures. I sympathise with poor Desdemona when she'd such a stream poured in her ear, even by a black man. I suppose that we women're such cowards that we think a man'll save us from fears, and we marry him. I know now what I'd do if I were a man and wanna make a girl love me. No, I don't, for there's Mr. Morris telling us his stories, Arthur never told any, and yet ... my dear, I'm previous. Mr. Quincy P. Morris found me alone. It seems that a man always does find a girl alone. No, he doesn't, for Arthur try twice to make a chance, and I helping him all I'd, I'm not ashamed to say it now. I must tell you beforehand that Mr. Morris doesn't always speak slang, that's to say, he never does so to strangers or before them, for he's really well educated and has exquisite manners but he found out that it amused me to hear him talk American slang, and whenever I was present, and there's none to be shocked, he said such funny things. I'm afraid, my dear, he's to invent it all, for it fits exactly into whatever else he's to say but way slang's. I don't know myself if I'll ever speak slang. I don't know if Arthur likes it, as I've never heard him use any yet. Well, Mr Morris sat down beside me and looked as happy and jolly as he'd but I'd see all the same that he's very nervous. He took my hand in his, and said ever so sweetly ... "Miss Lucy, I know I ain't good enough to regulate the fixing of thy little shoes but I guess if you wait until you find a man that's you'll go join them seven young women with the lamps when you quit. Won't you just hitch up alongside of me and let's go down the long road together, driving in double harness?" Well, he did look so good-humoured and so jolly that it didn't seem half so hard to refuse him as it did poor Dr. Seward. So I said, as lightly as I would, that I didn't know anything of hitching, and that I wasn't broken to harness at all yet. Then he said that he had spoken in a light manner, and he hoped that if he'd made a mistake in doing so on so grave, so momentous, and occasion for him, I'd forgive him. He really did look serious when he's saying it, and I'd not help feeling a sort of exultation that he's number two in one day. Then my dear, before I'd say a word he began pouring out a perfect torrent of lovemaking, laying his very heart and soul at my feet. He looked so earnest over it that I'll never again think that a man must be playful always and earnest because he's merry at times. I suppose he saw something in my face that checked him, for he suddenly stopped, and said with a sort of manly fervour that I'd have loved him for if I'd been free ... "Lucy, you're an honest hearted girl, I know. I'dn't be here speaking to you as I'm now if I didn't believe you clean grit, right through to the very depths of thy soul. Tell me, like one good fellow to another; anyone else that you care for? And if there's, I'll never trouble you a hair's breadth again but it'll be, if you'll lemme, a very faithful friend."

My dear Mina, why're men so noble when we women're so little worthy of them? Here I'm almost making fun of this great hearted, true man. I burst into tears, I'm afraid my dear, you'll think this a very sloppy letter in many ways, and I really felt very badly. Why can't they let a girl marry three men or as many as want her and save all this trouble? But this's heresy, and I mustn't say it. I'm glad to say that though I was crying, I was able to look into Mr. Morris' brave eyes, and I told him out straight, "Yes, there's someone I love, though he's not told me yet that he even loves me."

I was right to speak to him so frankly, for quite a light came into his face, and he put out both his hands and took mine, I think I put them into his, and said in a hearty way, "That's my brave girl. It's better worth being late for a chance of winning you than being in time for any other girl in the world. Don't cry, my dear. If it's for me, I'm a hard nut to crack, and I take it standing up. If that other fellow doesn't know his happiness, well, he'd better look for it soon, or he'll've to deal with me. Little girl, thy honesty and pluck've made me a friend, and that's rarer than a lover's, it's more selfish anyhow. My dear, I'm gonna've a lonely walk between this and Kingdom Come. Won't you give me a kiss? It'll be something to keep off the darkness now and then. You can, you know, if you like, for that other good fellow, or you'dn't love him, hasn't spoken yet." That quite won me, Mina, for it's brave, and sweet of him, and noble too, to a rival, wasn't it? And he so sad, so I leant over and kissed him, he stood up with my two hands in his, and as he looked down into my face, I'm afraid I was blushing very much, he said, "Little girl, I hold thy hand, and you've kissed me, and if these things don't make us friends nothing ever'll. Thank you for thy sweet honesty to me, and goodbye." He wrung my hand, taking up his hat, went straight out of the room without looking back, without a tear or a quiver or a pause, and I'm crying like a baby. Oh, why must a man like that be made unhappy when there're many girls about who'd worship the very ground he trod on? I know I'd if I were free, only I don't wanna be free. My dear, this quite upset me, and I feel I can't write of happiness just at once, after telling you of it, and I don't wish to tell of the number three until it can be all happy.

Ever thy love,

Lucy

PS: Oh about number three, I needn't tell you of number three, do I? Besides, it's all so confused. It seemed only a moment from his coming into the room until both his arms're round me, and he's kissing me. I'm very, very happy, and I don't know what I've done to deserve it. I must only try in the future to show that I'm grateful to Lord for all His Goodness to me in sending to me such a lover, husband, and friend. Goodbye.

CHAPTER XI

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY (Kept in phonograph)

25 May,

Ebb tide in appetite today can't eat or rest, so diary instead. Since my rebuff of yesterday, I've a sort of empty feeling. Nothing in the world seems of sufficient importance to be worth the doing. As I knew that the only cure for this sort of thing's work, I went amongst the patients, picked out one who's afforded me a study of much interest. He's so quaint that I'm determined to understand him as well as I can. Today I seemed to get nearer than ever before to the heart of his mystery. I questioned him more fully than I'd ever done, with a view to making me master of the facts of his hallucination. In my manner of doing it there's, I now see something of cruelty. I seemed to wish to keep him to the point of his madness, a thing that I avoid with the patients as I'd the mouth of hell. Recall: Under what circumstances I'd not avoid the pit of hell! *Omnia Romae venalia sunt*, hell's its price! If there's anything behind this instinct, it'll be valuable to trace it afterwards accurately, so I'd better commence to do so, therefore ... RM Renfield, age: fifty-nine. Sanguine temperament, great physical strength, morbidly excitable, periods of gloom's ending in some fixed idea that I can't make out. I presume that the sanguine temperament itself and the disturbing influence end in a mentally accomplished finish, a possibly dangerous man, probably dangerous if unselfish. In selfish men, caution's as secure armour for their foes as for themselves. What I think of on this point's, when self's the fixed point the centripetal force's balanced with the centrifugal. When duty, a cause, etc the fixed point's, the latter force's paramount and only accident or a series of accidents can balance it.

CHAPTER XII

LETTER FROM QUINCY P. MORRIS TO HON. ARTHUR HOLMOOD

25 May.

My dear Art,

We've told yarns by the campfire in the prairies and dressed one another's wounds after trying a landing at the Marquises, and drunken health on the shore of Titicaca. There are more yarns to be told, other wounds to be healed, and another health to be drunk. Won't you let this be at my campfire tomorrow night? I've no hesitation in asking you, as I know a certain woman's engaged to a certain dinner party, and that you're free. There'll only be one other, our old pal at the Korea, Jack Seward. He's coming, too, and we both wanna mingle our weeps over the wine cup, drink a health with all our hearts, to the happiest man in the entire wide world who's won the noblest heart that Lord's made and best worth winning. We promise you a hearty welcome, loving greeting, and a health as true as thy own right hand. We'll both swear to leave you at home if you drink too deep to a certain pair of eyes. Come! Thine as ever and always,

Quincy P. Morris

CHAPTER XIII

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

25 May,

I have been feeling sick at heart after what I have seen and heard here. I don't believe I'm wrong in saying that the Count is becoming more ominous with every passing day. He is certainly very kind when he speaks, but I can feel the mockery in his words, which are becoming all the more ambiguous, and sometimes when I make the mistake of looking into his eyes his expression terrifies me. Since writing to Mr. Hawkins and Mina of my need to stay here for a few more weeks, I have not heard from them. And every time I complain that not a single letter has arrived, the Count answers something like, "Why should I, an old hermit, deal with the outside world? Who would write to me and to whom should I write? Here in the mountains, the land is sparsely populated and the flooding rivers have now broken many bridges, making transportation difficult. You must excuse us, my young friend, if our traffic connections and other facilities – which are sufficient to us – are less advanced than those in the center of the civilized world. I hope, however, that the roads will improve when the snowmelt abates."

I noted that this would most likely be his last word on the matter, and because I'd written to Mina that the mail connections here were far from perfect, I assumed she wouldn't worry or become restless if she didn't receive a letter from me. But I personally cannot stay calm; God knows that. Two days after the Count told me about the communication problems, I found five or six newspapers in his library, both in English and French, including an issue of the *Times* – and all were much more recent than the newspapers the Count had shown me before. It occurred to me that the post deliveries were very frequent, as my host had told me they were. I also have the impression that he's very familiar with various political events that have only recently occurred. He said that he'd heard about them from his acquaintances in the neighborhood, but it's quite peculiar that any of these neighbors would be so well informed when floods and other natural obstacles are inhibiting the mail connections here. But there is more. A few days ago, I forgot my watch in the library when I left the Count and went to bed. When I noticed it was missing I got up and returned to the library, taking the light with me. My watch was lying on the table under some loose letters that had been placed on top of it. When I moved them aside, I saw two or three letters sealed and addressed by the Count. I read the addresses and was surprised to find that the letters were directed to men known throughout Europe for their involvement in political, social, and cultural affairs. I itching to open one of these letters, but I didn't dare do so. When I laid them back on the table, I saw that there were also letters the Count had opened to read. I was flabbergasted to find that these letters were only three days old! There was absolutely no reason to deplore the slow mail connections. Why had the Count not wanted to tell me the truth?

Now I didn't hesitate to read the letter lying open next to me. It was in French and was signed by a well-known man. Its author expressed his gratitude for a very high remittance, which he'd received from the Count with the honorable letter of 16 May – that is to say, last week – and he wrote that he'd completed the missions that had been entrusted to him with that message. After various elusive paragraphs – in which several people were named by their initials only – the letter reached its conclusion, reading, "With tireless dedication, everything is finally set for the great revolution. Our cause acquires new followers every day. Those of humankind who are 'chosen' have suffered for far too long under unbearable oppression, bigotry, and the shame of majority rule. We have outgrown these slave morals and will soon reach the point where we can preach the message of freedom.

The world must bow before the strong ones.

This is the very phrase constantly repeated by the Count. The text itself however, didn't weigh heavily on me; neither did the well-known name it was signed. What shocked me most was the fact that, as I saw now, the Count had regularly been sending and receiving letters since I'd arrived here!

I wanted to read more of the letters and even saw the name of a well-known Englishman on one of them, but I had the distinct feeling that I should leave, sensing that *she* was on her way to me. I ran back to my bedroom and twice locked the door behind me. I feel safer this way. –It was several days later that the following incident occurred – the incident that proved to me I'm in a most life-threatening situation here. I sat in the Count's library and wrote, as I often do. He came in and greeted me, giving me the good news that he could now send a man to Bistritz, and that now I could write home, if I wanted. Although I didn't believe him, I expressed my joy and got up to fetch paper and pen. "Here is everything you need, my friend," the Count growled. "Time is running out." He opened a drawer and gave me some paper and a pen. Then, with an innocent expression on his face, he said, "The mail service here is slow and uncertain, and so it would be best if you write three messages with three dates. I will ask the postmaster to ensure that your letters are passed on in time, so that your friends may know when to expect your return." He could see that I didn't understand his proposal. "You see," he said, "you will write in the first letter that you have finished your work here and that you will be coming home in a few days. In the second letter, please write that you will leave the next day. And in the third letter – well, let's see – yes, write in it that you are on your way to Bistritz." My jaw dropped and I stared at him but he returned my look with such an evil glare that I didn't dare utter another

word. It's no use to try and protest against his will, and I'm afraid he suspects that I know too much – and thus will never let me out of here alive. I gasped a few words, indicating that I would do as he told me, and asked what dates I should put on the letters. The first letter should be dated 12 June, the second 19 June, and the third 22 June. It felt as though I'd been sentenced to death but I wrote as instructed nevertheless.

CHAPTER XIV TELEGRAM FROM HON ARTHUR HOLMWOOD TO QUINCY P. MORRIS

26 May,
Count me in every time. I bear messages that'll make thy ears tingle.
Art

CHAPTER XV JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

28 May,
There is a chance of escape or at any rate of being able to send word home. Bands of Szgany have come to the castle. They are encamped in the courtyard. These are gipsies. I have notes of them in my book. They are peculiar to this part of the world, though allied to the ordinary gipsies the entire world over. There are thousands of them in Hungary and Transylvania, who are almost outside all law. They attach themselves as a rule to some great noble or boyar, and call themselves by his name. They are fearless and without religion, save superstition, and they talk only their own varieties of the Romany tongue. I shall write some letters home, and shall try to get them to have them posted. I have already spoken to them through my window to begin acquaintanceship. They took their hats off, made obeisance, and many signs that however, I could not understand any more than I could their spoken language ... I have written the letters. Mina's is in shorthand, and I simply ask Mr. Hawkins to communicate with her. To her I have explained my situation but without the horrors which I may only surmise. It would shock and frighten her to death were I to expose my heart to her. Should the letters not carry, then the Count shall not yet know my secret or the extent of my knowledge ... I have given the letters. I threw them through the bars of my window with a gold piece, and made what signs I could to have them posted. The man who took them pressed them to his heart and bowed, and then put them in his cap. I could do no more. I stole back to the study, and began to read. As the Count did not come in, I have written here ... the Count has come. He sat down beside me, and said in his smoothest voice as he opened two letters, "The Szgany's given me these of which though I know not whence they come, I'll, of course, take care. See!" He must have looked at it. "One's from you, and to my friend Peter Hawkins. The other's," here he caught sight of the strange symbols as he opened the envelope, and the dark look came into his face, and his eyes blazed wickedly, "a vile thing, an outrage upon friendship and hospitality! It isn't signed. Well! So it can't matter to us." And he calmly held letter and envelope in the flame of the lamp until they were consumed. Then he went on, "The letter to Hawkins that I'll, of course send on, since it's thine. Thy letters're sacred to me. Thy pardon, my friend, that unknowingly I did break the seal. You'll not cover it again?" He held out the letter to me and with a courteous bow handed me a clean envelope. I could only redirect it and hand it to him in silence. When he went out of the room, I could hear the key turn softly. A minute later, I went over and tried it, and the door was locked. When, an hour or two after, the Count came quietly into the room, his coming awakened me, for I had gone to sleep on the sofa. He was very courteous and very cheery in his manner, and seeing that I had been sleeping, he said, "So, my friend, you're tired? Get to bed. There's the surest rest. I mayn't have the pleasure of talk tonight since there're many labours to me but you'll sleep, I pray." I passed to my room and went to bed, and, strange to say, slept without dreaming. Despair has its own calms.

29 May,
Something has happened – quite a trifle, but perhaps it could be helpful. The overwhelming silence, which has loomed over this place since I arrived, was disrupted yesterday. When I came into the dining room, I saw a group of Tatars in the courtyard. These nomadic people are numerous in Hungary and Transylvania (Siebenburgen), with a population of many thousands. To some extent they live outside the country's laws, clinging more tightly to their old customs and habits here than elsewhere in Europe. Still, sometimes they elect some mighty nobleman as their protector, adopt his name, and assume themselves as his liegemen. They are wild, brave and merciless; they have no known religion, but they are very superstitious. It occurred to me that I might be able to send messages with the help of these people. To make contact, I greeted them and spoke to them from the window. They looked at me with great respect, but they understood me no better than I understood them. I had finished the letters. I only wrote a few lines to my employer, asking him to speak to Mina, as she could tell him what he'd want to know. I had written her a long and clear letter, explaining everything about my situation.²⁴¹ This letter was coded in shorthand,²⁴² so that it's less likely to be read by others. I told her that the Count is more or less deranged and that one of his whims is to keep me here for as long as he can, but that staying here is unbearable for me. I urged that my employer make an effort to try to get me out of here, with the help of the British ambassador in Vienna and the Consulate in Budapest. I expressed confidence in the English Government, which always goes to great lengths to protect its citizens.

I have managed to pass the letters to the Tatars. I tossed them out the window, along with two gold coins. One of the Tatars picked them up, bowed deeply, and pressing the letter to his chest, pointed to the west; apparently, he had grasped my intentions. There was nothing more that I could do. I went back into the library and waited for the Count to return. –

31 May,
This morning when I woke, I thought I would provide me with some papers and envelopes from my bag and keep them in my pocket so that I might write in case I should get an opportunity but again a surprise, again a shock! Every scrap of paper was gone and with it all my notes, memoranda, relating to railways and travel, letter of credit, in fact all that might be useful to me were I once outside the castle. I sat and pondered awhile and then some thought occurred to me and I made search of my portmanteau and in the wardrobe where I had placed my clothes. The suit in which I had travelled was gone and also my overcoat and rug. I could find no trace of them anywhere. This looked like some new scheme of villainy...

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While I was writing the last words of my previous entry, the Count entered. He greeted me with his normal courtesy, which I now find disturbing as I know what lies beneath. Then I took a seat on the other side of the table. I remarked something about the unusual guests in the courtyard and added some meaningless comment about what remarkable people the Tatars were. "They are good people. I wish there were more of them – then a lot would be different. For centuries, they have faithfully²⁴³ preserved many treasures of the occult sciences that otherwise would have been forgotten.²⁴⁴ When the time has come, their loyalty will not go unrewarded." I didn't know how to respond to this, for never has the conduct of the *twilight people* been considered exemplary in Western Europe; their doctrines and beliefs are frowned upon as the most wretched²⁴⁵ sort of superstition, worthless. But the Count saved me the worry and continued, "The chief of the Tatars gave me these letters, which, of course, I felt obliged to accept, although they are not addressed to me, and I do not know whom they are from. What is this?" he said, tearing open one of the letters. "Is this from you, dear Harker, and addressed to our good friend Peter Hawkins? But this other letter," he ripped that one open as well, but upon seeing the strange writing – which he could not read – his face turned black as soot and he looked at me furiously. "It is a dishonest, anonymous letter that mocks trust and hospitality but as it is unsigned, it is of no relevance to either of us." He set the letter on fire with a candle and threw it into the oven. "Of course, I will take care of the letter to Hawkins, as I see that you have signed it. All letters from you, dear friend, are sacred to me, and you should know that they are in safe hands. I sincerely apologize for opening it. Perhaps it is best if you write the address again." He handed me an envelope and bowed politely. I had no other choice but to address the letter again and hand it back to him. He walked away with it. A few moments later, when I was about to go to my room, I found that the door of the dining room was locked from the outside. I was unnerved by this and returned to the desk, trying to calm myself as best I could. I wanted to continue my writing but couldn't. I started to walk around, but I wasn't calm enough for this, either. Finally, I threw myself down on the couch, and I must have fallen asleep there because I woke up when the Count came in again, seemingly in the best of moods. When he noticed I had been sleeping, he said gently,

"Oh, dear friend, you are tired; you have to go to bed. The blanket is one's best friend. Unfortunately, I will not have the pleasure of your company this evening as I have a lot to do. Good night and sleep well." I wished him a good night in return and saw the mockery in his face. Then I trudged to my bedroom and fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. Despair can find itself some rest.

3 June,

I have now detected new trickery that predicts even worse things for me. Today when I went through my suitcase looking for my writing utensils – in case I should get the chance to dispatch a letter – I noticed that all the paper was gone: Everything I had written (save for this one book that I usually carry on me) – my passport, my letters of recommendation, all my notes for this trip, such as train schedules, hotels, etc. – was taken. It will be even more difficult for me to get back now. Curiously, my money and valuables were untouched, and everything else was exactly as it ought to be. My mind raced as I hastened to the closet where my travel clothes were hanging; I hadn't opened it for days. Everything was gone – not so much as an umbrella had been left behind! I stood thunderstruck. How had this happened, and for what purpose? The first thought that came to mind was to hurry to the Count, report the theft, and ask him to take immediate action in pursuit of the thief. But when I considered it further, I thought it wiser not to do so. No one walks around these rooms without the Count's knowledge and consent; not even the Tatars would dare commit such brazen theft right under the nose of the Master of the House. I don't suspect the old blind woman; neither she nor the Tatars would bother to take my papers, so long as they'd had a chance to steal other things of greater value. My notecase contains expensive items made of precious silver and crystals; in my pocketbook, there is still a bunch of Austrian banknotes – a true find for greedy fingers – and an exquisite cigar case lies right next to the place where the now stolen papers had been. All of these items have been left undisturbed, and so it can be deduced that this was no ordinary thief wanting to steal from my suitcase, but someone who specifically wished to obtain my letters of recommendation and the other documents I'd had with me during my journey. Someone who didn't care at all about money or valuables. I decided to behave as if nothing had happened – but why have these things been stolen? I doubt that anybody but the Count himself has done this. But it's hard to understand what he should want with my passport or letters of recommendation, for even if he went to England, he could obtain both these things in his own name. The purpose can only be to prevent me from getting back home or escaping this place. Even if I manage to get out of the castle, it will be difficult for me to traverse across Europe in my everyday clothes, and without a passport. I will be considered a fugitive or a vagabond! –

CHAPTER XVI DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

5 June,

The case of Renfield grows more interesting the more I get to understand the man. He has certain qualities very largely developed, selfishness, secrecy, and purpose. I wish I could get at what is the object of the latter. He seems to have some settled scheme of his own but what it is I do not know. His redeeming quality is a love of animals, though, indeed, he has such curious turns in it that I sometimes imagine he is only abnormally cruel. His pets are of odd sorts. Just now, his hobby is catching flies. He has at present such a quantity that I have had myself to expostulate. To my astonishment, he did not break out into a fury, as I expected but took the matter in simple seriousness. He thought for a moment, and then said, "May I've three days? I'll clear them away." Of course, I said that would do. I must watch him.

CHAPTER XVII JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

6 June,

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE. IN THIS part of the castle where I'm detained, a deathly hush always rules; never does one hear even the smallest of footsteps in the corridors, nor any voice resounding in the old vaults. But now the harsh, raw voices of the Tatars boom in from the courtyard, their fires burning into the night. I hear a clamor of shovels and iron picks, seemingly coming from the undercroft. I have asked the Count what's going on, but he only replied with some absurd answer. Among the group of Tatars I have noticed several men of a different stock – the same I saw in the temple vault: men who are more like apes than humans. But it seems as if the Tatars are on quite friendly terms with these men. The Tatars are rather good-looking;²⁵¹ some of the women are even eye-catching. I'm inclined to believe that the Dracula clan can trace its origin to members of both these groups.

8 June,

This morning I was roused from sleep around nine o'clock by some raucous noise outside. I leapt to my feet and hurried into the dining room. Looking out of the window, I saw what was happening: four big transport wagons – like the ones used by the farmers in this region – had arrived in the courtyard. They were loaded with large boxes made from whole wooden planks. The Tatars unloaded them from the wagons and stacked them together in the courtyard. The crates appeared to be empty. There were six strong-looking horses for each carriage, and the drivers were all dressed in the colorful national Slovak attire. They wore wide-brimmed felt hats, high shoes and sheepskin coats, and they held long staves in their hands. The Slovaks stood a bit aside from the Tatars, and I could see from their faces that they greatly marvelled at the castle and its high towers. I was glad for their arrival and thought Providence had sent them to me as one small favor. I ran down the stairs as fast as I could, convinced that the gate to the courtyard would be open, but it was locked as solidly as usual. I rushed back up to the window and saw that the Slovaks were still waiting in the courtyard; I signalled them to come closer, trying to convey that I wanted to speak to them. I wanted to give them a letter, which I would go write in the library without delay. At first they looked at me, took counsel, and then asked the Tatars something. The same man who had taken my other letters walked up to them and told them something, at which they all started to laugh. After that I couldn't persuade them to speak to me. No matter how I called or beckoned them, they wouldn't even listen, but merely turned away. After the wagons had been emptied, I saw the very same man – who appeared to be the chief of the Tatars – give the Slovak farmers money, whereupon they took their horses and left. When I realized that it was a lost cause, I gave up any further attempts to make contact.

10 June,

My stay here is becoming increasingly ominous. This evening the Count and I sat together discussing political news from the outside world, which had come with the arrival of fresh newspapers during the day (although I haven't yet received any letters). The Count has a sound grasp of all events relating to politics, but I struggle to guess which political party he follows. In some aspects he seems to be very liberal, like a downright revolutionary man – but in other points his views are so very outdated that he may well be far more conservative than most other reactionary people. He spends much time thinking about socialists and anarchists, and he often expresses his peculiar views on both of these political movements. "They are good people; capable people," he said when we recently spoke about an anarchist-organised riot, one condemned and repudiated by the entire educated world.

He rubbed his palms together and fire seemed to burn from his eyes. "I don't see what you are driving at, Sir Count," I said. "The power of the mob could never be something you'd be pleased with."

"The mob – those dull-witted common people – will never gain any power," he said, "and will never be more than an instrument in the hands of the strong, who rule *with* the masses and *over* the masses. But only a very few understand the wisdom that lies in this truth. Oh, you Englishmen are so proud of your political freedom²⁵⁵ and progress – as you call it – but only two or three men among you fully understand what progress is, and that this freedom for the masses is its worst enemy!" – I have often heard him talk like this, and it has triggered quite a few thoughts in me; yet I have not been able to understand what the gist of the matter is, as whenever I've attempted to delve further into the question, he has always been evasive, giving me answers that make no sense, thus leaving me no wiser than before. We sat together for a long time and as he left, he wished me a good night. I had a very difficult time sleeping and got up at the crack of dawn, opened the window, and started reading, hoping I would doze off. The mornings are nebulous here in the mountains, obscuring my view into the valley below. Atop the castle, the sun now reddened the towers, yet the fog lay like a thin veil on the walls underneath, becoming denser towards the bottom. I began to observe this phenomenon, when suddenly I saw the same scene I had witnessed the night the young girl must have been slain. But because of the brume, I could hardly discern this monstrous fellow, nor could I clearly see the ledge of the wall on which he was moving. Soon I saw another person moving along the ledge. He was

much smaller, and as he came closer, I saw that he was finding his way along the ridge by gradually inching forward – with the gaping abyss right next to him. I stepped back from the window, trying to watch him more carefully. *The man was wearing my travel clothes!* He seemed so similar to me in size and height, and in all other aspects, that it was as if I was looking at my own ghost. Because he was looking downward, I couldn't clearly distinguish his face, but I could see he was young and dark-complected; I could tell that he was determined and possessed nerves of steel from the very fact that he traversed this narrow and dangerous path. I watched him until he climbed through a window at the west tower of the castle. I now realized that whoever had stolen my clothes must have a specific purpose for them, and I wondered what that could be. It's obvious they have been taken to prevent my escape, but surely, there must be more behind it. This man, dressed in my suit, is probably going to appear in my place – or I in his place – in order to create the impression I was somewhere that I wasn't at this or that time. The ridge – that is hardly two feet wide – must lead to an outside staircase, allowing one to descend the castle wall. That way, one could get in and out of the castle from the rear, even when all the doors are closed and the drawbridge is up. Now I understand why the Count doesn't wish the windows to be open after sundown. He doesn't want to risk me detecting the truth about his goings-on. Had I listened to him, I wouldn't have had the faintest idea about any of this. What I have discovered thus far appears rather sinister – I don't know what misdeed I may be accused of should someone have impersonated me. If the Count suddenly decides to get rid of me – and I suspect that I have seen and heard far too much for him to let me out of here alive – then he already has a plan at hand to protect himself against any suspicion and prosecution. Suppose that Hawkins or Mina convinced the Foreign Office and the Ambassador in Vienna to look into the matter – and suppose that officials were sent here to investigate – what would be the outcome? They would learn that a young Englishman, about six feet tall, of dark appearance and dressed in a greyish travelling suit, had been on a trip to Transylvania during the first days of May, and then took a carriage to the Borgo Pass, where the Count had sent a driver to pick him up. Letters sent by Jonathan Harker would have arrived later, saying that he had reached the castle and been welcomed there in a most friendly manner. The Count would confirm this, and some time later, Harker would have written that he'd decided to depart on a particular day. Finally, he would write from Bistritz, saying he is on his way – and then nothing more will have been heard from him. The Count won't know anything. Enquiries into the castle's surrounding countryside will reveal that Harker had been spotted, but other than that, no one has a clue ... the only solution is for me to escape but it's unlikely I will manage it. –

13 June,

I saw him again last night, just before sunrise. He went the same way as before, yet I still couldn't see where he came from. Once I find out where he exits I shall try to examine the tower – even though I loathe the idea of wandering through the many corridors of this castle again.

16 June,

At last I have seen him both leaving and returning. I'd decided to stay awake all night if need be, and so I told the Count that I was unusually tired, as I had worked more than normal that day. He had no objections, so we parted after I finished my dinner and I went to my room. There I extinguished the light and sat by the window, which I had opened completely – it was a bright, moonlit night. I didn't have to wait long. Soon after eleven o'clock I heard a rustling sound, and when I looked carefully out the window I saw a man creeping on the stone ledge outside the castle walls, apparently coming from the western tower and disappearing near the tower to the east. I then wrapped a blanket around me – and bided my time. I waited for a long time and eventually fell asleep right where I sat. When I woke up at the break of dawn I thought the night had been wasted. It was nearly five o'clock and had become daylight; he must have returned a long time ago. But just as I thought this I noticed something moving down below, so I grabbed my spyglass. Yes, there he was! But even with the help of the lenses, I couldn't see how he managed to climb up the steep wall. There had to be some footholds, slits carved into the walls – but it would also require strong nerves and a calm mind to be able to clamber in such a way. Yes! There are indeed footholds carved into the wall! This means I have now found a way to escape from here – and *that* is the most important thing. He suddenly disappeared at the eastern tower.

17 June,

This morning as I was sitting on the edge of my bed cudgelling my brains, I heard without a crackling of whips and pounding and scraping of horses' feet up the rocky path beyond the courtyard. With joy, I hurried to the window, and saw drive into the yard two great litter-wagons, each drawn by eight sturdy horses and at the head of each pair a Slovak with his wide hat, great nail-studded belt, dirty sheepskin, and high boots. They had their long staves. I ran to the door, intending to descend and try to join them through the main hall, as I thought that way might be opened for them. Again, a shock, my door was fastened on the outside. Then I ran to the window and cried to them. They looked up at me stupidly and pointed but just then, the hetman of the Szgany came out, and seeing them pointing to my window, said something, at which they laughed. Henceforth no effort of mine, no piteous cry or agonised entreaty, would make them even look at me. They resolutely turned away. The litter-wagons contained great, square boxes, with handles of thick rope. These were evidently empty by the ease with which the Slovaks handled them and by their resonance as they were roughly moved. When they were all unloaded and packed in a great heap in one corner of the yard, the Slovaks were given some money by the Szgany, and spitting on it for luck, lazily went each to his horse's head. Shortly afterwards, I heard the crackling of their whips die away in the distance.

2

Yesterday the Count told me that he would be away from home all day and I used the opportunity to explore the eastern tower. As all the other routes were barred, I had to go up to the portrait gallery. Physically, I haven't been up there since I received that kiss in the flash of lightning, but in my thoughts and fantasies I've visited that floor often, which is why, with all my might, I've avoided actually going up there.²⁶¹ I'd concluded that this was her home and that she would be able to overpower me in it. Still, I've only seen her at dusk or at night. During the daytime I've never met her, nor have I felt the desires that attract me to her. So I was not afraid to go up to the top floor now. The sun shone through the dusty windowpanes, bathing the paintings in the gallery in daylight. But I didn't dare look at them, for at the same moment as I opened the door, I felt as if the lady in the large portrait on the other side of the room were rising up, spreading her arms out towards me. I hurried through the hall and another series of rooms, all decorated and furnished in a style common during the days of Napoleon I. Finally I reached a winged door that I guessed would lead to the tower. It wasn't fastened, but the lock was stiff with rust. Upon entering, I saw a circular room with a bed in the centre. It was a large, colorful bed with a canopy over its headboard. Looking up to the baldachin, one could see a portrait of Amor with his bow. The room's ceiling was painted in clouds – like the sky in spring – with playful Cupids peeking out from behind the woolpacks. It was as if I were in the bedroom of the goddess Venus herself. Wanting to see whether anyone had slept in it recently, I moved towards the bed, but I immediately saw that a thick layer of dust had settled on the silk duvet and that cobwebs covered the headboard. A full lifetime or more must have passed since anyone had slept in this bed. On the yellow pillow was a dark stain that once must have been as red as blood. Surely someone had lost their life here when that blood flowed from the pillow onto the floor – where a black blotch bears witness to a crime committed a long time ago. I have no doubt that this was where the jealous husband took his cruel vengeance on his beautiful wife, who was completely in his power. "No one saw or heard anything; no one dared to ask anything. She was lying dead in her bed and that was all that people knew. She was dressed in the clothes she had worn in her portrait, and then placed in her coffin. She rests in the chapel, where most members of the House of Dracula rest, but as you see, my friend, she will always remain beautiful as ever" – the Count once told me. I thought I could hear the Count's voice saying this, and memories of the things I had experienced since came to mind. – I hurried to a window and opened it. It was hundreds of feet up from here to the ground – and this were probably the window from which the Countess's lover had jumped. Beneath this window lay a gorge with a foaming waterfall. I tried to calm myself and went to the window on the other side of the room, located next to the rear facade of the castle. From there I could clearly see which way the man had taken to the other night. I had my spyglass with me, and when I leaned out, I saw footholds – barely visible to the naked eye – carved into the wall. I also discovered iron hooks, which were obviously intended to be held on to. By following this route, one could apparently reach the ledge on the wall where I had seen the man make his way. Now I just have to find out how to get to this ledge from the rooms I occupy, and I hope – with God's help – that I will succeed.

18 June,

Renfield's turned his mind now to spiders, and has several very big fellows in a box. He keeps feeding them his flies, and the number of the latter's becoming sensibly diminished although he's used half his food in attracting more flies from outside to his room.

CHAPTER XIX JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

19 June,

Only god knows whether I'll ever manage to get out of here alive. I can't even put down in writing which of my suspicions is most urgent but it seems to me that in these past few weeks I've seen the danger that looms over humanity – to which most people are utterly unaware. But this menace is of such nature that all people of goodwill must begin the fight against it, regardless of which creed or country they belong to. I embarked on a new expedition yesterday. Last night when the Count told me that he would have to be away from home again all day, he asked me to sort a number of documents and books he wanted to take with him to London, and to make a directory of all these items. Upon entering the library I found that a large box had been left there for me, and the books that I had to sort and register lay on the couch. Even after everything I'd seen, it seemed very strange to me, because who would imagine Satan with a suitcase and a railway ticket in hand? Seeing the Count's travel things, however, I can't help but to envision such a scene.²⁶⁵ These Tatars (also called Gypsies)²⁶⁶ who have spent the last few days here are helping the Count prepare for his departure. I've seen them come and go with the boxes the Slovaks brought here; they seem very heavy to handle. The number of empty boxes is gradually decreasing, as the Count has engaged three or four men of truly gigantic stature, whom I remember having seen in the vault on that memorable evening. They are strong as trolls²⁶⁷ and handle huge loads as if they are light as feathers. Today, nobody was in the courtyard and none of the boxes had been moved. There was absolute stillness in the castle now. I lit a cigar and walked out of the dining room, intending to stroll along the floor for a moment before I started dealing with the Count's documents and books. The old woman had cleared the table long ago, disappearing as quietly as she always did, and I knew from experience that she wouldn't return for several hours. It occurred to me that I would never have a better opportunity to study the secret stairs and find out whether or not it would be possible to discover a way out. I thought no more of it and began readying myself to go, for had I started to recall the memories of what I'd witnessed down there, I would never have had the courage to go back again. I checked whether my revolver was loaded, stepped into the octagonal room, and pressed the button – the door opened suddenly and silently. Then I lit my lamp and cautiously went down the stairs. It wasn't as dark now as it had been that night, because this time a dull light shone through two windows. I paused while going down the stairs, not sure where to go. I had reached some sort of arched vestibule with tunnels leading to both sides, east and west. I decided to take the tunnel to the west, as it lies in the direction of the window I hoped to climb through to get onto the wall ridge. At the end of the tunnel a closed door appeared before me; I opened it hesitantly ... I practically yelped with joy, for I saw that I'd now come to the staircase I'd scaled during my long journey through the castle, when I'd climbed from the chapel up to the Count's room – and in this staircase was the window I was hoping to get out from, should I try to escape. Warily, I walked up the stairs to make sure I wasn't mistaken. I saw the sun shining through the window and felt a clean, refreshing breeze on my cheek. I saw that the ridge on the wall was broad enough to walk on, although from a distance it seemed to be very narrow. But one need only to be startled or skid a bit on the stone – and death would be inevitable. I shuddered at the thought of having to go this way, but I felt as though a weight had been lifted from me now that I'd discovered a possible escape route. As a safety measure, I took the key from the lock and put it in my pocket. The door was so heavy and its hinges so rusty that it stayed in place even when unlocked; and those who pass through it – whoever they may be – may not notice that the key is missing. Then it occurred to me that I might look around the chapel and the crypt below for a while. Everything looked the same as before, except that the floor had been dug up and everything was scattered around. Iron picks, shovels, and rakes were still lying about, revealing a job that had been left unfinished. It seemed to me that the Tatar group had been at work here. Deep in the dungeon, where it faced the courtyard, I saw two or three boxes reinforced with iron. On two of them, the lids had been fastened, but one was left half open. I became curious, so I climbed over the unearthed stones and dirt heaps, noticing that this cellar was in fact a graveyard – and not a very old one, as a human skull, barely decayed, happened to roll before my feet. Each of the boxes was made of thick pine planks and had rope handles. The third box had been manufactured with the most care; it also had a few holes drilled into the lid. I expected to find some costly items in it; I remembered well the treasure up in the tower, so I assumed these boxes were also filled with such gold and shiny jewels. I was shocked when I looked under the lid! The box was filled halfway with soil, and in it, a man was lying lengthwise – an old man with white hair and a white moustache. It was none other than the Count himself. I winced and hid behind the box in a crouching position, but after a few moments I got the courage to stand and lean over him and have another look. There could be no mistake. It was the Count, wearing the same clothes as the evening before.²⁶⁸ He looked stone dead; I couldn't imagine anyone outlandish enough to rest there willingly. The Tatars – who had left earlier today – sprung to mind. Could it be that those wretches had killed my client and run away with as much of his fortune as they could gather? One couldn't deny they'd make good suspects ... But from my perspective the Count had been a prison guard for the last few weeks, so I could only feel relief at being free of his custody. Was he dead or was he just sleeping heavily, as though he *were* dead? And if the latter, why had he chosen *this* place to rest? He didn't look as if he were truly dead, though. His features were as impressive and harsh-looking as usual, and although he was pale, it didn't seem like a deathly pallor but merely the usual color of his complexion. I didn't dare touch him, for I assumed he wouldn't let me off unpunished for roaming around the castle without his permission. After a short while, I decided to go back to my bedroom and wait there until morning. If the Count had not returned by then, I would have a definite opportunity to try to escape from here. If the Count were dead, I hoped I could find another way to flee the castle than take the more daring route I'd already found. Before turning back, I noticed that the box lid had six strong iron hasps that could be hooked over staples on the inside of the box, closing it from within, so that it would appear as if the lid had been screwed on. This way it could be locked and opened from the inside. I was quite sure that this casket had been designed to conceal a person who wanted to stay hidden. I went back up to my room but was ill at ease for the rest of the day. Once twilight arrived I had finished preparing the books, but I'd become restless and unable to sit still. So I walked nervously across the floor, on pins and needles. *Will he come or not?* I thought to myself.

The clock was ticking: eight – , nine – , ten o'clock; nothing was heard. I was just about to go down to the basement to check on the old man when suddenly the door opened and the Count entered. He was unusually high-spirited and looked as if he'd grown younger. "Here I am, my friend," he said cheerfully. "I hope you have not been bored today. I myself have been very busy. I am tired now and in need of rest, but first I wanted to find you to see how you are doing, and if you have come along nicely with your work. No – you are done. I thank you very much. If you could do me a favor tomorrow, by making an inventory of everything in that closet over there," he said, "I'd really appreciate it." He pointed out the middle compartments in the closet, where all kinds of tools were stored that seemed to be used for physical experiments. He said he couldn't do the job himself as he had other obligations. I stared at him, so stunned, in fact, that I didn't answer. He seemed so unusually youthful to me now; it was as if fire itself sparked from his eyes – or more accurately – they flashed with the ferocity of a beast that knows it has found its prey. Then, with a deep sigh, I replied that I had no idea what most of the things in the closet were called, and thus could hardly make a list of them. "Tools, my friend, nothing but tools a scientist uses to bring dead nature to life under his command," he said. "You men from the West still have much to learn; you haven't gotten much further than the antechamber to the sciences,²⁷¹ where life and death are still unsolved mysteries.²⁷² Well then, I shall do it myself, but I still bid you a good night for now. I need to rest. I also have plenty to do tomorrow and probably I can't come to you again until nightfall. May you be blessed – until next time," he said, giving me his hand. When he left, he was still as energetic as when he'd entered. He was more like a young man running off to a *rendezvous* with his sweetheart than an old man going off to bed after finishing a day's work. –

20 June,

I went down to the crypt once more. The Count was there again, and I thought he looked even younger and more alive than he had before, but nevertheless when he came home late that evening I was staggered to see him and found him more terrifying than ever. He still remains polite in his manners towards me, but I clearly sense the ridicule and contempt lying underneath. Today he told me, "Time passes, my friend, and soon the moment will come when we must part ways. You shall return to your beautiful England" – this he said in a strange tone – "and I shall return to my work, which is laid out in such a way that it's very unlikely I

shall see you again. It may also happen that I leave here before you do, but even when I am not at home, my calèche can pick you up whenever you please and drive you to Bistritz. I truly owe you for your company."

At first I was beside myself with joy when I heard him say this, for here at least I had his promise that I would get out of this imprisonment, which has almost been the death of me. But something in his words and expression kept me from believing him. I cannot help but feel that he won't let me leave here alive. *I know too much.* I said something polite but meaningless in return, but added that, should he leave, I would have to go too – so why not today or tomorrow, if he no longer had use for me?

"No, that's not possible, my friend," he said. "My driver and horses are not present at the moment."

"That doesn't matter, I can go on foot, and my luggage can be sent for later."

"On foot, my dear friend? Are you in such a hurry?" He stared at me with a scoffing grin, sending chills throughout my entire body. "You do not know the Carpathians; even if I allowed my guests to leave here on foot that walk would be your last – there are wolves here in the forest." He went to the window and opened it. "Listen to them," he said. I heard the wolves howling in the woods outside. "It's not child's play. It is safer for you to wait here at home."

23 June,

The Tatars came back yesterday and took up their work again, which seems to be nearly finished, as most of the boxes are full. The Count has also paid me a brief visit; he seems to be very uneasy and his appearance has changed even more. My eyes don't deceive me – he looks a few years younger than when I first arrived here. It's as if the blood in his veins runs more freely; the color of his skin isn't as waxen as before, his cheeks have acquired a copper-red hue, his eyes are livelier and even have a certain glow ... and sometimes a strange tinge of red appears in them suddenly. He is impressive to behold, and I find myself shivering upon meeting his gaze.

24 June,

Last night the Count left me early and locked himself into his own room. As soon as I dared, I ran up the winding stair, and looked out of the window that opened south. I thought I would watch for the Count, for there is something going on. The Szgany are quartered somewhere in the castle and are doing work of some kind. I know it, for now and then, I hear a faraway muffled sound as of mattock and spade, and, whatever it is, and it must be the end of some ruthless villainy. I had been at the window somewhat less than half an hour, when I saw something coming out of the Count's window. I drew back and watched carefully, and saw the whole man emerge. A new shock to me to find he had on the suit of clothes that I had worn whilst travelling here, and slung over his shoulder the terrible bag that I had seen the women take away. There could be no doubt as to his quest, and in my garb, too! This, then, is his new scheme of evil that he will allow others to see me, as they think, so that he may both leave evidence that I have been seen in the towns or villages posting my own letters, and that any wickedness that he may do shall be attributed to me by the local people. It makes me rage to think that this can go on, and whilst I am shut up here, a veritable prisoner but without that protection of the law that is even a criminal's right and consolation. I thought I would watch for the Count's return, and for a long time sat doggedly at the window. Then I began to notice that there were some quaint little specks floating in the rays of the moonlight. They were like the tiniest grains of dust, and they whirled round and gathered in clustres in a nebulous sort of way. I watched them with a sense of soothing, and a sort of calm stole over me. I leaned back in the embrasure in a more comfortable position, so that I could enjoy more fully the aerial gambolling. Something made me start up, a low, piteous howling of dogs somewhere far below in the valley that was hidden from my sight. Louder it seemed to ring in my ears, and the floating moats of dust to take new shapes to the sound as they danced in the moonlight. I felt myself struggling to awake to some call of my instincts. Nay, my very soul was struggling, and my half-recalled sensibilities were striving to answer the call. I was becoming hypnotised! Quicker and quicker danced the dust. The moonbeams seemed to quiver as they went by me into the mass of gloom beyond. More and more they gathered until they seemed to take dim phantom shapes. Then I started, broad awake and in full possession of my senses, and ran screaming from the place. The phantom shapes that were becoming gradually materialised from the moonbeams, were those three ghostly women to whom I was doomed. I fled, and felt somewhat safer in my own room, where there was no moonlight, and where the lamp was burning brightly. When a couple of hours had passed, I heard something stirring in the Count's room, something like a sharp wail quickly suppressed. Then there was silence, deep, awful silence that chilled me. With a beating heart, I tried the door but I was locked in my prison, and could do nothing. I sat down and simply cried. As I sat, I heard a sound in the courtyard without, the agonised cry of a woman. I rushed to the window, and throwing it up, peered between the bars. There, indeed, was a woman with dishevelled hair, holding her hands over her heart as one distressed with running. She was leaning against the corner of the gateway. When she saw my face at the window she threw herself forward, and shouted in a voice laden with menace, "Monster, give me my child!"

She threw herself on her knees, and rising up her hands, cried the same words in tones that wrung my heart. Then she tore her hair and beat her breast, and abandoned herself to all the violence of extravagant emotion. Finally, she threw herself forward, and though I could not see her, I could hear the beating of her naked hands against the door. Somewhere high overhead, probably on the tower, I heard the voice of the Count calling in his harsh, metallic whisper. His call seemed to be answered from everywhere by the howling of wolves. Before many minutes had passed a pack of them poured, like a pent-up dam when liberated, through the wide entrance into the courtyard. There was no cry from the woman, and the howling of the wolves was but short. Before long, they streamed away singly, licking their lips. I could not pity her, for I knew now what had become of her child, and she was better dead. What'll I do? What can I do? How can I escape from this dreadful thing of night, gloom, and fear?

2

God help me –with courage and artifice, it's possible for man to defend himself against threats from the outside, but those dangers that come from within – from man himself – are far more difficult to keep at bay. A bastion that has traitors in its garrison is exposed to risk, no matter how fortified it is, and I – I have been struggling against a power too great to fight. – I don't know who she is, but I'm now convinced that what the Count has told me about her cannot be true. When I recall everything I've seen and experienced, I'm at a loss and I cannot come to any conclusion, unless I decide to give up on logic and believe things no one else would. I shudder at the thought of her, yet I crave to see her. She is like one of the Elven Ladies who enchant men to follow them into their rocky ravines. For three days now I have been determined to escape from this place. Even though it's dangerous, I now know the way out, and I've had opportunities. Time and again, I've been on the verge of leaving, but then an irresistible desire overwhelms me and I cannot control myself any longer – I have to see her once more. It's incomprehensible – I cannot believe it, but there's no denying it either – she always comes when I think of her, as if she were beckoned, or as if she were standing right outside the door, ready to enter. Before I can calm myself she's standing next to me, and I can't restrain myself. Yet I haven't once yielded to her – and that alone has saved me. I've never taken off the crucifix the old lady gave me, and anyone who wishes may call it superstition, but I feel this is the only reason the Count did not kill me that evening when he grabbed me by the throat, and I feel I owe it to this same cross that I managed to escape from the loathsome miscreant who attacked me on the stairs. She has been whispering to me constantly, begging me to take off the crucifix, but I have not done so. –

25 June,

No man knows until he has suffered from the night how sweet and dear to his heart and eye the morning can be. When the sun grew so high this morning, that it struck the top of the great gateway opposite my window, the high spot which it touched seemed to me as if the dove from the ark had lighted there. My fear fell from me as if a vaporous garment dissolved in the warmth. I must take action of some sort whilst the courage of the day is upon me. Last night one of my post-dated letters went to post, the first of that fatal series which is to blot out the very traces of my existence from the earth. Let me not think of it, action! It has always been at nighttime that I have been molested or threatened, or in some way in danger or in fear. I have not yet seen the Count in the daylight. Can it be that he sleeps when others wake, that he may be awake whilst they sleep? If I'd only get into his room but there's no possible way! The door is always locked, no way for me. Yes, there is a way, if one dares to take it. Where his body's gone, why mayn't another body go? I have seen him myself crawl from his window. Why'd not I imitate him, and go in by his window? The chances are desperate but my need is more desperate still. I shall risk it. At the worst it can only be death, a man's death is not a calf's, and the dreaded Hereafter may still be open to me. Lord helps me in my task, goodbye, Mina, if I fail, goodbye, my faithful friend and second dad, goodbye, all, and last of all Mina! Later, I have made the effort, and Lord helping me, have come safely back to this room. I must put down every detail in

order. I went whilst my courage was fresh straight to the window on the south side, and at once got outside on this side. The stones are big and roughly cut, and the mortar has been washed away between them by process of time. I took off my boots, and ventured out on the desperate way. I looked down once, to make sure, that a sudden glimpse of the awful depth would not overcome me but after that kept my eyes away from it. I know pretty well the direction and distance of the Count's window, and made for it as well as I could, having regard to the opportunities available. I did not feel dizzy, I suppose I was too excited, and the time seemed ridiculously short until I found myself standing on the windowsill and trying to rise up the sash. I was filled with agitation, however, when I bent down and slid feet foremost in through the window. Then I looked around for the Count but with surprise and gladness, made a discovery. The room was empty! It was barely furnished with odd things that seemed to have never been used. The furniture was something the same style as that in the south rooms, and was covered with dust. I looked for the key but it was not in the lock, and I could not find it anywhere. The only thing I found was a great heap of gold in one corner, gold of all kinds, Roman, British, Austrian, Hungarian, Greek, and Turkish money covered with a film of dust as though it had lain long in the ground. None of it that I noticed was less than three centuries old. There were also chains and ornaments, some jewelled but all of them old and stained. At one corner of the room was a heavy door. I tried it for since I could not find the key of the room or the key of the outer door that was the main object of my search, I must make further examination, or all my efforts would be in vain. It was open and led through a stone passage to a circular stairway that went steeply down. I descended, minding carefully where I went for the stairs were dark, being only lit by loopholes in the heavy masonry. At the bottom a dark, tunnel-like passage, through which came a deathly, sickly odour, the odour of old earth newly turned. As I went through the passage the smell grew closer and heavier. At last, I pulled open a heavy door that stood ajar, and found me in an old ruined chapel that had evidently been used as a graveyard. The roofs was broken and in two places were steps leading to vaults but the ground had recently been dug over and the earth placed in great wooden boxes, manifestly those that had been brought by the Slovaks. There was none about, and I made a search over every inch of the ground, so as not to lose a chance. I went down even into the vaults, where the dim light struggled, although to do so was a dread to my very soul. Into two of these, I went but saw nothing except fragments of old coffins and piles of dust. In the third, however, I made a discovery. There, in one of the great boxes, of which there were fifty in all, on a pile of newly dug earth, lay the Count! He was either dead or asleep. I could not say which, for eyes were open and stony but without the glassiness of death, and the cheeks had the warmth of life through all their pallor. The lips were as red as ever. But there was no sign of movement, no pulse, no breath, no beating of the heart. I bent over him, and tried to find any sign of life but in vain. He could not have lain there long, for the earthy smell would have passed away in a few hours. By the side of the box was its cover, pierced with holes here and there. I thought he might have the keys on him but when I went to search I saw the dead eyes, and in them dead though they were, such a look of hate, though unconscious of me or my presence, that I fled from the place, and leaving the Count's room by the window, crawled again up the castle wall. Regaining my room, I threw myself panting upon the bed and tried to think.

28 June,

I write these words in my journal late at night in my bedroom, the only retreat I have where I can be without fear. I'm now determined to flee from here as soon as we see the light of day. To alert my family of what has happened to me and what it was that drove me to my death, I have written Mina's name and address on the first page of this book, both in German and English, adding that whoever finds it should please return the book to her at the aforementioned address and explain how the book has come into their hands. I cannot do anything more, and it's perfectly clear to me that there's but a small chance this final greeting of mine will reach its intended destination, should I meet my doom. Mina, if I live, let us read these lines together some day²²² and thank God that my life was saved, but if I die – this is my final greeting to you. Once you have read what I've written, you shall know that I've succumbed to forces stronger than I am, and that these forces pose a danger to the whole of humanity – a danger that every person of goodwill must stand up against. Ask the wisest and foremost people, preferably those with much influence in society. I've written a few names on the last page of this book. I don't have time to explain things in more detail. May God give you the strength to make use of my experience?

My spirit stays with you, regardless of what may happen to my body. I will write a few words here about what has happened to me in the last couple of days. My handwriting on the previous page reminds me of how I felt while I was taking down my notes – I was aware that she was nearing and drawing me towards her. She whispered sweet words to me; she kissed me and rather affectionately she asked me to remove the crucifix from my neck. My hands lifted, but at the last moment I was able to control myself. – I'm not sure how much time had passed, but I suddenly heard the Count's sardonic voice sneering at her. "Get out of here! Your work is in vain – the time has not come yet. Wait a few more days. When I no longer need him, you may have him and then – " I heard a strange, shrill laugh, like the sound of a glass bell. It was her voice. I still shudder at it; this voice was not human at all. Soon after, I heard the Count saying, "Good evening, my friend. I see you have fallen asleep with your work." I opened my eyes and saw him standing at the desk in front of me, casting a biting look at me. I was tired and weak, and when he told me to go to bed I obeyed him in silence. Looking back on it all, I can hardly tell whether I'd been dreaming or if I'd been awake during the time I am now writing about. If it was a dream, then it may have been a warning – but I don't think it was a dream. Some days later, the Count asked me again to sort several documents, books, and instruments, to have them ready for his trip. He also had me check, correct and copy two letters he had written in English and which were addressed to Brits, although I didn't recognise their names. The language was obscure and ambiguous, and the message seemed to be about some important issue. Although I didn't quite understand the text, this incident showed me that the Count no longer feared I might betray him – he probably sees me as standing with one foot in the grave already, unable to divulge any of his secrets.

Yesterday the Tatars finished their work. Early in the morning, two large wagons, pulled by six horses each, drove into the courtyard, where the heavy boxes were placed onto the wagons before they were taken away in separate loads. The drivers were Slovaks, but each trip was escorted by armed Tatars. When darkness came, there were only three boxes left. Most of the Tatars were gone, but there were still some men in the courtyard of the kind I have already described as being more ape-like than human. It occurred to me that this might be my chance to get away, as the gate would probably be open. I slipped out, but as always, it was securely locked, and what's more, the Count's hideous servants were standing guard. I rushed back inside, hearing someone running and panting behind me. I fled into the dining room, locked the door behind me and leaned myself against it. I felt someone trying to open it, but after a moment, everything went quiet. I now realized that the Count had probably expected I would try to escape and had taken steps to prevent it. I shudder to think of what might have happened did his pack of thugs have hold of me. I am not afraid of death – but I do not want to die *this* way. The Count came late that night. He was very cheerful, walking briskly around the room, speaking frantically and constantly fiddling with his nails, which were very long. Although it was his habit, I've always disliked this nervous tick of his. Had it not been for his snow-white hair and his equally white moustache, one very well may have guessed he was barely forty. "Yes, my friend," he said in a gentle voice, "I am almost ready for my journey, but I still have to take care of a few things here around my estate. I shall probably need the whole day tomorrow, and as I do not know whether I shall return in time to say goodbye to you, I am doing that now. My horses and carriage will be available to you tomorrow. When will you be leaving?" This question came so unexpectedly that I was dumbstruck. I stared at him and stammered something about the departure times of trains, Bistritz, etc. My head was swimming and my heartbeat became so violent that I felt as if I were going to suffocate. When I caught hold of myself, I saw the Count looking at me with an odd, ironic smirk. "Are you fine with leaving at twelve o'clock?" he asked. "Then you may be in time for the evening train to Budapest. Well, I shall make sure the calèche stands by the gate at noon, and if possible, I shall also come to wish you a good journey, but should I be delayed – I say goodbye to you now. Be you blessed, my dear young friend." He gave me his hand. "Goodbye now and I thank you so much for your pleasant company. I can neither express its true value to me nor pay for it with gold, but time is precious to you, and in our family we are not given to receiving presents without giving something in return, therefore allow me – " he opened a drawer in the desk and reached for a small red silk bag, which he handed to me " – to give you this in exchange, and this – " he took something out of his breast pocket " – as a souvenir from your sojourn here, and as a token of Dracula's gratitude. They are small, but they are old family heirlooms that carry a certain value, and I hope they will serve to remind you of your stay with me."

His voice had a strange undertone, and when I looked up at his face it was twisted in a malignant, mocking grimace, but he instantly altered it to a friendly smile. I saw that the object he took from his breast pocket was an ancient ring with a heart of jewels and a large ruby in the center. The stones shone in the light from the

wax candles; its multi-colored rays were so strong and piercing to the eye that it made me dizzy just looking at it. I almost blacked out. I struggled to keep my eyes off this trinket that possessed such magical power, but when I finally succeeded in looking away, the enchantment was gone, vanished – but I was not the same afterwards. I felt obliged to accept the small pouch, which I discovered contained golden coins. “You honor me too much,” I said, trying not to show any emotion. “I cannot accept these glorious gifts.”

“Do not mention it,” he said in a firmer tone. “It is my decision, and it is my pleasure knowing this family heirloom is in your possession. Wear it and think of Dracula. Many have worn it before you and regarded it as a lucky charm of sorts. You Englishmen do not believe in such things, but wear it anyway, and I wish you much luck with it. You have yet to enjoy life; you are a handsome man, young and elegant. Goodbye now, dear Jonathan Harker. If we do not see each other again – and that may well be – then you have Dracula’s blessing. Until tomorrow then, at noon.” He clutched my hand so firmly, it felt as though he had fists of iron; his grip was as cold as ice or polished metal. My hand went numb, and I felt the dullness creep up my arm. I wanted to shove him away from me but managed to restrain myself. Then he walked to the door. “Wear the ring,” he said again. “Do it for me – and think of Dracula.” He kissed his fingers according to old tradition and left.

I didn’t know what to believe. Was it possible I might get away from here? Were my suspicions all uncalled for? If anything the Count said is to be taken seriously, I should be on the train to Budapest tomorrow night, and everything I have gone through here will remain an incomprehensible dream. I sat at the table and thanked God that I’d now escaped all danger. Then I began to pack my luggage and prepare for my journey. The ring was lying on the table and I felt compelled to see whether it would fit me – it was as if some invisible force were drawing me to it. As soon as I picked it up, it felt as though a burning current were streaming through my veins. Half unconscious, I fell onto the chair and threw the ring onto the table. I regained full awareness again soon thereafter. I lay in the chair until late at night but eventually stood up, walked to my bedroom, and went soundly to sleep. When I woke up, I saw with dread: *it was one o’clock!* I had overslept!

I rushed to my feet and dashed off to the dining room windows. In the courtyard, nothing stirred. The Tatars had all left by now and the luggage that had been there was gone too. The Count’s calèche was not there either. I ran down to the hall to find the driver and tell him I was ready to travel, but the gate was locked with a heavy bar in front of it. There was no hope of getting out. Upon my return to the dining room I noticed that no food had been served on the table. I hurried into the octagonal room and stepped on the button to the secret door, hoping to escape the castle this way, but here, too, everything was securely locked. I realized now I was imprisoned all alone inside the castle, like a mouse in a trap. The whole building looked deserted. The Count’s writing desk was empty and the bookshelves mostly bare. The stationery had also been taken away; there was nothing left but the ring. It turned six, seven, eight o’clock. Dusk was approaching. Absolute stillness ruled the castle. I was weak from hunger now. I tried to force open the secret door but failed. I no longer doubted that the Count had locked me in intentionally, so that I would starve to death in this horrible tomb, or meet a fate even worse. The darker it became, the more my mental vision sharpened, allowing much to enter my mind that I’m not writing down here. The Powers of Darkness have taken counsel against me – I do not know for what purpose, but I see and know the danger. It seems as though I can hear someone whispering in my ear ... I know that she is not far away from me ... white arms, lovely lips.

“When I’m gone, you may have him,” the Count had said –

Or had it been a dream? No, I will not sell my soul! I do not hear these false voices – I want to be a man. If you ever read these lines, Mina, then you know that I am dead, and that I have always loved you and been faithful to you.

I have now decided what I’m going to do. I’ve torn up my bedsheets and braided them into a rope, which I hope will hold me. With this rope, I intend to let myself down from the window once daylight has come, and I’ll try to reach the ledge. It’s risky, but it might work. If I fail, nothing worse than death can happen to me. It’s getting lighter: dawn is breaking. I have attached the rope; I am ready now. And so, a final goodbye, dear Mina. Please forgive me for all that I may have done to you, and you may be certain that I have always loved you and no one but you.

29 June,

Today is the date of my last letter, and the Count has taken steps to prove that it was genuine, for again I saw him leave the castle by the same window and in my clothes. As he went down the wall, lizard fashion, I wished I had a gun or some lethal weapon, that I might destroy him. But I fear that no weapon wrought along by man’s hand would have any effect on him. I dared not wait to see him return, for I feared to see those weird sisters. How right was Shakespeare, no one would believe that after three hundred years one could see in this fastness of Europe the counterpart of the witches of *Macbeth*. I came back to the library and read there until I fell asleep. I was awakened by the Count, who looked at me as grimly as a man could look as he said, “Tomorrow, my friend, we must part. You return to thy beautiful England, I to some work that may’ve such an end that we may never meet. Thy letter home’s been despatched. Tomorrow I’ll not be here but all’ll be ready for thy journey. In the morning come the Szgany, who’ve some labours of their own here, and come some Slovaks. When they’ve gone, my carriage’ll come for you, and shall bear you to the Borgo Pass to meet the diligence from Bukovina to Bistritz. But I’m in hopes that I’ll see more of you at Castle Dracula.”

I suspected him, and determined to test his sincerity, sincerity! It seems like a profanation of the word to write it in connection with such a monster, so I asked him point-blank, “Why mayn’t I go tonight?”

“Because, dear sir, my coachman, and horses’re away on a mission,”

“But I’d walk with pleasure. I wanna get away at once.”

He smiled, such a soft, smooth, diabolical smile that I knew there was some trick behind his smoothness. He said, “And thy baggage?”

“I don’t care about it. I can send for it some other time.”

The Count stood up, and said, with a sweet courtesy that made me rub my eyes, it seemed so real, “You English’ve a saying that’s close to my heart, for its spirit’s that which rules our Boyars, Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. Come with me, my dear young friend. Not an hour you’ll wait in my house against thy will, though sad I’m at thy going and that you so suddenly desire it. Come!” With a stately gravity, he, with the lamp, preceded me down the stairs and along the hall. Suddenly he stopped. “Hark!”

Nearby came the howling of many wolves. It was almost as if the sound sprang up at the rising of his hand, just as the music of a great orchestra seems to leap under the baton of the conductor. After a pause of a moment, he proceeded, in his stately way, to the door, drew back the ponderous bolts, unhooked the heavy chains, and began to draw it open. To my intense astonishment, I saw that it was unlocked. Suspiciously, I looked all round but could see no key of any kind. As the door began to open, the howling of the wolves without grew louder and angrier. Their red jaws, with champing teeth, and their blunt-clawed feet as they leaped, came in through the opening door. I knew then that to struggle now against the Count was useless. With such allies as these at his command, I could do nothing. But the door continued slowly to open, and only the Count’s body stood in the gap. Suddenly it struck me that this might be the moment and means of my doom. I was to be given to the wolves, and at my own instigation. There was a diabolical wickedness in the idea great enough for the Count and as the last chance; I cried out, “Shut the door! I’ll wait until morning.”

And I covered my face with my hands to hide my tears of bitter disappointment. With one sweep of his powerful arm, the Count threw the door shut, and the great bolts clanged and echoed through the hall as they shot back into their places. In silence, we returned to the library, and after a minute or two, I went to my own room. The last I saw of Count Dracula was his kissing his hand to me, with a red light of triumph in his eyes, and with a smile, that Judas in hell might be proud. When I was in my room, I was about to lie down, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it softly and listened. Unless my ears deceived me, I heard the voice of the Count. “Back, back to thy own place! Thy time’s not yet come. Wait! Have patience! Tonight’s mine. Tomorrow night’s thine!”

There was a low, sweet ripple of laughter, and in a rage I threw open the door, and saw without the three terrible women licking their lips. As I appeared, they all joined in a horrible laugh, and ran away. I came back to my room and threw myself on my knees. It’s then so near the end, tomorrow, tomorrow, Lord, help me, and those to whom I’m dear!

30 June,

These words might be the last I ever write may be these in this diary. I slept until just before the dawn and when I woke threw me on my knees for I determined

that if death came he should find me ready. At last, I felt that subtle change in the air and knew that the morning had come. Then came the welcome cockcrow and I felt that I was safe. With a glad heart, I opened the door and ran down the hall. I had seen that the door was unlocked and now escape was before me. With hands that trembled with eagerness, I unhooked the chains and threw back the massive bolts. But the door would not move. Despair seized me. I pulled and pulled at the door, and shook it until massive as it was, it rattled in its casement. I could see the bolt shot. It had been locked after I left the Count. Then a wild desire took me to obtain the key at any risk, and I determined immediately to scale the wall again and gain the Count's room. He might kill me but death now seemed the happier choice of evils. Without a pause, I rushed up to the east window and scrambled down the wall as before into the Count's room. It was empty but that was as I expected. I could not see a key anywhere but the heap of gold remained. I went through the door in the corner and down the winding stair and along the dark passage to the old chapel. I knew now well enough where to find the monster I sought. The great box was in the same place, close against the wall but the lid was laid on it, not fastened down but with the nails ready in their places to be hammered home. I knew I must reach the body for the key, so I raised the lid, and laid it back against the wall. then I saw something that filled my very soul with horror. There lay the Count but looking as if his youth had been half restored. For the white hair and moustache were changed to dark iron-grey. The cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed ruby-red underneath. The mouth was redder than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood that trickled from the corners of the mouth and ran down over the chin and neck. Even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst swollen flesh, for the lids and pouches underneath were bloated. It seemed as if the completely awful creature were simply gorged with blood. He lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion. I shuddered as I bent over to touch him and every sense in me revolted at the contact but I had to search or I was lost. The coming night might see my own body a banquet in a similar war to those horrid three. I felt all over the body but no sign could I find of the key. Then I stopped and looked at the Count. A mocking smile on the bloated face seemed to drive me mad. This was the being I was helping to transfer to London, where, perhaps, for centuries to come he might, amongst its teeming millions, satiate his lust for blood, and create a new and ever-widening circle of semi-demons to batten on the helpless. The very thought drove me mad. A terrible desire came upon me to rid the world of such a monster. There was no lethal weapon at hand but I seized a shovel that the workers had been using to fill the cases, and lifting it high, struck, with the edge downward, at the hateful face. But as I did so the head turned, and the eyes fell upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horror. The sight seemed to paralyze me, and the shovel turned in my hand and glanced from the face, merely making a deep gash above the forehead. The shovel fell from my hand across the box, and as I pulled it away, the flange of the blade caught the edge of the lid that fell over again, and hid the horrid thing from my sight. The last glimpse I had was of the bloated face, bloodstained and fixed with a grin of malice that would have held its own in the nethermost hell. I thought and thought what should be my next move but my brain seemed on fire, and I waited with a despairing feeling growing over me. As I waited, I heard in the distance a gipsy song sung by merry voices coming closer and through their song the rolling of heavy wheels and the cracking of whips. The Szgany and the Slovaks of whom the Count had spoken were coming. With a last look around and at the box that contained the vile body, I ran from the place and gained the Count's room, determined to rush out now the door should be opened. With strained ears, I listened, and heard downstairs the grinding of the key in the great lock and the falling back of the heavy door. There must have been some other means of entry, or some one had a key for one of the locked doors. Then there came the sound of many feet tramping and dying away in some passage that sent up a clanging echo. I turned to run down again towards the vault, where I might find the new entrance but now there seemed to come, a violent puff of wind, and the door to the winding stair blew to with a shock that set the dust from the lintels flying. When I ran to push it open, I found that it was hopelessly fast. I was again a prisoner, and the net of doom was closing round me more closely. As I write there is in the passage below a sound of many tramping feet and the crash of weights being set down heavily, doubtless the boxes, with their freight of earth. There was a sound of hammering. It is the box being nailed down. Now I can hear the heavy feet tramping again along the hall, with many other idle feet coming behind them. The door is shut, the chains rattle. There is a grinding of the key in the lock. I can hear the key withdrawn, then another door opens and shuts. I hear the creaking of lock and bolt. Hark! In the courtyard and down the rocky way the roll of heavy wheels, the crack of whips, and the chorus of the Szgany as they pass into the distance, I'm alone in the castle with those horrible women, faugh! Mina is a woman, and there is nothing in common. They're devils of the Pit! I shall not remain alone with them. I shall try to scale the castle wall farther than I have yet attempted. I shall take some of the gold with me, lest I want it later. I may find a way from this dreadful place, and then away for home, to the quickest and nearest train from the cursed spot from this cursed land where the devil and his children still walk with earthly feet! At least Lord's mercy is better than that of those monsters and the precipice is steep and high. At its foot, a man may sleep as a man, goodbye, all, Mina!

CHAPTER XX DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

1 July,

His spiders are now becoming as great a nuisance as his flies, and today I told him that he must get rid of them. He looked very sad at this, so I said that he must some of them, at all events. He cheerfully acquiesced in this, and I gave him the same time as before for reduction. He disgusted me much while with him, for when a horrid blowfly, bloated with some carrion food, buzzed into the room, he caught it, held it exultantly for a few moments between his finger and thumb, and before I knew what he was going to do, put it in his mouth and ate it. I scolded him for it but he argued quietly that it was very good and very wholesome, that it was life, strong life, and gave life to him. This gave me an idea, or the rudiment of one. I must watch how he gets rid of his spiders. He has evidently some deep problem in his mind, for he keeps a little notebook in which he is always jotting down something whole pages of it are filled with masses of figures, generally single numbers added up in batches, and then the totals added in batches again, as though he were focussing some account, as the auditors put it.

8 July,

There is a method in his madness, and the rudimentary idea in my mind is growing. It will be a whole idea soon, and then, oh, unconscious cerebration, you will have to give the wall to thy conscious bro. I kept away from my friend for a few days, so that I might notice if there were any change. Things remain as they were except that he has parted with some of his pets and got a new one. He has managed to get a sparrow, and has already partially tamed it. His means of taming is simple, for already the spiders have diminished. Those that do remain however, are well fed, for he still brings in the flies by tempting them with his food.

CHAPTER XXI LOG OF THE DEMETER

Verna to Whitby:

18 July,

Written things so strange were happening, that I'd keep accurate note henceforth until we land. On 6 July, we finished taking in cargo, silver sand, and boxes of earth. At noon set sail. East wind, fresh, crew, five hands ... two mates, cook, and me, captain. On 11 July at dawn entered Bosphorus boarded by Turkish Customs officers, back shish. All correct, underway at 4PM. On 12 July through Dardanelles, more Customs officers and flag boat of guarding squadron, back shish again, work of officers thorough but quick. Want us off soon. At dark passed into Archipelago. On 13 July passed Cape Mattapan. Crew dissatisfied about something. Seemed scared but would not speak out. On 14 July's somewhat anxious about crew. Men all steady fellows who sailed with me before. Mate couldn't make out what's wrong. They only told him there's something and crossed themselves. Mate lost temper with one of them that day and struck him. Expected fierce quarrel but all was quiet. On 16 July mate reported in the morning that one of the crew, Petrovsky's missing. Couldn't account for it, took larboard watch eight bells last night's relieved by Amramoff but didn't go to bunk, men more downcast than ever. All said they expected something of the kind but wouldn't say more than there's something aboard. Mate getting very impatient with them, feared some trouble ahead. On 17 July yesterday, one of the men, Olgaren, came to my cabin and in an awestruck way confided to me that he thought there's a strange man aboard the ship. He said that in his watch he'd been sheltering behind the deckhouse, as there's a rainstorm when he saw a tall, thin man who's unlike any of the crew, come up the companionway go along the deck forward and disappear. He followed cautiously but when he got to bows found none, and the hatchways were all closed. He's in a panic of superstitious fear and I'm afraid the

panic may spread. To allay it, I'll today search the entire ship carefully from stem to stern. Later in the day, I got together the whole crew and told them as they evidently thought there's someone in the ship; we'd search from stem to stern. First mate angry, said its folly, and to yield to such foolish ideas would demoralise the men and he'd engage to keep them out of trouble with the handspike. I let him take the helm while the rest began a thorough search, all keeping abreast with lanterns. We searched every corner. As there're only the big wooden boxes, no odd corners where a man'd hide. Men much relieved when search over and went back to work cheerfully. First mate scowled but said nothing.

CHAPTER XXII DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

19 July,

We are progressing. My friend has now a whole colony of sparrows, and his flies and spiders are almost obliterated. When I came in, he ran to me and said he wanted to ask me a great favour, a very, very great favour. as he spoke, he fawned on me like a dog. I asked him what it was, and he said, with a sort of rapture in his voice and bearing, "A kitten, a nice, little, sleek playful kitten, that I can play with, and teach, and feed, and feed, and feed!" I was prepared for this request; for I had noticed how his pets went on increasing in size and vivacity but I did not care that, his pretty family of tame sparrows should be wiped out in the same manner as the flies and spiders. So I said I would see about it, and asked him if he would not rather have a cat than a kitten. His eagerness betrayed him as he answered, "Oh, yes, I'd like a cat! I only asked for a kitten lest you'd refuse me a cat. None would refuse me a kitten, they'd?" I shook my head, and said that at present I feared it would not be possible but that I would see about it. His face fell, and I could see a warning of danger in it, for there was a sudden fierce, sidelong look that meant killing. The man is an undeveloped homicidal maniac. I shall test him with his present craving and see how it will work out, and then I shall know more. At 10 pm, I have visited him again and found him sitting in a corner brooding. When I came in, he threw himself on his knees before me and implored me to let him have a cat that his salvation depended upon it. I was firm, however, and told him that he could not have it, whereupon he went without a word, and sat down, gnawing his fingers, in the corner where I had found him. I shall see him in the morning early.

20 July,

I visited Renfield very early, before attendant went his rounds. Found him up and humming a tune. He was spreading out his sugar that he had saved, in the window, and was manifestly beginning his fly catching again, and beginning it cheerfully and with a good grace. I looked around for his birds, and not seeing them, asked him where they were. He replied, without turning round that they had all flown away. There were a few feathers about the room and on his pillow a drop of blood. I said nothing but went and told the keeper to report to me if there were anything odd about him during the day. At 11AM, the attendant has just been to see me to say that Renfield has been very sick and has disgorged a whole lot of feathers, "My belief's, doctor," he said, "that he's eaten his birds, and that he just took and ate them raw!"

At 11^{PM}, I gave Renfield a strong opiate tonight, enough to make even him sleep, and took away his pocketbook to look at it. The thought that has been buzzing about my brain lately is complete, and the theory proved. My homicidal maniac is of a peculiar kind. I shall have to invent a new classification for him, and call him a zoo-phagous, life-eating maniac. What he desires is to absorb as many lives as he can, and he has laid himself out to achieve it in a cumulative way. He gave many flies to one spider and many spiders to one bird, and then wanted a cat to eat the many birds. What'd have been his later steps? It would almost be worthwhile to complete the experiment. It might be done if there were only a sufficient cause. Men sneered at vivisection, and yet look at its results today! Why not advance science in its most difficult and vital aspect, the knowledge of the brain? Had I even the secret of one such mind, did I hold the key to the fancy of even one lunatic, I might advance my own branch of science to a pitch compared with which Burdon-Sanderson's physiology or Ferrier's brain knowledge would be as nothing. If only, there're sufficient causes! I must not think too much of this, or I may be tempted. A good cause might turn the scale with me, for Mayn't I too be of an exceptional brain, congenitally? How well the man reasoned. Lunatics always do within their own scope. I wonder at how many lives he values a man or if at only one. He has closed the account most accurately, and today begun a new record. How many of us begin a new record with each day of our lives? To me it seems only yesterday that my whole life ended with my new hope, and that truly I began a new record. So it shall be until the Great Recorder sums me up and closes my ledger account with a balance to profit or loss. Oh, Lucy, Lucy, I cannot be angry with you, nor can I be angry with my friend whose happiness is thine but I must only wait on hopeless and work, work, work! If I could have as strong a cause as my poor, mad friend there could a good, and unselfish cause to make me work, that would be indeed happiness.

CHAPTER XXIII LOG OF THE DEMETER

22 July,

Rough weather last three days and all hands busy with sails, no time to be frightened, and men seem to have forgotten their dread. Mate cheerful again and all on good terms, praised men for work in bad weather. Passed Gibraltar and out through Straits. All well.

24 July,

There seems some doom over this ship. Already a hand short, entering the Bay of Biscay with wild weather ahead and yet last night another man lost, disappeared. Like the first, he came off his watch. He's not seen again. Men all in a panic of fear sent a round robin, asking to have double watch as they fear to be alone. Mate angry. Fear there'll be some trouble as either he or the men'll do some violence.

CHAPTER XXIV MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

24 July,

Whitby:

Lucy met me at the station, looking sweeter and lovelier than ever, and we drove up to the house at the Crescent in which they have rooms. This is a lovely place. The little river, the Esk, runs through a deep valley that broadens out as it comes near the harbour. A great viaduct runs across, with high piers through which the view seems somehow further away than it really is. The valley is beautifully green, and it is so steep that when you are on the high land on either side you look right across it unless one is near enough to see down. The houses of the old town – the side away from us, are all red-roofed, and seem piled up one over the other anyhow like the pictures we see of Nuremberg. Right over the town is the ruin of Whitby Abbey that was sacked by the Danes, and which is the scene of part of Marmion, where the girl was built up in the wall. It is a most noble ruin, of immense size, and full of beautiful and romantic bits. There is a legend that a white woman is seen in one of the windows. Between it and the town there is another church, the parish one, round that is a big graveyard, all full of tombstones. This is to my mind the nicest spot in Whitby, for it lies right over the town, and has a full view of the harbour and all up the bay to where the headland called Kettleness stretches out into the sea. It descends so steeply over the harbour, that part of the bank has fallen away, and some of the graves have been destroyed. In one place, part of the stonework of the graves stretches out over the sandy pathway far below. There are walks, with seats beside them, through the churchyard, and people go and sit there all day long looking at the beautiful view and enjoying the breeze. I shall come and sit here often work myself. Indeed, I am writing now, with my book on my knee, and listening to the talk of three old men who are sitting beside me. They seem to do nothing all day but sit here and talk. The harbour lies below me, with, on the far side, one long granite wall stretching out into the sea, with a curve outwards at the end of it, in the middle of which is a lighthouse. A heavy seawall runs along outside of it. On the near side, the seawall makes an elbow crooked inversely, and its end too has a lighthouse. Between the two piers, a narrow opening into the harbour then suddenly widens. It is nice at high water but when the tide is out it shoals away to nothing, and there is merely the stream of the Esk, running between banks of sand, with rocks here and there. Outside the harbour on this side, there rises for about half a mile a great reef, the sharp of which runs straight out from behind the south lighthouse. At the end of it is a buoy with a bell that swings in bad weather, and sends in a mournful sound on the

wind. They have a legend here that when a ship is lost bells are heard out at sea. I must ask the old man about this. He is coming this way ... he is a funny old man. He must be very old, for his face is gnarled and twisted like the bark of a tree. He tells me that he is nearly a hundred and that he was a sailor in the Greenland fishing fleet when Waterloo was fought. He is, I am afraid, a very sceptical person, for when I asked him about the bells at sea, the White Lady at the abbey, he said very brusquely, "I'd not fish me about them, miss. Those things're all wore out. Mind, I don't say that they're never but I do say that they're not in my time. They're all very well for comers, trippers, and the like but not for a nice young woman like you. Those feet-folks from York and Leeds that be always eating cured herrings and drinking tea and looking out to buy cheap jet'd creed aught. I wonder me who'd be bothered telling lies to them even the newspapers that's full of fool-talk." I thought he would be a good person to learn interesting things from, so I asked him if he would mind telling me something about the whale fishing in the old days. He was just settling himself to begin when the clock struck six whereupon he laboured to get up and said, "I must gang Aegean-wards home now, miss. My granddaughter doesn't like to be kept waiting when the tea's ready for it takes me time to crumble a-boon the greens, for there be a many of them, and miss, I lack belly-timber surely by the clock." He hobbled away, and I could see him hurrying, as well as he could, down the steps. The steps are a great feature on the place. They lead from the town to the church, there are hundreds of them, I do not know how many, and they wind up in a delicate curve. The slope is so gentle that a horse could easily walk up and down them. I think they must originally have had something to do with the abbey. I shall go home too. Lucy went out, visiting with her mom and as they were only duty calls, I did not go.

26 July,

I am anxious, and it soothes me to express me here. It is like whispering to one's self and listening at the same time. something about the shorthand symbols makes it different from writing. I am unhappy about Lucy and about Jonathan. I had not heard from Jonathan for some time, and was very concerned but yesterday dear Mr. Hawkins, who is always so kind, sent me a letter from him. I had written asking him if he had heard, and he said the enclosed had just been received. It is only a line dated from Castle Dracula, and says that he is just starting for home. That is not like Jonathan. I do not understand it, and it makes me uneasy. Then, too, Lucy, although she is so well, has lately taken to her old habit of walking in her sleep. Her mom has spoken to me about it, and we have decided that I am to lock the door of our room every night. Mrs. Westenra has got an idea that sleep-walkers always go out on roofs of houses and along the edges of cliffs and then get suddenly wakened and fall over with a despairing cry that echoes all over the place. Poor dear, she is naturally anxious about Lucy, and she tells me that her husband, Lucy's dad, had the same habit, that he would get up in the night and dress himself and go out, if he were not stopped. Lucy is to be married in the autumn, and she is already planning her dresses, how her house is to be arranged. I sympathise with her, for I do the same, only Jonathan and I will start in life in a very simple way, and shall have to try to make both ends meet. Mr. Holmwood, he is the Hon. Arthur Holmwood, only son of Lord Godalming, is coming up here very shortly, as soon as he can leave town for his dad is unwell and I think dear Lucy is counting the moments until he comes. She wants to take him up in the seat on the churchyard cliff and show him the beauty of Whitby. I daresay the waiting disturbs her. She will be all right when he arrives.

27 July,

No news from Jonathan, I am getting quite uneasy about him, though why I should I do not know but I do wish that he would write, if it were only a single line. Lucy walks more than ever and each night I am awakened by her moving about the room. Fortunately, the weather is so hot that she cannot get cold. But still, the anxiety and the perpetually being awakened are beginning to tell on me, and I am getting nervous and wakeful myself. Thank Lord, Lucy's health keeps up. Mr. Holmwood has been suddenly called to Ring to see his dad who has been taken seriously ill. Lucy frets at the postponement of seeing him but it does not touch her looks. She is a trifle stouter, and her cheeks are a lovely rose pink. She has lost the anaemic look that she had. I pray it will all last.

CHAPTER XXV LOG OF THE DEMETER

28 July,

Four days in hell, knocking about in a sort of maelstrom, and the wind a tempest, no sleep for anyone, men all worn out. Hardly know how to set a watch, since none fit to go on. Second mate volunteered to steer and watch and let men snatch a few hours sleep. Wind abating, seas still terrific but feel them less as ship's steadier.

29 July,

Another tragedy: had single watch tonight, as crew too tired to double, when morning watch came on deck could find none except steersman. Raised outcry, and all came on deck. Thorough searches but none found, are now without second mate, and crew in a panic. Mate and I agreed to go armed henceforth and wait for any sign of cause.

30 July,

Last night. Rejoiced we're nearing England. Weather fine, all sails set. Retired worn out, slept soundly, awakened by mate telling me that both staff of watch and steersman missing. Only self and mate and two hands left to work ship.

1 August,

2 days of fog and not a sail sighted. I'd hoped when in the English Channel to be able to signal for help or get in somewhere, not having power to work sails, have to run before wind, daren't lower, as couldn't raise them again. We seem to be drifting to some terrible doom. Mate now more demoralised than either of men were. His stronger nature seems to have worked inwardly against him. Men are beyond fear, working stolidly and patiently with minds made up to worst. They're Russian, he Romanian.

CHAPTER XXVI MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

1 August,

I came up here an hour ago with Lucy, and we had a most interesting talk with my old friend and the two others who always come and join him. He is evidently the Sir Oracle of them, and I should think must have been in his time a most dictatorial person. He will not admit anything, and down faces everyone. If he can't out-argue them, he bullies them, and then takes their silence for agreement with his views. Lucy was looking sweetly pretty in her white lawn frock. She has a beautiful colour since she has been here. I noticed that the old men did not lose any time in coming and sitting near her when we sat down. She is so sweet with old people; I think they all fell in love with her on the spot. Even my old man succumbed and did not contradict her but gave me double share instead. I got him on the subject of the legends, and he went off at once into a sort of sermon. I must try to recall it and put it down. "It be all fool-talk, lock, stock, and barrel that's what it be and now else. This bans, wafts, boo-ghosts, barguests, boggles, and all anent them's only fit to set brains and dizzy women a-badgering. They're now but air-blebs. They, and all grim and signs and warnings, be all invented by parsons and ill some berk-bodies and railway tooters to scare and scanner Halfings, and to get folks to do something that they don't other incline to. It makes me ireful to think o' them. Why, it's they that un-content with printing lies on paper and preaching them out of pulpits, does wanna be cutting them on the tombstones. Look here, all around you in what're you'll. All them stones, holding up their heads as well as they can out of their pride's a-cant, simply tumbling down with the weight o' the lies wrote on them, here lies the body or sacred to the memory wrote on all of them, and yet in nigh half of them there's been no bodies at all, and the memories of them's been cared a pinch of snuff about, much less sacred, lies, all of them, nothing but lies of one kind, or another! My Lord but it'll be a queer scowderment at the Day of Judgment when they come tumbling up in their death-sparks, all grouped together and trying to drag their tombstones with them to prove how good they're, some of them trimming and dithering with their hands that dozed and slippery from lying in the sea that they can't even keep their gulp of them."

I could see from the old fellow's self-satisfied air and the way in which he looked round for the approval of his cronies that he was showing off, so I put in a word to keep him going. "Oh, Mr. Swales, you can't be serious. Surely these tombstones aren't all wrong?"

"Yabblins! There may be a poor few not wrong, saving where they make out the people too good, for there be folk that do think a balm-bowl be like the sea if only

it be their own. The whole thing's only lies. Now look you here. You come here a stranger, and you see this Kirk-Garth." I nodded, for I thought it better to assent, though I did not quite understand his dialect. I knew it had something to do with the church. He went on, "And you con-sate that all these stones be boon folk that be happened here, snood and snog?" I assented again. "Then that's just where the lie comes in. Why, there be scores of these lay beds that be tomb as old Dun's bacca-box on Fri-day night." He nudged one of his companions, and they all laughed, "And, my gig! How'd they be otherwise? Look at that one, the aptest abaft the bier-bank, read it!" I went over and read:

Edward Spencelagh,
Master mariner,
Murdered by pirates off the coast of Andres,
April 1854
Aged 30

When I came back, Mr. Swales went on, "Who brought him home, I wonder, to hap him here? Murdered off the coast of Andres, and you consented; his body lay under! Why, I'd name you a dozen whose bones lie in the Greenland seas above," he pointed northwards, "or where the currants may've drifted them. There're the stones around you. You can read the small print of the lies from here with thy young eyes. This Braithwaite Lowery, I knew his dad, lost in the lively off Greenland in eighteen-twenty, Andrew Woodhouse, drowned in the same seas in seventeen-seventy-seven, or John Paxton, drowned off Cape Farewell a year later, or old John Rawlings, whose grandpa sailed with me, drowned in the Gulf of Finland in eighteen-fifty. Do you think that all these men'll've to make a rush to Whitby when the trumpet sounds? I've me anterooms about it! I tell you that when they got here they'd be jumbling and jostling one another that way that it'd be like a fight up on the ice in the old days, when we'd be at one another from daylight to dark, and trying to tie up our cuts by the aurora borealis."

This was evidently local pleasantry, for the old man cackled over it, and his cronies joined in with gusto. "But," I said, "surely you're quite incorrect, for you start on the assumption that all the poor people'll, or their spirits, have to take their tombstones with them on the Day of Judgment, do you think that'll be really necessary?"

"Well, what else they're tombstones for? Answer me that, miss!"

"To please their relatives, I suppose."

"To please their relatives, you suppose!" This he said with intense scorn. "How'll it pleasure their relatives to know that lies're written over them, and that everyone in the place knows that they be lies?" He pointed to a stone at our feet that had been laid down as a slab, on which the seat was rested, close to the edge of the cliff. "Read the lies on that trough-stone," he said. The letters were upside down to me from where I sat but Lucy was more opposite to them, so she leant over and read:

Sacred to the memory of George Canon who died in the hope of a glorious resurrection on 29 July 1873 falling from the rocks at Kettleness, this tomb's erected by his sorrowing mom to her dearly beloved son. He's the only son of his mom and she's a widow.

"Really, Mr. Swales, I see nothing very funny in that!"

She spoke her comment very gravely and somewhat severely. "You don't see aught funny! Ha-ha! But that's because you don't gawk the sorrowing mom's a hellicat that hated him because he's crewed, a regular limiter he's, and he hated her so that he committed suicide in order that she mightn't get an insurance she put on his life. He blew nigh the top of his head off with an old musket that they'd for scaring crows. It weren't for crows then, for it brought the clogs and the dopes to him. The way he fell off the rocks. And, as to hopes of a glorious resurrection, I've often heard him say myself that he hoped he'd go to hell, for his mom's so pious that she'd be sure to go to heaven, and he didn't wanna addle where she's. Now isn't that stain at any rate," he hammered it with his stick as he spoke, "a pack of lies? And won't it make Gabriel cackle when Geordie comes panting with the grebes with the tombstone balanced on his hump, and asks to be took as evidence!"

I did not know what to say but Lucy turned the conversation as she said, rising up, "Oh, why did you tell us of this? It's my favourite seat, and I can't leave it, and now I find I must go on sitting over the grave of a suicide."

"That won't harm you, my pretty, and it may make poor Geordie gladsome to have so trimmed a lass sitting on his lap. That won't hurt you. Why, I've sat here off and on for nigh two decades past and it's done me no harm. Don't you fish about them as lies under you, or that doesn't lie there! It'll be time for you to be getting scared when you see the tombstones all run away with, and the place as bare as a stubble-field. There's the clock, and I must gang, my service to you, ladies!"

And off he hobbled. Lucy and I sat awhile, and it was all so beautiful before us that we took hands as we sat, and she told me all over again about Arthur and their coming marriage. That made me just a little heartsick, for I have not heard from Jonathan for a whole month. I came up here alone, for I am very sad. There was no letter for me. I hope there can be nothing the matter with Jonathan. The clock has just struck nine. I see the lights scattered all over the town, sometimes in rows where the streets are, and sometimes singly. They run right up the Esk and die away in the curve of the valley. To my left the view is cut off by a black line of roof of the old house next to the abbey. The sheep and lambs are bleating in the fields away behind me, and there is a clatter of donkeys' hoofs up the paved road below. The band on the pier is playing a harsh waltz in good time, and further along the quay there is a Salvation Army meeting in a back street. Neither of the bands hears the other but up here, I hear and see them both. I wonder where Jonathan's and if he's thinking of me! I wish he were here.

CHAPTER XXVII LOG OF THE DEMETER

2 August,

At midnight, I woke up from few minutes sleep by hearing a cry, seemingly outside my port, could see nothing in fog. Rushed on deck and ran against mate. Tells me he heard cry and ran but no sign of man on watch. One more gone, Lord, help us! Mate says we must be past Straits of Dover, as in a moment of fog lifting he saw North Foreland just as he heard the man cry out. If so we're now off in the North Sea, only Lord can guide us in the fog that seems to move with us, and Lord seems to have deserted us.

3 August,

At midnight, I went to relieve the man at the wheel, when I got to it found none there. The wind's steady and as we ran before it there was no yawing. I daren't leave it, so shouted for the mate. After a few seconds, he rushed up on deck in his flannels. He looked wild-eyed and haggard, and I greatly fear his reason has given way. He came close to me and whispered hoarsely with his mouth to my ear as though fearing the very air might hear. "It's here. I know it now. On the watch last night, I saw it, like a man, tall and thin, and ghastly pale. It's in the bows and looking out. I crept behind it and gave it my knife but the knife went through it, empty as the air." And as he spoke, he took the knife and drove it savagely into space. Then he went on, "But it's here, and I'll find it. It's in the hold, perhaps in one of those boxes. I'll unscrew them one by one and see. You work the helm." And with a warning look and his finger on his lip, he went below. There's springing up a choppy wind and I'd not leave the helm. I saw him come out on deck again with a tool chest and lantern and go down the forward hatchway. He's mad, stark, raving mad, and it's no use my trying to stop him. He can't hurt those big boxes, they're invoiced as clay, and to pull them about's as harmless a thing as he can do. So here I stay and mind the helm and write these notes. I can only trust in Lord and wait until the fog clears. Then if I can steer to no harbour with the wind that's, I'll cut down sails, lie by, and signal for help ... it's nearly all over now. Just as I was beginning to hope that the mate'd come out calmer for I heard him knocking away at something in the hold and work's good for him, there came up the hatchway a sudden, startled scream that made my blood run cold and up on the deck he came as if shot from a gun, a raging lunatic with his eyes rolling and his face convulsed with fear. "Save me! Save me!" he cried, and then looked round on the blanket of fog. His horror turned to despair, and in a steady voice he said, "You'd better come too, captain, before it's too late. He's there! I know the secret now. The sea'll save me from him, and it's all that's left!" Before I'd say a word or move forward to seize him, he sprang on the bulwark and deliberately threw himself into the sea. I suppose I know the secret too, now. It's this lunatic who'd got rid of the men one by one and now he's followed them himself. Lord

helps me! How I'm to account for all these horrors when I must port, when I get to port, that'll ever be?

CHAPTER IXXX MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

3 August,

Another week gone by and no news from Jonathan, not even to Mr. Hawkins from whom I have heard, oh, I do hope he is not ill. He surely would have written. I look at that last letter of his but somehow it does not satisfy me. It does not read like him, and yet it is his writing. There is no mistake of that. Lucy has not walked much in her sleep the last week but an odd concentration about her I do not understand, even in her sleep, she seems to be watching me. She tries the door, and finding it locked, goes about the room searching for the key.

CHAPTER XXIX LOG OF THE DEMETER

4 August,

Still fog that the sunrise can't pierce, I know there's sunrise because I'm a sailor and why else I know not. I daren't go below or leave the helm so here all night I stayed and in the dimness of the night, I saw it: Him! Lord forgives me but the mate's right to jump overboard. It's better to die like a man. To die like a sailor in blue water, no man can object. But I'm captain and I mustn't leave my ship. But I'll baffle this fiend or monster for I'll tie my hands to the wheel when my strength begins to fail and along with them I'll tie that which He, It, daren't touch. then, come good wind or foul, I'll save my soul, and honour as a captain. I'm growing weaker and the night's coming on. If He can look me in the face again, I mayn't have time to act ... if we're wrecked, mayhap this bottle may be found, and those who find it may understand. If not ... well, then all men'll know that I've been true to my trust. Lord help a poor ignorant soul trying to do his duty ... of course, the verdict's an open one.

CHAPTER XXX MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

6 August,

Another three days, and no news, this suspense is getting dreadful. If I only knew where to write to or where to go to, I should feel easier. But none has heard a word of Jonathan since that last letter. I must only pray to Lord for patience. Lucy is more excitable than ever but is otherwise well. Last night was very threatening, and the anglers say that we are in for a storm. I must try to watch it and learn the weather signs. Today is a grey day, and the sun as I write is hidden in thick clouds, high over Kettleness. Everything is grey except the green grass that seems like emerald amongst it, grey earthy rock, grey clouds, tinged with the sunburst at the far edge, hang over the grey sea, into which the sand-points stretch like grey figures. The sea is tumbling in over the shallows and the sandy flats with a roar, muffled in the sea mists drifting inland. The horizon is lost in a grey mist. All vastness, the clouds are piled up like giant rocks, and there is a brool over the sea that sounds like some passage of doom. Dark figures are on the beach here and there, sometimes half shrouded in the mist, and seem men like trees walking. The fishing boats are racing for home. They rise and dip in the ground swell as they sweep into the harbour, bending to the scuppers. Here comes old Mr. Swales. He is making straight for me, and I can see, by the way he lifts his hat, that he wants to talk. I have been quite touched by the change in the poor old man. When he sat down beside me, he said in a very gentle way, "I wanna say something to you, miss." I could see he was not at ease, so I took his poor old wrinkled hand in mine and asked him to speak fully. So he said, leaving his hand in mine, "I'm afraid, my dear, that I must've shocked you by all the wicked things I've been saying about the dead, and such like, for weeks past but I didn't mean them, and I want you to recall that when I'm gone. We odd folks that be baffled and with one foot abaft the croc-hole, don't altogether like to think of it, and we don't wanna feel scared of it, and that's why I've took to making light of it, so that I'd cheer up my own heart a bit. But, Lord love you, miss, I'm not afraid of dying; not a bit, only I don't wanna die if I can help it. My time must be nigh at hand now, for I be odd, and a century's too much for any man to expect. I'm so nigh it that the Odd Man's already whetting his scythe. You see, I can't get out of the habit of cuffing about it all at once. The shafts'll wag as they're used to. Someday soon, the Angel of Death'll sound his trumpet for me. But don't you duel and greet, my dear!" – For he saw that I was crying – "if he'd come this very night I'd not refuse to answer his call. For life be, after all, only a waiting for something else than what we're doing, and death be all that we can rightly depend on. But I'm content, for its coming to me, my dear, and coming quick. It may be coming while we be looking and wondering. Maybe it's in that wind out over the sea that's bringing with it loss, wreck, sore distress, and sad hearts. Look! Look!" he cried suddenly. "There's something in that wind and in the host beyond that sounds, looks, tastes, and smells like death. It's in the air. I feel it coming. Lord, make me answer cheerful, when my call comes!" He held up his arms devoutly, and raised his hat. His mouth moved as though he were praying. After a few minutes' silence, he got up, shook hands with me, blessed me, said goodbye, and hobbled off. It all touched me, and upset me very much. I was glad when the coastguard came along, with his spyglass under his arm. He stopped to talk with me, as he always does but all the time kept looking at a strange ship. "I can't make her out," he said. "She's a Russian by the look of her. But she's knocking about in the queerest way. She doesn't know her mind a bit. She seems to see the storm coming but can't decide whether to run up north in the open or to put in here. Look there again! She's steered very strangely for she doesn't mind the hand on the wheel, changes about with every puff of wind. We'll hear more of her before this time tomorrow."

8 August,

Lucy was very restless all night, and I too, could not sleep. The storm was fearful, and as it boomed loudly among the chimney pots, it made me shudder. When a sharp puff came, it seemed to be like a distant gun. Strangely enough, Lucy did not wake but she got up twice and dressed herself. Fortunately, each time I awoke in time and managed to undress her without waking her, and got her back to bed. It is a very strange thing, this sleep-walking, for as soon as her will is thwarted in any physical way, her intention, if there be any, disappears, and she yields herself almost exactly to the routine of her life. Early in the morning, we both got up and went down to the harbour to see if anything had happened in the night. There were very few people about, and though the sun was bright, and the air clear and fresh, the big, grim-looking waves, that seemed dark themselves because the foam that topped them was like snow, forced themselves in through the mouth of the harbour, like a bullying man going through a crowd. Somehow, I felt glad that Jonathan was not on the sea last night but on land. But, oh, he's on land or sea? Where's he and how? I'm getting fearfully anxious about him, if I only knew what to do, and I'd do anything!

CHAPTER XXXI CUTTING FROM *THE DAILYGRAPH*

8 August

Whitby:

From a correspondent: One of the greatest and most sudden storms on record's just been experienced here, with results both strange and unique. The weather'd been somewhat sultry but to any degree common in the month of August. Saturday evening's as fine as was ever known, and the great body of holiday-makers laid out yesterday for visits to Mulgrave Woods, Robin Hood's Bay, Rig Mill, Runswick, Staithes, and the various trips in the neighbourhood of Whitby. The steamers Emma and Scarborough made trips up and down the coast, and there's an unusual amount of tripping both to and from Whitby. The day's unusually fine until the afternoon, when some of the gossips who frequent the East Cliff churchyard and from the commanding eminence watch the wide sweep of sea visible to the north and east, called attention to a sudden show of mares tails high in the sky to the northwest. The wind's then blows from the southwest in the mild degree that in barometrical language's ranked No. 2, light breeze. The coastguard on duty at once made report, and one old angler, who for more than half a century's kept watch on weather signs from the East Cliff, foretold in an emphatic manner the coming of a sudden storm. The approach of sunset's so very beautiful, so grand in its masses of splendidly coloured clouds, that there's quite an assemblage on the walk along the cliff in the old churchyard to enjoy the beauty. Before the sun dipped below the black mass of Kettleness, standing boldly athwart the western sky, its downward way's marked by myriad clouds of every sunset colour,

flame, purple, pink, green, violet, and all the tints of gold, with here and there masses not large but of seemingly absolute blackness, in all sorts of shapes as well outlined as colossal silhouettes. The experience was not lost on the painters, and doubtless, some of the sketches of the Prelude to the Great Storm will grace the R.A. R. I. walls in May next. More than one captain made up his mind immediately that his cobble or his mule'd as they term the different classes of boats, remain in the harbour until the storm'd passed. The wind fell away entirely during the evening, and at midnight, there's a dead calm, sultry heat, and that prevailing intensity that, on the approach of thunder, affects persons of a sensitive nature. There're but few lights in sight at sea, for even the coasting steamers that usually hug the shore so closely, kept well to seaward, and but few fishing boats were in sight. The only sail noticeable's a foreign schooner with all sails set that's seemingly going westwards. The foolhardiness or ignorance of her officers was a prolific theme for comment whilst she remained in sight, and efforts were made to signal her to reduce sail in the face of her danger. Before the night shut down, she's seen with sails idly flapping as she gently rolled on the undulating swell of the sea, as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. Shortly before ten o'clock, the stillness of the air grew quite oppressive, and the silence's so marked that the bleating of a sheep inland or the barking of a dog in the town's distinctly heard, and the band on the pier's, with its lively French air, like a discord in the great harmony of nature's silence. A little after midnight came a strange sound from over the sea, and high overhead the air began to carry a strange, faint, hollow booming. Then without warning, the tempest broke. With a rapidity that, at the time, seemed incredible, and even afterwards is impossible to realise, the whole aspect of nature at once became convulsed. The waves rose in growing fury, each over-topping its fellow, until in a very few minutes the lately glassy sea was like a roaring and devouring monster. White-crested waves beat madly on the level sands and rushed up the shelving cliffs. Others broke over the piers, and with their spume swept the althorns of the lighthouses that rise from the end of either pier of Whitby Harbour. The wind roared like thunder, and blew with such force that it's with difficulty that even strong men kept their feet, or clung with grim clasp to the iron stanchions. It's found necessary to clear the entire pier from the mass of onlookers, or else the fatalities of the night would've increased manifold. To add to the difficulties and dangers of the time, masses of sea fog came drifting inland. White, wet clouds that swept by in ghostly fashion, so dank and damp and cold that it needed but little effort of imagination to think that the spirits of those lost at sea were touching their living brethren with the clammy hands of death, and many a one shuddered as the wreaths of sea-mist swept by. At times the mist cleared, and the sea for some distance could be seen in the glare of the lightning that came thick and fast, followed by such peals of thunder that the whole sky overhead seemed trembling under the shock of the footsteps of the storm. Some of the scenes thus revealed were of immeasurable grandeur and of absorbing interest. The sea, running mountains high, threw skywards with each wave mighty masses of white foam that the tempest seemed to snatch at and whirl away into space; here and there, a fishing boat, with a rag of sail, running madly for shelter before the blast, now and again the white wings of a storm-tossed seabird. On the summit of the East Cliff, the new searchlight's ready for experiment but it'd not been tried. The officers in charge of it got it into working order, and in the pauses of onrushing mist swept with it the surface of the sea. Once or twice, its service's most effective, as when a fishing boat, with gunwale under water, rushed into the harbour, able, by the guidance of the sheltering light, to avoid the danger of dashing against the piers. As each boat achieved the safety of the port there's a shout of joy from the mass of people on the shore, a shout that seemed to cleave the gale for a moment and it was then swept away in its rush. Before long the searchlight discovered some distance away a schooner with all sails set, apparently the same vessel that'd been noticed earlier in the evening. The wind'd backed to the east by this time, and there's a shudder amongst the watchers on the cliff as they realised the terrible danger in which she's now. Between her and the port lay the great flat reef on which so many good ships have from time to time suffered, and with the wind blowing from its present quarter, I'd be quite impossible that she'd fetch the entrance of the harbour. It's now nearly the hour of high tide but the waves were so great that in their troughs, the shallows of the shore were almost visible, and the schooner's, with all sails set, rushing with such speed that in the words of one old salt, she must fetch up somewhere, if it's only in hell. Then came another rush of sea-fog, greater than any hereto, a mass of dank mist that seemed to close on all things like a grey pall, and left available to men only the organ of hearing, for the roar of the tempest, and the crash of the thunder, and the booming of the mighty billows came through the damp oblivion even louder than before. The rays of the searchlight were kept fixed on the harbour mouth across the East Pier, where the shock's expected, and men waited breathless. The wind suddenly shifted to the northeast, and the remnant of the sea fog melted in the blast. then, mirabilis dictu, between the piers, leaping from wave to wave as it rushed at headlong speed, swept the strange schooner before the blast, with all sail set, and gained the safety of the harbour. The searchlight followed her, and a shudder ran through all who saw her, for lashed to the helm's a corpse with drooping head that swung horribly back and forth at each motion of the ship. No other form'd be seen on the deck at all. A great awe came on all as they realised that the ship'd, as if by a miracle, found the harbour, un-steered save by the hand of a dead man! However, all took place more quickly than it takes to write these words. The schooner paused not but rushing across the harbour, pitched herself on that accumulation of sand and gravel washed by many tides and many storms into the southeast corner of the pier jutting under the East Cliff, known locally as Tate Hill Pier. There's of course a considerable concussion as the vessel drove up on the sand heap. Every spar, rope, and stay was strained, and some of the top-hammer came crashing down. But, strangest of all, the very instant the shore's touched, an immense dog sprang up on deck from below, as if shot up by the concussion, and running forward, jumped from the bow on the sand. Making straight for the steep cliff, where the churchyard hangs over the laneway to the East Pier so steeply that some of the flat tombstones, through-stones or through-stones, as they call them in Whitby vernacular, actually project over where the sustaining cliff's fallen away, it disappeared in the darkness that seemed intensified just beyond the focus of the searchlight. It so happened that there's none now on Tate Hill Pier, as all those whose houses are in either close proximity were in bed or were out on the heights above. Thus the coastguard on duty on the eastern side of the harbour's, who at once ran down to the little pier, the first to climb aboard it. The men working the searchlight, after scouring the entrance of the harbour seeing nothing, then turned the light on the derelict and kept it there. The coastguard ran aft, and when he came beside the wheel, bent over to examine it, and recoiled at once as though under some sudden emotion. This seemed to pique general curiosity, and quite a number of people began to run. It is a good way round from the West Cliff by the Drawbridge to Tate Hill Pier but thy correspondent is a good runner, and came well ahead of the crowd. When I arrived, however, I found already assembled on the pier a crowd, whom the coastguard and police refused to allow coming on-board. By the courtesy of the chief boatman, I was, as thy correspondent, permitted to climb on deck, and was one of a small group who saw the dead seaman whilst actually lashed to the wheel. It's no wonder that the coastguard's surprised, or even awed, for not often can such a sight have been seen. The man's simply fastened by his hands, tied one over the other, to a spoke of the wheel. Between the inner hand and the wood's a crucifix, the set of beads on which it's fastened being around both wrists and wheel, and all kept fast by the binding cords. The poor fellow may've been seated at one time but the flapping and buffeting of the sails had worked through the rudder of the wheel and had dragged him back and forth, so that the cords with which he's tied had cut the flesh to the bone. Accurate note's made of the state of things, and a doctor, Surgeon J. M. Caffyn, of 33, East Elliot Place, who came immediately after me, declared, after making examination, that the man must've been dead for quite two days. In his pocket's a bottle, carefully corked, empty save for a little roll of paper that proved the addendum to the log. The coastguard said the man must've tied up his own hands, fastening the knots with his teeth. The fact that a coastguard's the first on board May save some complications later on, in the Admiralty Court, for coastguards can't claim the salvage that's the right of the first civilian entering on a derelict. Already, however, the legal tongues are wagging, and one young law student's loudly asserting that the rights of the owner are already completely sacrificed, his property being held in contravention of the statutes of mortmain, since the tiller, as emblem-ship's, if not proof, of delegated possession, held in a dead hand. The dead steersman's been reverently removed from the place where he held his honourable watch and ward until death, a steadfastness as noble as that of the young Casablanca, and placed in the mortuary to await inquest. Already the sudden storm is passing, and its fierceness's abating. Crowds are scattering backward, and the sky's beginning to redden over the Yorkshire woods. I'll send, in time for thy next issue, further details of the derelict ship that found her way so miraculously into harbour in the storm. There's no evidence to adduce and whether or not the man himself committed the murders there's now none to say. The folk here hold almost universally that the captain's simply a hero and he's to be given a public funeral. Already it's arranged that his body be to be taken with a train of boats up the Esk for a piece and then brought back to Tate Hill Pier and up the abbey steps, for he's to be buried in the churchyard on the cliff. The owners of more than a hundred boats've already given in their names as wishing to follow him to the grave. No trace's ever been found of the great dog at which there's much mourning for with public opinion in its present state, I believe, he'd be adopted by the town. Tomorrow'll see the funeral and so will end this one more mystery of the sea.

9 August,

The sequel to the strange arrival of the derelict in the storm last night's almost more startling than the thing itself. It turns out that the schooner's Russian from Verna, and is called the Demeter. She's almost entirely in ballast of silver sand with only a small amount of cargo, a number of great wooden boxes filled with mould. This cargo's consigned to a Whitby solicitor, Mr. S.F. Belington, of 7, The Crescent, who this morning went aboard and took formal possession of the goods consigned to him. The Russian consul, too, acting for the charter-party, took formal possession of the ship, and paid all harbour dues, etc. Nothing's talked about here today except the strange coincidence. The officials of the Board of Trade have been most exacting in seeing that every compliance's been made with existing regulations. As the matter's to be a nine days wonder, they're evidently determined that there'll be no cause of other complaint. A good deal of interest's abroad concerning the dog that landed when the ship struck, and more than a few of the members of the SPCA that's very strong in Whitby, have tried to befriend the animal. To the general disappointment, however, it's not to be found. It seems to have disappeared entirely from the town. It maybe that it's frightened and made its way on to the moors where it's still hiding in terror. There're some who look with dread on such a possibility, lest later on it'd become a danger in itself for it's evidently a fierce brute. Early this morning a large dog's, a half-bred mastiff belonging to a coal merchant close to Tate Hill Pier, found dead in the roadway opposite its master's yard. It'd been fighting and manifestly had had a savage opponent for its throat's torn away and its belly's slit open as if with a savage claw. Later, by the kindness of the Board of Trade inspector, I've been permitted to look over the logbook of the Demeter that's in order up to within three days but contained nothing of special interest except as to facts of missing men. The greatest interest's, however, with regard to the paper found in the bottle that's today produced at the inquest, and a more strange narrative than the two between them unfold it's not been my lot to come across. As there's no motive for concealment, I'm permitted to use them, and accordingly send you a transcript, simply omitting technical details of seamanship and supercargo. It almost seems as though the captain'd been seized with some kind of mania before he'd well into blue water, and that this'd developed persistently throughout the voyage. Of course, my statement must be taken cum grano, since I'm writing from the dictation of a clerk of the Russian consul who kindly translated for me, time being short.

CHAPTER XXXII MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

10 August,

The funeral of the poor sea captain today was most touching. Every boat in the harbour seemed to be there, and the coffin was carried by captains all the way from Tate Hill Pier up to the churchyard. Lucy came with me, and we went early to our old seat, whilst the cortege of boats went up the river to the Viaduct and came down again. We had a lovely view, and saw the procession nearly all the way. The poor fellow was laid to rest near our seat so that we stood on it, when the time came and saw everything. Poor Lucy seemed much upset. She was restless and uneasy all the time, and I cannot but think that her dreaming at night is telling on her. She is quite odd in one thing. She will not admit to me that there is any cause for restlessness, or if there were, she does not understand it herself. There is an additional cause in that poor Mr. Swales was found dead this morning on our seat, his neck being broken. He had evidently fallen back in the seat in some sort of fright as the doctor said, for there was a look of fear and horror on his face that the men said made them shudder, poor dear old man! Lucy is so sweet and sensitive that she feels influences more acutely than other people do. Just now, she was quite upset by a little thing that I did not much heed, though I am myself very fond of animals. One of the men who came up here often to look for the boats was followed by his dog. The dog is always with him. They are both quiet persons, and I never saw the man angry, nor heard the dog bark. During the service, the dog would not come to its master, who was on the seat with us but kept a few yards off, barking and howling. Its master spoke to it gently, then harshly, and then angrily. But it would neither come nor cease to make a noise. It was in a fury, with its eyes savage, and all its hair bristling out like a cat's tail when puss is on the warpath. Finally, the man too got angry, and jumped down and kicked the dog, and then took it by the scruff of the neck and half dragged and half threw it on the tombstone on which the seat is fixed. The moment it touched the stone the poor thing began to tremble. It did not try to get away but crouched down, quivering and cowering, and was in such a pitiable state of terror that I tried, though without effect, to comfort it. Lucy was full of pity, too but she did not attempt to touch the dog but looked at it in an agonised sort of way. I greatly fear that she is of too super sensitive a nature to go through the world without trouble. She will be dreaming of this tonight, I am sure. The whole agglomeration of things, the ship steered into port by a dead man, his attitude, tied to the wheel with a crucifix and beads, the touching funeral, the dog, now furious and now in terror, all will afford material for her dreams. I think it will be best for her to go to bed tired out physically, so I shall take her for a long walk by the cliffs to Robin Hood's Bay and back. She ought not to have much inclination for sleepwalking then. At 11PM, Oh but I am tired! If it were not that, I had made my diary a duty I should not open it tonight. We had a lovely walk. Lucy, after a while, was in gay spirits, owing, I think, to some dear cows that came nosing towards us in a field close to the lighthouse, and frightened the wits out of us. I believe we forgot everything, except of course, personal fear, and it seemed to wipe the slate clean and give us a fresh start. We had a capital severe tea at Robin Hood's Bay in a sweet little old-fashioned inn, with a bow window right over the seaweed-covered rocks of the strand. I believe we should have shocked the New Woman with our appetites. Men are more tolerant; bless them! Then we walked home with some, or rather many, stoppages to rest, and with our hearts full of a constant dread of wild bulls. Lucy was tired, and we intended to creep off to bed as soon as we could. The young curate came in, however, and Mrs. Westenra asked him to stay for supper. Lucy and I had both a fight for it with the dusty miller. I know it was a hard fight on my part, and I am quite heroic. I think that some day the bishops must get together and see about breeding up a new class of curates, who don't take supper, no matter how hard they may be pressed to, and who will know when girls are tired. Lucy is asleep and breathing softly. She has more colours in her cheeks than usual, and looks, oh so sweet. If Mr. Holmwood fell in love with her seeing her only in the drawing room, I wonder what he would say if he saw her now. Some of the New Women writers will someday start an idea that men and women should be allowed to see each other asleep before proposing or accepting. But I suppose the New Woman won't condescend in future to accept. She will do the proposing herself. a nice job she will make of it too! There's some consolation in that. I am so happy tonight, because dear Lucy seems better. I really believe she has turned the corner, and that we are over her troubles with dreaming. I should be quite happy if I only knew if Jonathan ... Lord bless and keep him.

11 August,

Diary again, no sleep now, so I may as well write. I am too agitated to sleep. We have had such an adventure, such an agonising experience. I fell asleep as soon as I had closed my diary ... suddenly I became broad awake, and sat up, with a horrible sense of fear upon me, and of some feeling of emptiness around me. The room was dark, so I could not see Lucy's bed. I stole across and felt for her. The bed was empty. I lit a match and found that she was not in the room. The door was shut but not locked, as I had left it. I feared to wake her mom, who has been more than usually ill lately, so threw on some clothes and got ready to look for her. As I was leaving the room, it struck me that the clothes she wore might give me some clue to her dreaming intention. Dressing gown would mean house, dress outside. Dressing gown and dress were both in their places. Thank Lord, I said to myself, she can't be far, as she's only in her nightdress. I ran downstairs and looked in the sitting room, not there! Then I looked in all the other rooms of the house, with an ever-growing fear chilling my heart. Finally, I came to the hall door and found it open. It was not wide open but the catch of the lock had not caught. The people of the house are careful to lock the door every night, so I feared that Lucy must have gone out as she was. There was no time to think of what might happen. A vague over-mastering fear obscured all details. I took a big, heavy shawl and ran out. The clock was striking one as I was in the Crescent, and there was not a soul in sight. I ran along the North Terrace but could see no sign of the white figure that I expected. At the edge of the West Cliff above the pier I looked across the harbour to the East Cliff, in the hope or fear, I don't know which, of seeing Lucy in our favourite seat. A bright full moon, with heavy black, driving clouds threw the whole scene into a fleeting diorama of light and shade as they sailed across. For a moment or two, I could see nothing, as the shadow of a cloud obscured St. Mary's Church and all around it. Then as the cloud passed, I could see the ruins of the abbey coming into view, and as the edge of a narrow band of light as sharp as a sword-cut moved along, the church and churchyard became gradually visible. Whatever my expectation was, it was not disappointed, for there, on our favourite seat, the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, snowy white. The coming of the cloud was too quick for me to see much, for shadow shut down on light almost immediately but it seemed to me as though something dark stood behind the seat where the white figure shone, and bent over it. What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell. I did not wait to catch another glance but flew down the steep steps to the pier and along by the fish-market to the bridge that was the only way to reach the East Cliff. The town seemed

as dead, for not a soul did I see. I rejoiced that it was so, for I wanted no witness of poor Lucy's condition. The time and distance seemed endless, and my knees trembled and my breath came laboured as I toiled up the endless steps to the abbey. I must have gone fast, and yet it seemed to me as if my feet were weighted with lead, and as though every joint in my body were rusty. When I got almost to the top I could see the seat and the white figure, for I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the spells of shadow. There was undoubtedly something, long and black, bending over the half-reclining white figure. I called in fright, "Lucy! Lucy!" And something raised a head, and from where I was, I could see a white face and red, gleaming eyes. Lucy did not answer, and I ran on to the entrance of the churchyard. As I entered, the church was between the seat and me and for a minute or so; I lost sight of her. When I came in view again, the cloud had passed, and the moonlight struck so brilliantly that I could see Lucy half reclining with her head lying over the back of the seat. She was quite alone, and there was not a sign of any living thing about. When I bent over her, I could see that she was still asleep. Her lips were parted, and she was breathing, not softly as usual with her but in long, heavy gasps, as though striving to get her lungs full at every breath. As I came close, she put up her hand in her sleep and pulled the collar of her nightdress close around her, as though she felt the cold. I flung the warm shawl over her, and drew the edges tight around her neck, for I dreaded lest she should get some deadly chill from the night air, unclad as she was. I feared to wake her all at once, so, in order to have my hands free to help her; I fastened the shawl at her throat with a big safety pin. But I must have been clumsy in my anxiety and pinched or pricked her with it, for by-and-by, when her breathing became quieter; she put her hand to her throat again and moaned. When I had her carefully wrapped up, I put my shoes on her feet, and then began very gently to wake her. At first, she did not respond but gradually she became more and more uneasy in her sleep, moaning and sighing occasionally. At last, as time was passing fast, and for many other reasons, I wished to get her home at once, I shook her forcibly, until finally she opened her eyes and awoke. She did not seem surprised to see me, as, of course, she did not realise all at once where she was. Lucy always wakes prettily, and even at such a time, when her body must have been chilled with cold, and her mind somewhat appalled at waking unclad in a churchyard at night, she did not lose her grace. She trembled a little, and clung to me. When I told her to come at once with me home, she rose without a word, with the obedience of a child. As we passed along, the gravel hurt my feet, and Lucy noticed me wince. She stopped and wanted to insist upon my taking my shoes but I would not. However, when we got to the pathway outside the churchyard, where there was a puddle of water, remaining from the storm, I daubed my feet with mud, using each foot in turn on the other, so that as we went home, none, in case we should meet any one, should notice my bare feet. Fortune favoured us, and we got home without meeting a soul. Once we saw a man, who seemed not quite sober, passing along a street in front of us. But we hid in a door until he had disappeared up an opening such as there are here, steep little closes, or wynds, as they call them in Scotland. My heart beat so loud all the time sometimes I thought I should faint. I was filled with anxiety about Lucy, not only for her health, lest she should suffer from the exposure but for her reputation in case, the story should get wind. When we got in, we washed our feet, and said a prayer of thankfulness together; I tucked her into bed. Before falling asleep she asked, even implored, me not to say a word to any one, even her mom, about her sleepwalking adventure. I hesitated at first, to promise but on thinking of the state of her mom's health, and how the knowledge of such a thing would fret her, and think too, of how such a story might become distorted, nay, infallibly would, in case it should leak out, I thought it wiser to do so. I hope I did right. I have locked the door, and the key is tied to my wrist, so perhaps I shall not be again disturbed. Lucy is sleeping soundly. The reflex of the dawn is high and far over the sea ... at noon, all goes well. Lucy slept until I woke her and seemed not to have even changed her side. The adventure of the night does not seem to have harmed her; on the contrary, it has benefited her, for she looks better this morning than she has done for weeks. I was sorry to notice that my clumsiness with the safety pin hurt her. Indeed, it might have been serious, for the skin of her throat was pierced. I must have pinched up a piece of loose skin and have transfixed it, for there are two little red points like pin-pricks, and on the band of her nightdress was a drop of blood. When I apologised and was concerned about it, she laughed and petted me, and said she did not even feel it. Fortunately, it cannot leave a scar, as it is so tiny. That night, we passed a happy day. The air was clear, and the sun bright and there was a cool breeze. We took our lunch to Mulgrave Woods, Mrs. Westenra driving by the road and Lucy and I walking by the cliff-path and joining her at the gate. I felt a little sad myself; for I could not but feel how happy it would have been had Jonathan been with me but there! I must only be patient. In the evening, we strolled in the Casino Terrace, heard some good music by Spohr and Mackenzie, and went to bed early. Lucy seems more restful than she has been for some time, and fell asleep at once. I shall lock the door and secure the key the same, as before, though I do not expect any trouble tonight.

12 August,

My expectations were wrong, for twice during the night I was wakened by Lucy trying to get out. She seemed, even in her sleep, to be a little impatient at finding the door shut, and went back to bed under a sort of protest. I woke with the dawn, and heard the birds chirping outside of the window. Lucy woke, too, and I was glad to see, was even better than on the previous morning. All her old gaiety of manner seemed to have come back, and she came and snuggled in beside me and told me all about Arthur. I told her how anxious I was about Jonathan, and then she tried to comfort me. Well, she succeeded somewhat, for, though sympathy can't alter facts, it can make them more bearable.

CHAPTER XXXIII LETTER FROM SISTER AGATHA TO MISS WILLHELMINA MURRAY

St. Joseph and Mary Hospital, Budapest

12 August,

Dear Madam.

I write by desire of Mr. Jonathan Harker, who's himself not strong enough to write, though progressing well, thanks to Lord and St. Joseph and Ste. Mary. He's been under our care for nearly six weeks, suffering from a violent brain fever. He wishes me to convey his love, and to say that by this post I write for him to Mr. Peter Hawkins, Exeter, to say, with his dutiful respects, that he's sorry for his delay, and that all of his work's completed. He'll require some few weeks' rest in our sanatorium in the hills but he'll then return. He wishes me to say that he's not sufficient money with him, and that he'd like to pay for his staying here, so that others who need shan't be wanting for help. Believe me, thine, with sympathy and all blessings.

Sister Agatha

PS – My patient being asleep, I open this to let you know something more. He's told me all about you, and that you're shortly to be his wife, all blessings to you both! He's had some fearful shock, so says our doctor, in his delirium; his ravings have been dreadful: of wolves, poison, and blood, ghosts and demons, and I fear to say of what. Be careful of him always that there may be nothing to excite him of this kind for a long time to come. The traces of such an illness as his don't lightly die away. We'd have written long ago but we knew nothing of his friends, and there's nothing on him, nothing that anyone'd understand. He came in the train from Klausenburgh, and the guard's told by the stationmaster that's there that he rushed into the station shouting for a ticket for home. Seeing from his violent demeanour that he's English, they gave him a ticket for the furthest station on the way there that the train reached. Be assured that he's well cared for. He's won all hearts by his sweetness and gentleness. He's truly getting on well, and I've no doubt he'll in a few weeks be all he. But be careful of him for safety's sake. I pray Lord, St. Joseph, and St. Mary, there are *many* happy years for you both.

CHAPTER XVII MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

13 August,

Another quiet day, and to bed with the key on my wrist as before, again, I awoke in the night, and found Lucy sitting up in bed, still asleep, pointing to the window. I got up quietly, and pulling aside the blind, looked out. It was brilliant moonlight, and the soft effect of the light over the sea and sky, merged together in one great silent mystery, was beautiful beyond words. Between the moonlight and me flitted a great bat, coming and going in great whirling circles. Once or twice, it came quite close but was, I suppose, frightened at seeing me, and flitted away across the harbour towards the abbey. When I came back from the window Lucy had lain down again, and was sleeping peacefully. She did not stir again all night.

14 August,

On the East Cliff, reading and writing all day. Lucy seems to have become as much in love with the spot as I am, and it is hard to get her away from it when it is time to come home for lunch or tea or dinner. This afternoon she made a funny remark. We were coming home for dinner, and had come to the top of the steps up from the West Pier and stopped to look at the view, as we generally do. The setting sun, low down in the sky, was just dropping behind Kettleness. The red light was thrown over on the East Cliff and the old abbey, and seemed to bathe everything in a beautiful rosy glow. We were silent for a while, and suddenly Lucy murmured as if to her ... "His red eyes again! They're just the same." It was such an odd expression, coming apropos of nothing, that it quite startled me. I slewed round a little, so as to see Lucy well without seeming to stare at her, and saw that she was in a half dreamy state, with an odd look on her face that I could not quite make out, so I said nothing but followed her eyes. She appeared to be looking over at our own seat, whereon was a dark figure seated alone. I was quite a little startled myself, for it seemed for an instant as if the stranger had great eyes like burning flames but a second look dispelled the illusion. The red sunlight was shining on the windows of St. Mary's Church behind our seat, and as the sun dipped, there was just sufficient change in the refraction and reflection to make it appear as if the light moved. I called Lucy's attention to the peculiar effect, and she became herself with a start but she looked sad all the same. It may have been that she was thinking of that terrible night up there. We never refer to it, so I said nothing, and we went home to dinner. Lucy had a headache and went early to bed. I saw her asleep, and went out for a little stroll myself. I walked along the cliffs to the westward, and was full of sweet sadness, for I was thinking of Jonathan. When coming home, it was then bright moonlight, so bright that, though the front of our part of the Crescent was in shadow, everything could be well seen; I threw a glance up at our window, and saw Lucy's head leaning out. I opened my handkerchief and waved it. She did not notice or make any movement whatever. Just then, the moonlight crept round an angle of the building, and the light fell on the window. There distinctly was Lucy with her head lying up against the side of the windowsill and her eyes shut. She was fast asleep, and by her, seated on the windowsill, was something that looked like a good-sized bird. I was afraid she might get a chill, so I ran upstairs but as I came into the room, she was moving back to her bed, fast asleep, and breathing heavily. She was holding her hand to her throat, as though to protect it from the cold. I did not wake her but tucked her up warmly. I have taken care that the door is locked and the window securely fastened. She looks as sweet as she sleeps but she is paler than is her wont and a drawn, haggard look under her eyes I do not like. I fear she is fretting about something. I wish I could find out what it is.

15 August,

Rose later than usual, Lucy was languid and tired, and slept on after we had been called. We had a happy surprise at breakfast. Arthur's dad is better, and wants the marriage to come off soon. Lucy is full of quiet joy, and her mom is glad and sorry at once. Later on in the day, she told me the cause. She is grieved to lose Lucy as her very own but she is rejoiced that she is soon to have some one to protect her, poor dear, sweet woman! She confided to me that she has her death warrant. She has not told Lucy, and made me promise secrecy. Her doctor told her that within a few months, at most, she must die, for her heart is weakening. At any time, even now, a sudden shock would be almost sure to kill her. Ah, we were wise to keep from her the affair of the dreadful night of Lucy's sleepwalking.

17 August,

No diary for two whole days, I have not had the heart to write. Some sort of shadowy pall seems to be coming over our happiness. No news from Jonathan and Lucy seems to be growing weaker, whilst her mom's hours are numbering to a close. I do not understand Lucy's fading away as she is doing. She eats well and sleeps well, and enjoys the fresh air but all the time the roses in her cheeks are fading, and she gets weaker and more languid day by day. At night, I hear her gasping as if for air. I keep the key of our door always fastened to my wrist at night but she gets up and walks about the room, and sits at the open window. Last night I found her leaning out when I woke up, and when I tried to wake her, I could not. She was in a faint. When I managed to restore her, she was weak as water, and cried silently between long, painful struggles for breath. When I asked her how she came to be at the window she shook her head and turned away. I trust her feeling ill may not be from that unlucky prick of the safety pin. I looked at her throat just now as she lay asleep, and the tiny wounds seem not to have healed. They are still open, and, if anything, larger than before, and the edges of them are faintly white. They are like little white dots with red centres. Unless they heal within a day or two, I shall insist on the doctor seeing about them.

CHAPTER XVI

LETTER FROM SAMUEL F. BILLINGTON & SONS, SOLICITORS WHITBY, TO MESSRS. CARTER, PATERSON & CO. LONDON

17 August

Dear Sirs,

Herewith please receive invoice of goods sent by Great Northern Railway. It's to be delivered at Carfax, near Purfleet, immediately on receipt at goods station King's Cross. The house's at present empty but enclosed please find keys, all of which're labelled. You'll please deposit the boxes, fifty in number that form the consignment, in the partially ruined building forming part of the house and it's marked: A on rough diagrams enclosed. thy agent'll easily recognise the locality, as it's the ancient chapel of the mansion. The goods leave by the train at 9:30PM, and will be due at King's Cross-at 4:30 tomorrow afternoon. As our client wishes the delivery made as soon as possible, we'll be obliged by thy having teams ready at King's Cross-at the time named and forthwith conveying the goods to destination. In order to obviate any delays possible through any routine requirements as to payment in thy departments, we enclose cheque herewith for ten pounds, receipt of which please acknowledge. If the charge were less than this amount, you can return balance, if greater; we'll at once send cheque for difference on hearing from you. You're to leave the keys on coming away in the main hall of the house where the proprietor may get them on his entering the house by means of his duplicate key. Pray don't take us as exceeding the bounds of business courtesy in pressing you in all ways to use the utmost expedition. We're dear sirs, thine faithfully,

SAMUEL F. BILLINGTON & SONS

CHAPTER XLVI

MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

18 August,

I am happy today, and write sitting on the seat in the churchyard. Lucy is ever so much better. Last night she slept well all night, and did not disturb me once. The roses seem coming back already to her cheeks, though she is still sadly pale and wan-looking. If she were in any way anaemic, I could understand it but she is not. She is in gay spirits and full of life and cheerfulness. All the morbid reticence seems to have passed from her, and she has just reminded me, as if I needed any reminding, of that night, and that it was here, on this very seat, I found her asleep. As she told me, she tapped playfully with the heel of her boot on the stone slab and said, "My poor little feet didn't make much noise then! I daresay poor old Mr. Swales would've told me that it's because I didn't wanna wake up Geordie." As she was in such a communicative humour, I asked her if she had dreamed at all that night. Before she answered, that sweet, puckered look came into her forehead that Arthur, I call him Arthur from her habit, says he loves, and indeed, I don't wonder that he does. Then she went on in a half-dreaming kind of way, as if trying to recall it to herself. "I didn't quite dream but it all seemed to be real. I only wanna be here in this spot. I don't know why, for I was afraid of something, I don't know what. I recall, though I suppose I was asleep, passing through the streets and over the bridge. A fish leaped as I went by, and I leaned over to look at it, and I heard many dogs howling. The whole town seemed as if it must be full of dogs howling at once as I went up the steps. Then I had a vague memory of something long and dark with red eyes just as we saw in the sunset and something very sweet and very bitter all around me at once. then I seemed sinking into deep green water, and there was a singing in my ears, as I have heard there is to drowning men, and then everything seemed passing away from me. My soul seemed to go out from my body and float about the air. I seem to recall that once the West Lighthouse was right under me and then there was a sort of agonising feeling as if I were in an earthquake, and I came back and found you shaking my body. I saw you do it before I felt you." Then she began to laugh. It seemed a little uncanny to me, and I listened to her breathlessly. I did not quite like it, and thought it better not to keep her mind on the subject, so we drifted on to another subject, and Lucy was like her old self again. When we got home the fresh breeze had braced her up, and her pale cheeks were really rosier. Her mom rejoiced when she saw her, and we all spent a very happy evening together.

19 August,

Joy, joy, joy. Although not all joy at last, news of Jonathan and the dear fellow's been ill that's why he didn't write! I am not afraid to think it or to say it, now that I know. Mr. Hawkins sent me on the letter, and wrote himself, oh so kindly. I am to leave in the morning and go over to Jonathan, and to help to nurse him if necessary, and to bring him home. Mr. Hawkins says it would not be a bad thing if we were to be married out there. I have cried over the good Sis's letter until I can feel it wet against my bosom, where it lies. It is of Jonathan, and must be near my heart, for he is in my heart. My journey is all mapped out, and my luggage ready. I am only taking one change of dress. Lucy will bring my trunk to London and keep it until I send for it, for it may be that ... I must write no more. I must keep it to say to Jonathan, my husband. The letter that he has seen and touched must comfort me until we meet.

CHAPTER XIII DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

20 August,

The case of Renfield grows even more interesting. He has now so far quieted that there are spells of cessation from his passion. For the first week after his attack, he was perpetually violent. Then one night, just as the moon rose, he grew quiet, and kept murmuring to himself. "Now I can wait. Now I can wait." The attendant came to tell me, so I ran down at once to have a look at him. He was still in the strait waistcoat and in the padded room but the suffused look had gone from his face, and his eyes had something of their old pleading. I might almost say, cringing, softness. I was satisfied with his present condition, and directed him to be relieved. The attendants hesitated but finally carried out my wishes without protest. It was a strange thing that the patient had humour enough to see their distrust, for, coming close to me, he said in a whisper, all the while looking furtively at them, "They think I'd hurt you! Fancy me hurting you, the fools!" It was soothing, somehow, to the feelings to find myself disassociated even in the mind of this poor lunatic from the others but all the same, I do not follow his thought. Am I to take it that I have anything in common with him, so that we are, as it were, to stand together? Or has he to gain from me some good so stupendous that my well-being is needful to him? I must find out later on. Tonight he will not speak. Even the offer of a kitten or even a full-grown cat will not tempt him. He will only say, "I take no stock in cats. I've more to think of now, and I can wait. I can wait."

After a while, I left him. The attendant tells me that he's quiet until just before dawn, then he began to get uneasy and at length violent until at last he fell into a paroxysm that exhausted him so that he swooned into a sort of coma ... three nights's the same thing happened, violent all day then quiet from moonrise to sunrise? I wish I could get some clue to the cause. It would almost seem as if some influence came and went. Happy thought! We shall tonight play sane wits against mad ones. He escaped before without our help. Tonight he shall escape with it. We shall give him a chance, and have the men ready to follow in case they are required.

CHAPTER XIII LETTER FROM MESSRS. CARTER, PATERSON & CO, LONDON TO SAMUEL F. BILLINGTON & SONS, SOLICITORS WHITBY

21 August.

Dear Sirs,

We beg to acknowledge 10 pounds received and to return cheque of 1 pound, 17s, 9d, amount of over plus, as shown in receipted account herewith. Goods are delivered in exact accordance with instructions, and keys left in parcel in main hall, as directed.

We're dear Sirs,

Yours respectfully,

Pro CARTER, PATERSON, & CO.

CHAPTER XII DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

23 August,

The expected always happens. How well Disraeli knew life. Our bird when he found the cage open would not fly, so all our subtle arrangements were for nought. At any rate, we have proved one thing that the spells of quietness last a reasonable time. We shall in future be able to ease his bonds for a few hours each day. I have given orders to the night attendant merely to shut him in the padded room, when once he is quiet, until the hour before sunrise. The poor soul's body will enjoy the relief even if his mind cannot appreciate it. Hark, the unexpected again! I am called. The patient has once more escaped. Later, another night adventure, Renfield artfully waited until the attendant was entering the room to inspect. Then he dashed out past him and flew down the passage. I sent word for the attendants to follow. Again, he went into the grounds of the deserted house, and we found him in the same place, pressed against the old chapel door. When he saw me, he became furious, and had not the attendants seized him in time, he would have tried to kill me. As we were holding him, a strange thing happened. He suddenly redoubled his efforts, and then as suddenly grew calm. I looked round instinctively but could see nothing. Then I caught the patient's eye and followed it but could trace nothing as it looked into the moonlight sky, except a big bat that was flapping its silent and ghostly way to the west. Bats usually wheel about but this one seemed to go straight on, as if it knew where it was bound for or had some intention of its own. The patient grew calmer every instant, and presently said, "You needn't tie me. I'll go quietly!" Without trouble, we came back to the house. I feel there is something ominous in his calm, and shall not forget this night.

CHAPTER XI LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY

24 August,

Hillingham:

I must imitate Mina and keep writing things down. Then we can have long talks when we do meet. I wonder when it will be. I wish she were with me again for I feel so unhappy. Last night I seemed to be dreaming again just as I was at Whitby. Perhaps it is the change of air or getting home again. It is all dark and horrid to me for I can recall nothing. But I am full of vague fear and I feel so weak and worn out. When Arthur came to lunch, he looked quite grieved when he saw me and I had not the spirit to try to be cheerful. I wonder if I could sleep in mom's room tonight. I shall make an excuse to try.

CHAPTER XI LETTER FROM MINA HARKER TO LUCY WESTENRA

Budapest:

24 August,

My dearest Lucy,

I know you'll be anxious to hear all that's happened since we parted at the railway station at Whitby. Well, my dear, I got to Hull all right, and caught the boat to Hamburg, and then the train on here. I feel that I can hardly recall anything of the journey, except that I knew I was coming to Jonathan, and that as I'd have to do some nursing, I'd better get all the sleep I'd. I found my dear one, oh, so thin and pale and weak looking. All the resolution's gone out of his dear eyes, and that quiet dignity that I told you're in his face has vanished. He's only a wreck of himself, and he recalls nothing that's happened to him for a long time past. At least, he wants me to believe so, and I'll never ask. He's had some terrible shock, and I fear it might tax his poor brain if he's to try to recall it. Sis Agatha, who's a good creature and a born nurse, tells me that he wanted her to tell me what they're but she'd only cross her and say, she'd never tell. That the ravings of the sick were the secrets of Lord, and that if a nurse through her vocation should hear them, she'd respect her trust. She's a sweet, good soul, and the next day, when she saw I was troubled, she opened up the subject my poor dear raved about, added, "I can tell you this much, my dear. That it's about nothing that he's done wrong

himself, and you've, as his wife-to-be, no cause to be concerned. He's not forgotten you, what he owes to you. His fear's of great and terrible things that no mortal can treat of."

I do believe the dear soul thought I might be jealous lest my poor dear should've fallen in love with any other girl, the idea of my being jealous about Jonathan! And yet, my dear, let me whisper, I felt a thrill of joy through me when I knew that no other woman's a cause for trouble. I'm now sitting by his bedside, where I can see his face while he sleeps. He's waking! When he woke, he asked me for his coat, as he wants get something from the pocket. I asked Sis Agatha, and she brought all his things. I saw amongst them was his notebook, and gonna ask him to let me look at it, for I knew that I might find some clue to his trouble but I suppose he must've seen my wish in my eyes, for he sent me over to the window, saying he wanna be quite alone for a moment. Then he called me back, and he said to me very solemnly, Wilhelmina. I knew then that he's in deadly earnest, for he has never called me by that name since he asked me to marry him, you know, dear, my ideas of the trust between husband and wife. There'd be no secret or concealment. I've had a great shock, and when I try to think of what it's, I feel my head spin round, and I don't know if it's real of the dreaming of a lunatic. You know I'd brain fever, and that's to be mad. The secret's here and I don't wanna know it. I wanna take up my life here, with our marriage. For, my dear, we'd decided to be married as soon as the formalities are complete. You're willing, Wilhelmina, to share my ignorance? Here's the book. Take, keep, and read it if you'll but never let me know unless indeed, some solemn duty'd come upon me to go back to the bitter hours, asleep or awake, sane or mad, recorded here.

He fell back exhausted, and I put the book under his pillow, and kissed him. I've asked Sis Agatha to beg the Superior to let our wedding be this afternoon, and I'm waiting her replies. She's come and told me that the Chaplain of the English mission church's been sent for. We're to be married in an hour, or as soon after as Jonathan awakes. Lucy, the time's come and gone. I feel very solemn but very, very happy. Jonathan woke a little after the hour, all's ready, and he sat up in bed, propped up with pillows. He answered his I'll firmly and strong. I'd hardly speak. My heart's so full that even those words seemed to choke me. The dear sisses were so kind. Please, Lord, I'll never, never forget them, nor the grave and sweet responsibilities I've taken upon me. I must tell you of my wedding present. When the chaplain and the sisses had left me alone with my husband – oh, Lucy, it's the first time I've written the words: my husband – left me alone with my husband, I took the book from under his pillow, and wrapped it up in white paper, and tied it with a little bit of pale blue ribbon that's round my neck, and sealed it over the knot with sealing wax, and for my seal I used my wedding ring. Then I kissed and showed it to my husband, and told him that I'd keep it so, and then it'd be an outward and visible sign for us all our lives that we trusted each other, that I'd never open it unless it's for his own dear sake or for the sake of some stern duty. Then he took my hand in his, and oh, Lucy, it's the first time he took his wife's hand, and said that it's the dearest thing in all the wide world, and that he'd go through all the past again to win it, if need be. The poor dear meant to have said a part of the past but he can't think of time yet, and I'll not wonder if at first he mixes up not only the month but also the year. Well, my dear, what'd I say? I'd only tell him that I was the happiest woman in all the wide world, and that I'd nothing to give him except me, my life, and trust, and that with these went my love and duty for all the days of my life. And, my dear, when he kissed me, and drew me to him with his poor weak hands, it's like a solemn pledge between us. Lucy dear, do you know why I tell you all this? It isn't only because it's all sweet to me but because you've been, and are, very dear to me. It's my privilege to be thy friend and guide when you came from the schoolroom to prepare for the world of life. I want you to see now, and with the eyes of a very happy wife, where duty has led me, so that in thy own married life you too may be all happy, as I'm. My dear, please Almighty Lord, thy life may be all it promises, a long day of sunshine with no harsh wind, no forgetting duty, trust. I mustn't wish you no pain, for that can ever be but I do hope you will be always as happy as I'm now. Goodbye, my dear, I'll post this at once, and perhaps, write you very soon again. I must stop, for Jonathan's waking. I must attend my husband! thy ever-love,

Mina Harker

CHAPTER XLII

LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY AND A LETTER TO MINA HARKER DIARY:

25 August,

Another bad night, Mom did not seem to take to my proposal. She seems not too well herself and doubtless, she fears to worry me. I tried to keep awake and succeeded for a while but when the clock struck twelve; it waked me from a doze, so I must have been falling asleep. There was a sort of scratching or flapping at the window but I did not mind it and as I recall no more, I suppose I must have fallen asleep, worse dreams. I wish I could recall them. This morning I am horribly weak. My face is ghastly pale and throat pains me. It must be something wrong with my lungs for I do not seem to be getting air enough. I will try to cheer up when Arthur comes or else I know he will be miserable to see me so.

LETTER:

Whitby:

30 August,

My dearest Mina,

Oceans of love and millions of kisses, and May you soon be in thy own home with thy husband. I wish you're coming home soon enough to stay with us here. The strong air'd soon restore Jonathan. It's quite restored me. I've an appetite like a cormorant, full of life, and sleep well. You'll be glad to know that I've quite given up walking in my sleep. I think I've not stirred out of my bed for a week that's when I once got into it at night. Arthur says I'm getting fat. By the way, I forgot to tell you that Arthur's here. We've such walks, drives, rides, rowing, tennis, fishing together, and I love him more than ever. He tells me that he loves me even more but I doubt that, for at first he told me that he'd not love me more than he did then. But this's nonsense. There he's, calling to me. So no more just at present from thy loving,

Lucy

PS – Mom sends her love. She seems better, poor dear.

PPS – We're to be married on 28 September.

CHAPTER VIII

A LETTER AND A TELEGRAM FROM ARTHUR HOLMWOOD TO DR. SEWARD

31 August,

Albemarle Hotel:

My dear Jack,

I want you to do me a favour. Lucy's ill, that's she's no special disease but she looks awful, and is getting worse everyday. I've asked her if there's any cause, I daren't to ask her mom, for to disturb the poor woman's mind about her daughter in her present state of health'd be fatal. Mrs. Westenra's confided to me that her doom's spoken, disease of the heart, though poor Lucy doesn't know it yet. I'm sure that there's something preying on my dear girl's mind. I'm almost distracted when I think of her. To look at her gives me a pang. I told her I'd ask you to see her, and though she demurred at first, I know why, old fellow, she finally consented. It'll be a painful task for you, I know, old friend but it's for her sake, and I mustn't hesitate to ask or you to act. You're to come to lunch at Hillingham tomorrow, two o'clock to arouse no suspicion in Mrs. Westenra and after lunch, Lucy'll take an opportunity of being alone with you. I'm filled with anxiety, and I wanna consult with you alone as soon as I can after you've seen her. Don't fail!

Arthur.

1 September,

I'm summoned to see my dad whose worse and waiting. Write me fully by tonight's post to Ring. Wire me if necessary.

CHAPTER VII

LETTER FROM ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, MD, PhD. Lit, ETC, ETC, TO DR. SEWARD

2 September,

My good Friend,

When I received thy letter, I'm already coming to you. By good fortune I can leave just at once, with wrong to none of those who've trusted me. Were fortune other, then it's bad for those who've trusted, for I come to my friend when he calls me to aid those he holds dear. Tell thy friend that when that time you suck from my wound so swiftly the poison of the gangrene from that knife that our other friend, too nervous, let slip, you did more for him when he wants my aids and you call for them than all his great fortune'd do. But its pleasure added to do for him, thy friend; it's to you that I come. Have near at hand, and please it so arrange that we may see the young woman not too late on tomorrow, for it's likely that I may've to return here that night. But if need be, I'll come again in three days, and stay longer if it must, until then goodbye, my friend John.

Van Helsing

CHAPTER VI

LETTERS & TELEGRAMS FROM DR. SEWARD TO HON. ARTHUR HOLMWOOD & DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING & DOCTOR SEWARD'S DIARY LETTERS:

2 September,

My dear old fellow,

With regard to Miss Westenra's health, I hasten to let you know at once that in my opinion not any functional disturbance or any malady I know of. At the same time, I'm not by any means satisfied with her appearance. She's woefully different from what she's when I saw her last. Of course, you must bear in mind that I didn't have full opportunity of examination such as I'd wish. Our very friendship makes a little difficulty that not even medical science or custom can bridge over. I'd better tell you exactly what happened, leaving you to draw, in a measure, thy own conclusions. I'll then say what I've done and propose doing. I found Ms. Westenra in seemingly happy spirits. Her mom's present, and in a few seconds, I made up my mind that she's trying all she knew to mislead her mom and prevent her from being anxious. I've no doubt she guesses, if she doesn't know, what need of caution there's. We lunched alone, and as we, all exerted us to be cheerful, we got, as some kind of reward for our labours, some real cheerfulness amongst us. Then Mrs. Westenra went to lie down, and Lucy's left with me. We went into her boudoir, and until we got there her gaiety remained, for the servants were coming and going. As soon as the door was closed, however, the mask fell from her face, and she sank down into a chair with a great sigh, and hid her eyes with her hand. When I saw that her high spirits had failed, I at once took advantage of her reaction to make a diagnosis. She said to me very sweetly, I can't tell you how I loathe talking about me. I reminded her that a doctor's confidence's sacred but that you're grievously anxious about her. She caught on to my meaning at once, and settled that matter in a word. Tell Arthur everything you choose, I don't care for me but for him! So I'm quite free. I'd easily see that she's somewhat bloodless but I'd not see the usual anaemic signs, and by the chance, I was able to test the actual quality of her blood, for in opening a window that's stiff a cord gave way, and she cut her hand slightly with broken glass. It's a slight matter in itself but it gave me an evident chance, and I secured a few drops of the blood and I've analysed them. The qualitative analysis give a quite normal condition, and shows, I'd infer, in itself a vigorous state of health. In other physical matters, I was quite satisfied that there's no need for anxiety but as there must be a cause somewhere, I've concluded that it must be something mental. She complains of difficulty breathing satisfactorily at times and of heavy, lethargic sleep with dreams that frighten her but regarding which she can recall nothing. She says that as a child, she used to walk in her sleep and that when in Whitby, the habit came back, and that once she walked out in the night and went to East Cliff, where Miss Murray found her. But she assures me that of late the habit's not returned. I'm in doubt, and so I've done the best thing I know of. I've written to my old friend and master, Professor Van Helsing of Amsterdam, who knows as much about obscure diseases as any one in the world. I've asked him to come over, and as you told me that all things're to be at thy charge, I've mentioned to him who you're and thy relations to Miss Westenra. This's, my dear fellow, in obedience to thy wishes, for I'm very proud and happy to do anything I can for her. Van Helsing'd, I know, does anything for me for a personal reason, so no matter on what ground he comes, we must accept his wishes. He's a seemingly arbitrary man, this's because he knows what he's talking about better than anyone else. He's a philosopher, metaphysician, one of the most advanced scientists of his day, and he's open-minded. This, with an iron nerve, a temper of the ice-brook, and indomitable resolution, self-command, and toleration exalted from virtues to blessings, the kindest, and truest heart that beats, these form his equipment for the noble work that he's doing for mankind, work both in theory and practice, for his views are as wide as his all-embracing sympathy. I tell you these facts that you may know why I've such confidence in him. I've asked him to come at once. I'll see Ms. Westenra tomorrow again. She's to meet me at the Stores, so that I may not alarm her mom by too early a repetition of my call. thine always,

John Seward

3 September

My dear Art,

Van Helsing has come and gone. He came on with me to Hillingham, and found that, by Lucy's discretion, her mom's lunching out, so that we're alone with her. Van Helsing made a very careful examination of the patient. He's to report to me, and I'll advise you, for of course I wasn't present all the time. He's, I fear, much concerned but says he must think. When I told him of our friendship and how you trust to me in the matter, he said, you must tell him all you think. Tell him what I think, if you can guess it, if you will. No, I'm not jesting. This's no jest but life and death, perhaps more. I asked what he meant by that, for he's very serious. This's when we'd come back to town, and he's having a cup of tea before starting on his return to Amsterdam. He'd give me no further clue. You mustn't be angry with me, Art, because his very reticence means that all his brains are working for her good. He'll speak plainly enough when the time comes, be sure. So I told him I'd simply write an account of our visit, just as if I were doing a descriptive special article for The Daily Telegraph. He seemed not to notice but remarked that the smuts of London weren't quite as bad as they used to be when he's a student here. I'm to get his report tomorrow if he can possibly make it. In any case, I'm to have a letter. Well, as to the visit, Lucy's more cheerful than on the day I first saw her, and certainly looked better. She'd lost something of the ghastly look that so upset you and her breathing's normal. She's very sweet to the Professor as she's always, and tried to make him feel at ease, though I'd see the poor girl's making a hard struggle for it. I believe Van Helsing saw it, too, for I saw the quick look under his bushy brows that I knew of old. Then he began to chat of all things except diseases and us and with such an infinite geniality that I'd see poor Lucy's pretence of animation merge into reality. Then, with no seeming change, he brought the conversation gently round to his visit and suavely said, my dear young miss, I've the so great pleasure because you're so much beloved. There that much, my dear, even there's that which I don't see. They told me you're down in the spirit, and that you're of a ghastly pale. To them I say, Pouf! And he snapped his fingers at me and went on. But you and I'll show them how wrong they're. How can he, and he pointed at me with the same look and gesture as that with which he pointed me out in his class, on, or rather after, a particular occasion which he never fails to remind me of, know anything of young women? He's his lunatics to play with, to bring them back to happiness, and those that love them. It's much to do, and, oh but there're rewards in that we can bestow such happiness but the young women! He's neither wife nor daughter, and the young don't tell them to the young but to the old like me who've known so many sorrows and the causes of them. So, my dear, we'll send him away to smoke the cigarette in the garden, while you and I've little talk all to us. I took the hint, and strolled about, and presently the professor came to the window and called me in. He looked grave but said, I've made careful examination but there's no functional cause. With you, I agree that there's been much blood lost, it's been but isn't. But the conditions of her are in no way anaemic. I've asked her to send me her house cleaner that I may ask just one or two questions, that so I may chance to miss nothing. I know well what she'll say. yet there's cause, there's always cause for everything. I must go back home and think. You must send me the telegram everyday, and if there're causes, I'll come again. The disease, for not to be well's a disease, interest me, and the sweet, young dear, she interests me too. She charms me, and for her, if not for you or disease, I'll come. As I tell you, he'd not say a word more, even when we're alone. so now, Art, you know all I know. I'll keep stern watch. I trust thy poor dad's rallying. It must be a terrible thing to you, my dear old fellow, to be placed in such a position between two people who're both so dear to you. I know thy idea of duty to thy dad, and you're right to stick to it. But if need be, I'll send you word to come at once to Lucy, so don't be over-anxious unless you hear from me.

DIARY:

4 September,

Zoophagus patient still keeps up our interest in him. He had only one outburst and that was yesterday at an unusual time. Just before the stroke of noon, he began to grow restless. The attendant knew the symptoms, and at once summoned aid. Fortunately, the men came at a run, and were just in time, for at the stroke of noon he became so violent that it took all their strength to hold him. In about five minutes, however, he began to get quieter, and finally sank into a sort of melancholy, in which state he has remained up to now. The attendant tells me that his screams whilst in the paroxysm were appalling. I found my hands full when I got in, attending to some of the other patients who were frightened by him. Indeed, I can quite understand the effect, for the sounds disturbed even me, though I was some distance away. It is now after the dinner hour of the asylum, and yet my patient sits in a corner brooding, with a dull, sullen, woebegone look in his face that seems rather to indicate than to show something directly. I cannot quite understand it. Later, another change in my patient, at five o'clock, I looked in on him, and found him seemingly as happy and contented as he used to be. He was catching flies and eating them, and was keeping note of his capture by making nail marks on the edge of the door between the ridges of padding. When he saw me, he came over and apologized for his bad conduct, and asked me in a very humble, cringing way to be led back to his own room, and to have his notebook again. I thought it well to humour him, so he is back in his room with the window open. He has the sugar of his tea spread out on the windowsill. He is reaping quite a harvest of flies. He is not now eating them but putting them into a box, as of old, and is already examining the corners of his room to find a spider. I tried to get him to talk about the past few days, for any clue to his thoughts would be of immense help to me but he would not rise. For a moment or two he looked very sad, and said in a sort of far away voice, as though saying it rather to himself than to me, "All over, all over! He's deserted me, no hope for me now unless I do it myself!" Then suddenly turning to me in a resolute way, he said, "Doctor, won't you be very good to me and lemme've a little more sugar? I think it'd be very good for me."

"And the flies?" I said.

"Yes! The flies like it, too, and I like the flies, therefore I like it."

And there are people who know so little as to think that lunatics do not argue. I procured him a double supply, and left him as happy a man as, I suppose, any in the world. I wish I could fathom his mind. At midnight, another change in him, I had been to see Miss Westenra, whom I found much better, and had just returned, and was standing at our own gate looking at the sunset, when once more I heard him yelling. As his room is on this side of the house, I could hear it better than in the morning. It was a shock to me to turn from the wonderful smoky beauty of a sunset over London, with its lurid lights and inky shadows and all the marvellous tints that come on foul clouds even as on foul water, and to realise all the grim sternness of my own cold stone building, with its wealth of breathing misery, and my own desolate heart to endure it all. I reached him just as the sun was going down, and from his window saw the red disc sink. As it sank, he became less and less frenzied, and just as it dipped he slid from the hands that held him, an inert mass, on the floor. It is wonderful, however, what intellectual recuperative power lunatics have, for within a few minutes he stood up quite calmly and looked around him. I signalled to the attendants not to hold him, for I was anxious to see what he would do. He went straight over to the window and brushed out the crumbs of sugar. Then he took his fly box, emptied it outside, and threw away the box. Then he shut the window, and crossing over, sat down on his bed. All this surprised me, so I asked him, "You're gonna keep flies anymore?"

"No," said he. "I'm sick of all that rubbish!" He certainly is a wonderfully interesting study. I wish I could get some glimpse of his mind or of the cause of his sudden passion. Stop. There may be a clue after all, if we can find that why today his paroxysms came on at high noon and at sunset. Can it be that a malign influence of the sun at periods affects certain natures, as at times the moon does others? We shall see.

TELEGRAMS TO VAN HELSING:

LONDON TO AMSTERDAM

4 September,

Patient still better today.

5 September,

Patient greatly improved. Good appetite, sleeps naturally, good spirits, and colour coming back.

6 September,

Terrible change for the worse. Come at once. Don't lose an hour. I hold over telegram to Holmwood until I've seen you.

LETTER TO HON. ARTHUR HOLMWOOD:

6 September,

My dear Art,

My news today isn't so good. Lucy this morning'd gone back a bit. There's, however, one good thing that's arisen from it. Mrs. Westenra's naturally anxious concerning Lucy, and she's consulted me professionally about her. I took advantage of the opportunity, and told her that my old master, Van Helsing, the great specialist's coming to stay with me, and that I'd put her in his charge conjointly with me. So now, we can come and go without alarming her unduly, for a shock to her would mean sudden death, and this, in Lucy's weak condition, might be disastrous to her. We're hedged in with difficulties, all of us, my poor fellow but please Lord; we'll come through them all right. If need be, I'll write, so that, if you don't hear from me, take it for granted that I'm simply waiting for news in haste, thine ever,

John Seward

DIARY:

7 September,

The first thing Van Helsing said to me when we met at Liverpool Street was, "You've said anything to our young friend, her lover?"

"No," I said. "I waited until I'd seen you, as I said in my telegram. I wrote him a letter simply telling him that you're coming, as Miss Westenra's not so well, and that I'd let him know if need be."

"Right, my friend," he said, "Quite right, better, he not know yet. Perhaps he'll never know. I pray so but if it were needed, then he'll know all. And, my good friend John let me caution you. You deal with the lunatics. All men are mad in some way or the other and inasmuch as you deal discreetly with thy lunatics, so deal with Lord's lunatics too, the rest of the world. You tell not thy lunatics what you do or why you do it. You tell them not what you think. So you'll keep knowledge in its place where it may rest, gather its kind around it and breed. You and I'll keep as yet what we know here, and here." He touched me on the heart and on the forehead, and then touched himself the same way. "I've for myself thoughts at the present. Later I'll unfold to you."

"Why not now?"

I asked. "It may do some good. We may arrive at some decision." He looked at me and said, "My friend John, when the corn's grown, even before it's ripened while the milk of its mom Earth's in him, and the sunshine's not yet begun to paint him with his gold, the husbandman he pulls the ear and rubs him between his rough hands, and blows away the green chaff and say to you, Look! He's good corn; he'll make a good crop when the time comes." I did not see the application and told him so. For reply he reached over and took my ear in his hand and pulled it playfully, as he used long ago to do at lectures, and said, "The good husbandman tells you so then because he knows but not until then. But you don't find the good husbandman digs up his planted corn to see if he grows. That's for the children who play at husbandry and not for those who take it as of the work of their life, see you now friend John. I've sown my corn, and Nature's her work to do in making it sprout, if he sprouts at all, there's some promise, and I wait until the ear begins to swell." He broke off, for he evidently saw that I understood. Then he went on gravely, "You're always a careful student, and thy casebook's ever fuller than the rest and I trust that good habit's not failed. Recall my friend that knowledge's stronger than memory. we'd not trust the weaker. Even if you've not kept the good practice, lemme tell you that this case of our dear miss's one that

may be, mind I say may be of such interest to us and others that all the rest may not make him kick the beam as thy people say. Take then good note of it. Nothing's too small. I counsel you, put down in record even thy doubts and surmises. Hereafter it may be of interest to you to see how true you guess. We learn from failure, not from success!" When I described Lucy's symptoms, the same as before but infinitely more marked, he looked very grave but said nothing. He took with him a bag in which were many instruments and drugs, the ghastly paraphernalia of our beneficial trade, as he once called in one of his lectures, the equipment of a professor of the healing craft. When we were shown in, Mrs. Westenra met us. She was alarmed but not nearly, so much as I expected to find her. Nature in one of her beneficent moods has ordained that even death have some antidote to its own terrors. Here, in a case where any shock may prove fatal, matters are so ordered that, from some cause or other, the things not personal, even the terrible change in her daughter to whom she is so attached, do not seem to reach her. It is something like the way dame Nature gathers round a foreign body an envelope of some insensitive tissue which can protect from evil that which it would otherwise harm by contact. If this were an ordered selfishness, then we should pause before we condemn any one for the vice of egoism, for there may be deeper root for its causes than we have knowledge. I used my knowledge of this phase of spiritual pathology, and set down a rule that she should not be present with Lucy, or think of her illness more than was required. She assented readily, so readily that I saw again the hand of Nature fighting for life. Van Helsing and I were shown up to Lucy's room. If I was shocked when I saw her yesterday, I was horrified when I saw her today. She was ghastly, chalk-pale. The red seemed to have gone even from her lips and gums, and the bones of her face stood out prominently. Her breathing was painful to see or hear. Van Helsing's face grew set as marble, and his eyebrows converged until they almost touched over his nose. Lucy lay motionless, and did not seem to have strength to speak, so for a while we were all silent. Then Van Helsing beckoned to me, and we went gently out of the room. The instant we had closed the door he stepped quickly along the passage to the next door that was open. Then he pulled me quickly in with him and closed the door. "My Lord!" he said. "This's dreadful. There's no time to be lost. She'll die for sheer want of blood to keep the heart's action, as it'd be. There must be a transfusion of blood at once. It's you or me?"

"I'm younger and stronger, Professor. It must be me."

"Then get ready at once. I'll bring up my bag. I'm prepared."

I went downstairs with him, and as we were going, there was a knock at the hall door. When we reached the hall, the house cleaner had just opened the door, and Arthur was stepping quickly in. He rushed up to me, saying in an eager whisper, "Jack, I was so anxious. I read between the lines of thy letter, and I've been in an agony. My dad's better, so I ran down here to see for myself. Isn't that operating Dr. Van Helsing? I'm so thankful to you, sir, for coming."

When first the Professor's eye had lit upon him, he had been angry at his interruption at such a time but now, as he took in his stalwart proportions and recognised the strong young manhood which seemed to emanate from him, his eyes gleamed. Without a pause he said to him as he held out his hand, "Sir, you've come in time. You're the lover of our dear miss. She's bad, very, very bad. Nay, my child, do not go like that," for he suddenly grew pale and sat down in a chair almost fainting. "You're to help her. You can do more than any that lives and thy courage's thy best help."

"What can I do?" asked Arthur hoarsely. "Tell me, and I'll do it. My life's hers, and I'd give the last drop of blood in my body for her."

The Professor has a strongly humorous side, and I could detect a trace of its origin from old knowledge in his answer, "My young sir, I don't ask so much as that not the last!"

"What'll I do?"

There was fire in his eyes, and his open nostrils quivered with intent. Van Helsing slapped him on the shoulder. "Come!" he said. "You're a man, and it's a man we want. You're better than me, better than my friend John." Arthur looked bewildered, and the Professor went on by explaining in a kindly way. "Young miss's bad, very bad. She wants blood, and blood she must've or die. My friend John and I've consulted, and we're about to perform what we call transfusion of blood, to transfer from full veins of one to the empty veins that pine for him. John's to give his blood, as he's the younger and stronger than me," here Arthur took my hand and wrung it hard in silence, "but now you're here, you're better than us, old or young who toil much in the world of thought. Our nerves aren't so calm and our blood so bright than thine!"

Arthur turned to him and said, "If you only knew how gladly I'd die for her you'd understand..."

He stopped with a sort of choke in his voice. "Good boy!" said Van Helsing. "In the not-so-far-off you'll be happy that you've done all for her you love. Come now and be silent. You'll kiss her once before it's done but then you must go and leave at my sign. Say no word to Madame Lucy. You know how it's with her. There must be no shock; any knowledge of this'd be one. Come!" We all went up to Lucy's room. Arthur by direction remained outside. Lucy turned her head and looked at us but said nothing. She was not asleep but she was simply too weak to make the effort. Her eyes spoke to us that was all? Van Helsing took some things from his bag and laid them on a little table out of sight. Then he mixed a narcotic and coming over to the bed, said cheerily, "Now, little miss, here's thy medicine. Drink it off, like a good child. See, I lift you so that to swallow's easy. Yes." She had made the effort with success. It astonished me how long the drug took to act. This, in fact, marked the extent of her weakness. The time seemed endless until sleep began to flicker in her eyelids. At last, however, the narcotic began to manifest its potency, and she fell into a deep sleep. When the Professor was satisfied, he called Arthur into the room, and bade him strip off his coat. Then he added, "You may take that one little kiss while I bring over the table. Friend John, help me!" So neither of us looked whilst he bent over her, Van Helsing, turning to me, said, "He's so young and strong, and of blood so pure that we needn't defibrinate it." Then with swiftness but with absolute method, Van Helsing performed the operation. As the transfusion went on, something like life seemed to come back to poor Lucy's cheeks, and through Arthur's growing pallor the joy of his face seemed absolutely to shine. After a bit I began to grow anxious, for the loss of blood was telling on Arthur, strong man as he was. It gave me an idea of what a terrible strain Lucy's system must have undergone that what weakened Arthur only partially restored her. But the Professor's face was set, and he stood watch in hand, and with his eyes fixed now on the patient and now on Arthur. I could hear my own heart beat. Presently, he said in a soft voice, "Don't stir an instant. It's enough. You attend him. I'll look to her." When all was over, I could see how much Arthur was weakened. I dressed the wound and took his arm to bring him away, when Van Helsing spoke without turning round, the man seems to have eyes in the back of his head, "The brave lover, I think, deserve another kiss that he'll have presently." And as he had now finished his operation, he adjusted the pillow to the patient's head. As he did so, the narrow black velvet band that she seems always to wear round her throat, buckled with an old diamond buckle that her lover had given her, was dragged a little up, and showed a red mark on her throat. Arthur did not notice it but I could hear the deep hiss of indrawn breath that is one of Van Helsing's ways of betraying emotion. He said nothing now but turned to me, saying, "Now take down our brave young lover, give him of the port wine, and let him lie down a while. He must then go home and rest, sleep much and eat much, that he may be recruited of what he's so given to his love. He mustn't stay here. Hold a moment! I may take it, sir, that you're anxious of result. Then bring it with you, that in all ways the operation's successful. You've saved her life this time, and you can go home and rest easy in mind that all that can be. I'll tell her all when she's well. She'll love you nonetheless for what you've done. Goodbye."

When Arthur had gone, I went back to the room. Lucy was sleeping gently but her breathing was stronger. I could see the counterpane move as her breast heaved. By the bedside sat Van Helsing, looking at her intently. The velvet band again covered the red mark. I asked the Professor in a whisper, "What d'you make of that mark on her throat?"

"What d'you make of it?"

"I've not examined it yet."

I answered, and immediately proceeded to loose the band. Just over the external jugular vein, there were two punctures, not large but not wholesome looking. There was no sign of disease but the edges were white and worn looking, as if by some titration. It at once occurred to me that that this wound, or whatever it was, might be the means of that manifest loss of blood. But I abandoned the idea as soon as it formed, for such a thing could not be. The whole bed would have been drenched to a scarlet with the blood that the girl must have lost to leave such pallor as she had before the transfusion. "Well?" said Van Helsing.

"Well," said I. "I can make nothing of it."

The Professor stood up. "I must go back to Amsterdam tonight," he said, "There're books and things there that I want. You must remain here all night, and you mustn't let thy sight pass from her."

"I'll have a nurse?" I asked.

"We're the best nurses, you and I. You keep watch all night. See that she's well fed, and that nothing disturbs her. You mustn't sleep tonight. Later on, we can sleep you and me. I'll be back as soon as possible. Then we may begin."

"May begin?" I said. "What on earth d'you mean?"

"We'll see!" he answered, as he hurried out. He came back a moment later, put his head inside the door, and said with a warning finger held up, "recall, she's thy charge. If you leave her, and harm befalls, you'll not sleep easy hereafter!"

8 September,

I sat up all night with Lucy. The opiate worked itself off towards dusk, and she waked naturally. She looked a different being from what she had been before the operation. Her spirits even were good, and she was full of a happy vivacity but I could see evidences of the absolute prostration that she had undergone. When I told Mrs. Westenra that Dr. Van Helsing had directed that I should sit up with her, she almost pooh-poohed the idea, pointing out her daughter's renewed strength and excellent spirits. I was firm, however, and prepared for my long vigil. When her house cleaner had prepared her for the night I came in, having had supper in the meantime, and took a seat by the bedside. She did not make objection in anyway but looked at me gratefully whenever I caught her eye. After a long spell, she seemed sinking off to sleep but with an effort seemed to pull herself together and shook it off. It was apparent that she did not want to sleep, so I tackled the subject at once. "You don't wanna sleep?"

"No, I'm afraid."

"Afraid to go to sleep, why so? It's the boon we all crave for."

"Ah, not if you're like me, if sleep's to you a presage of horror!"

"A presage of horror! What on earth d'you mean?"

"I don't know. Oh, I don't know. That's what's so terrible. All this weakness comes to me in sleep until I dread the much thought."

"But, my dear girl, you may sleep tonight. I'm here watching you, and I can promise that nothing'll happen."

"Ah, I can trust you!" she said.

I seized the opportunity, and said, "I promise that if I see any evidence of bad dreams I'll wake you at once."

"You'll, oh, really? How good you're to me. Then I'll sleep!" And almost at the word, she was relieved, and sank back, asleep. All night long I watched by her. She never stirred but slept on and on in a deep, tranquil, life-giving, health-giving sleep. Her lips were slightly parted, and her breast rose and fell with the regularity of a pendulum. There was a smile on her face, and it was evident that no bad dreams had come to disturb her peace of mind. In the early morning, her house cleaner came, and I left her in her care and took myself back home, for I was anxious about many things. I sent a short wire to Van Helsing and to Arthur, telling them of the excellent result of the operation. My own work, with its manifold arrears, took me all day to clear. It was dark when I was able to inquire about my zoophagous patient. The report was good. He had been quite quiet for the past day and night. A telegram came from Van Helsing at Amsterdam whilst I was at dinner, suggesting that I should be at Hillingham tonight, as it might be well to be at hand, and stating that he was leaving by the night mail and would join me early in the morning.

9 September,

I was pretty tired and worn out when I got to Hillingham. For two nights, I had hardly had a wink of sleep, and my brain was beginning to feel that numbness which marks cerebral exhaustion. Lucy was up and in cheerful spirits. When she shook hands with me, she looked sharply in my face and said, "No sitting up tonight for you. You're worn out. I'm quite well again. Indeed I'm, and if there's to be any sitting up, I'll sit up with you." I would not argue the point but went and had my supper. Lucy came with me, and, enlivened by her charming presence, I made an excellent meal, and had a couple of glasses of the more than excellent port. Then Lucy took me upstairs, and showed me a room next her own, where a cosy fire was burning. "Now," she said. "You must stay here. I'll leave this door open and my door too. You can lie on the sofa for I know that nothing'd induce any of you doctors to go to bed whilst there's a patient above the horizon. If I want anything I'll call out, and you can come to me at once." I could not but acquiesce, for I was dog-tired and could not have sat up had I tried. So, on her renewing her promise to call me if she should want anything, I lay on the sofa, and forgot all about everything.

CHAPTER VLI LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY

9 September,

I feel so happy tonight. I have been so miserably weak that to be able to think and move about is like feeling sunshine after a long spell of east wind out of a steel sky. Somehow, Arthur feels very, very close to me. I seem to feel his presence warm about me. I suppose it is that sickness and weakness are selfish things and turn our inner eyes and sympathy on us, whilst health and strength give love rein, and in thought and feeling, he can wander where he wills. I know where my thoughts are. If only Arthur knew! My dear, my dear, thy ears must tingle as you sleep, as mine do waking. Oh, the blissful rest of last night! How I slept, with that dear, good Dr. Seward watching me. tonight I shall not fear to sleep since he is nearby and within call. Thank everyone for being so good to me. Thank Lord! Goodnight Arthur

CHAPTER IIIL DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

10 September,

I was conscious of the Professor's hand on my head, and started awake all in a second. One of the things we learn in an asylum, at any rate. "And how's our patient?"

"Well, when I left her or rather when she left me."

I answered. "Come, let's see," he said. together we went into the room. The blind was down, and I went over to raise it gently, whilst Van Helsing stepped, with his soft, cat-like tread, over to the bed. As I raised the blind, and the morning sunlight flooded the room, I heard the Professor's low hiss of inspiration, and knowing its rarity, a deadly fear shot through my heart. As I passed over he moved back, and his exclamation of horror, "Gott in Himmel!" needed no enforcement from his agonised face. He raised his hand and pointed to the bed, and his iron face was drawn and ashen white. I felt my knees begin to tremble. There on the bed, seemingly in a swoon, lay poor Lucy, more horribly white and wan-looking than ever. Even the lips were white, and the gums seemed to have shrunken back from the teeth, as we sometimes see in a corpse after a prolonged illness. Van Helsing raised his foot to stamp in anger but the instinct of his life and all the long years of habit stood to him, and he put it down again softly. "Quick!" he said. "Bring the brandy." I flew to the dining room, and returned with the decanter. He wetted the poor white lips with it, and together we rubbed palm, wrist, and heart. He felt her heart, and after a few moments of agonising suspense said, "It's not too late. It beats, though but feebly. All our work's undone. We must begin again. There's no young Arthur here now. I've to call on you this time, friend John." As he spoke, he was dipping into his bag, and producing the instruments of transfusion. I had taken off my coat and rolled up my shirtsleeve. There was no possibility of an opiate just at present, and no need of one, and so, without a moment's delay, we began the operation. After a time, it did not seem a short time either, for the draining away of one's blood, no matter how willingly it be given, is a terrible feeling, Van Helsing held up a warning finger. "Don't stir," he said. "But I fear that with growing strength she may wake and that'd make danger, oh, so much danger. But I'll take precaution. I'll give hypodermic injection of morphine." He proceeded then, swiftly and deftly, to carry out his intent. The effect on Lucy was not bad, for the faint seemed to merge subtly into the narcotic sleep. It was with a feeling of personal pride that I could see a faint tinge of colour steal back into the pallid cheeks and lips. No man knows, until he experiences it, to feel his own lifeblood drawn away into the veins of the woman he loves. The Professor watched me critically. "That'll do," he said.

"Already?" remonstrated I, "You took a great deal more from Art."

To which he smiled a sad sort of smile as he replied, "He's her lover, her fiancé. You've work, much work to do for her and for others, and the present'll suffice." When we stopped the operation, he attended to Lucy, whilst I applied digital pressure to my own incision. I lay down, while I waited his leisure to attend to me, for I felt faint and a little sick. By and by, he bound up my wound, and sent me downstairs to get a glass of wine for myself. As I was leaving the room, he came after me, and half whispered. "Mind, nothing must be said of this. If our young lover'd turn, up unexpected as before, no word to him. It'd at once frighten and make him jealous, too. There must be none. So!" When I came back, he looked at me carefully, and then said, "You're not much the worse. Go into the room, lie on thy sofa, rest awhile, then have much breakfast, and come here to me."

I followed out his orders, for I knew how right and wise they were. I had done my part, and now my next duty was to keep up my strength. I felt very weak, and in the weakness lost something of the amazement at what had occurred. I fell asleep on the sofa, however, wondering repeatedly how Lucy had made such a retrograde movement, and how she could have been drained of so much blood with no sign anywhere to show for it. I think I must have continued my wonder in my dreams, for; sleeping and waking my thoughts always came back to the little punctures in her throat and the ragged, exhausted appearance of their edges, tiny though they were. Lucy slept well into the day, and when she woke, she was fairly well and strong, though not nearly so much so as the day before. When Van Helsing had seen her, he went out for a walk, leaving me in charge, with strict injunctions that I was not to leave her for a moment. I could hear his voice in the hall, asking the way to the nearest telegraph office. Lucy chatted with me freely, and seemed unconscious that anything had happened. I tried to keep her amused and interested. When her mom came up to see her, she seemed to notice no change whatever but said to me gratefully, "We owe you so much, Dr. Seward for all you've done but you really must now take care not to overwork yourself. You're looking pale yourself. You want a wife to nurse and look after you a bit, that you do!"

As she spoke, Lucy turned crimson, though it was only shortly, for her poor wasted veins could not stand for long an unwonted drain to the head. The reaction came in excessive pallor as she turned imploring eyes on me. I smiled and nodded, and laid my finger on my lips. With a sigh, she sank back amid her pillows. Van Helsing returned in a couple of hours, and presently said to me. "Now you go home, eat much, and drink enough. Make yourself strong. I stay here tonight, and I'll sit up with little miss myself. You and I must watch the case, and we must've none other to know. I've grave reasons. No, don't ask me. Think what you'll. Don't fear to think even the most probable. Goodnight." In the hall, two of the house cleaners came to me, and asked if they or either of them might not sit up with Miss Lucy. They implored me to let them, and when I said it was Dr. Van Helsing's wish that either he or I should sit up, they asked me quite piteously to intercede with the foreign man. I was much touched by their kindness. Perhaps it is because I am weak at present, and perhaps because it was on Lucy's account, that their devotion was manifested. For repeatedly have I seen similar instances of woman's kindness. I got back here in time for a late dinner, went my rounds, all well, and set this down whilst waiting for sleep. It is coming.

11 September,

This afternoon I went over to Hillingham. Found Van Helsing in excellent spirits and Lucy much better. Shortly after I had arrived, a big parcel from abroad came for the Professor. He opened it with much impressment, assumed, of course and showed a great bundle of white flowers. "These're for you, Miss Lucy," he said.

"For me? Oh, Dr. Van Helsing!"

"Yes my dear but not for you to play with. These're medicines." Here Lucy made a wry face. "Nay but they're not to take in a decoction or in nauseous form so you needn't snub that so charming nose or I'll point out to my friend Arthur what woes he may've to endure in seeing so much beauty that he so loves so much distort. Ah, my pretty miss, that brings the so nice nose all straight again. This's medicinal but you don't know how. I put him in thy window, I make pretty wreath, and hang it round thy neck so you sleep well. Oh, yes! They, like the lotus flower, make thy trouble forgotten. It smells so like the waters of Lethe and of that Fountain of Youth that the Conquistadores sought for in Florida, and find him all too late."

Whilst he was speaking, Lucy had been examining the flowers and smelling them. Now she threw them down saying, with half laughter, and half disgust, "Oh, Professor, I believe you're only putting up a joke on me. Why, these flowers're only common garlic."

To my surprise, Van Helsing rose up and said with all his sternness, his iron jaw set and his bushy eyebrows meeting, "No trifling with me! I never jest! There's grim purpose in what I do, and I warn you that you don't thwart me. Take care, for the sake of others if not for thy own." Then seeing poor Lucy scared, as she might well be, he went on more gently, "Oh, little miss, my dear, don't fear me. I only do for thy good but there's much virtue to you in those so common flowers. See, I place them myself in thy room. I make myself the wreath that you're to wear. But hush! No telling to others that make so inquisitive questions, we must obey, silence's a part of obedience, and obedience's to bring you strong and well into loving arms that wait for you. Now sit still a while. Come with me, friend John and you'll help me deck the room with my garlic that's all the war from Harlem where my friend Vanderpool raises herb in his glasshouses all the year. I'd to telegraph yesterday, or they'd not have been here."

We went into the room, taking the flowers with us. The Professor's actions were certainly odd and not to be found in any pharmacopoeia that I ever heard of. First, he fastened up the windows and latched them securely. Next, taking a handful of the flowers, he rubbed them all over the sashes, as though to ensure that every whiff of air that might get in would be laden with the garlic smell. Then with the wisp, he rubbed all over the jamb of the door, above, below, and at each side, and round the fireplace in the same way. It all seemed grotesque to me, and presently I said, "Well, Professor, I know you've always a reason for what you do but this certainly puzzles me. It's well we've no sceptic here, or he'd say that you're working some spell to keep out an evil spirit."

"Perhaps I'm!" he answered quietly as he began to make the wreath that Lucy was to wear round her neck. We then waited whilst Lucy made her toilet for the night and when she was in bed he came and he fixed the wreath of garlic round her neck. The last words he said to her were, "Take care you don't disturb it, and even if the room feel close, don't open the window or the door tonight."

"I promise," said Lucy. "And thank you both a thousand times for all thy kindness to me! Oh, what've I done to be blessed with such friends?"

As we left the house in my fly that was waiting, Van Helsing said, "Tonight I can sleep in peace and sleep I want, two nights of travel, much reading in the day between, and much anxiety on the day to follow, and a night to sit up, without to wink. Tomorrow in the morning early you call for me and we come together to see our pretty miss so much more strong for my spell that I've work, ho, ho!" He seemed so confident that I recalling my own confidence two nights before and with the baneful result, felt awe, and vague terror. My weakness made me hesitate to tell it to my friend but I felt it even more like unshed tears.

CHAPTER III LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY

12 September,

How good they all are to me. I quite love that dear Dr. Van Helsing. I wonder why he was so anxious about these flowers. He positively frightened me; he was so fierce. yet he must have been right, for I feel comfort from them already. Somehow, I do not dread being alone tonight and I can go to sleep without fear. I shall mind no flapping outside the window. Oh, the terrible struggle that I've had against sleep so often of late, the pain of sleeplessness or the pain of the fear of sleep and with such unknown horrors as it has for me! How blessed are some people, whose lives have no fears, no dreads, to whom sleep is a blessing that comes nightly and brings nothing but sweet dreams. Well, here I am tonight, hoping for sleep, and lying like Ophelia in the play with virgin crants and maiden strewments. I never liked garlic before but tonight it's delightful! There's peace in its smell. I feel sleep coming already, goodnight, everyone.

CHAPTER II DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

13 September,

I called at the Berkeley and found Van Helsing, as usual, up to time. The carriage ordered from the hotel was waiting. The Professor took his bag that he always brings with him now. Let all be put down exactly. Van Helsing and I arrived at Hillingham at eight o'clock. It was a lovely morning. The bright sunshine and all the

fresh feeling of early autumn seemed like the completion of nature's annual work. The leaves were turning to all kinds of beautiful colours but had not yet begun to drop from the trees. When we entered, we met Mrs. Westenra coming out of the morning room. She is always an early riser. She greeted us warmly and said, "You'll be glad to know that Lucy's better. The dear child's still asleep. I looked into her room and saw her but didn't go in, lest I'd disturb her." The Professor smiled, and looked quite jubilant. He rubbed his hands together, and said, "Aha! I thought I'd diagnosed the case. My treatment's working." To which she replied, "You mustn't take all the credit to yourself, doctor. Lucy's state this morning's due in part to me."

"How d'you mean, madam?" asked the Professor.

"Well, I was anxious about the dear child in the night and went into her room. She's sleeping soundly, so soundly that even my coming didn't wake her. But the room's very stuffy. There're many of those horrible, strong-smelling flowers about everywhere and she'd actually a bunch of them round her neck. I feared that the heavy odour'd be too much for the dear child in her weak state so I took them all away and opened a bit of the window to let in a little fresh air. You'll be pleased with her, I'm sure."

She moved off into her boudoir, where she usually breakfasted early. As she had spoken, I watched the Professor's face, and saw it turn ashen grey. He had been able to retain his self-command whilst the poor woman was present, for he knew her state and how mischievous a shock would be. He actually smiled on her as he held open the door for her to pass into her room. But the instant she had disappeared he pulled me, suddenly and forcibly, into the dining room and closed the door. Then, for the first time in my life, I saw Van Helsing break down. He raised his hands over his head in a sort of mute despair, and then beat his palms together in a helpless way. Finally, he sat down on a chair, and putting his hands before his face, began to sob, with loud, dry sobs that seemed to come from the very racking of his heart. Then he raised his arms again, as though appealing to the whole universe. "Lord, Lord, and Lord!" he said. "What've we done, what's this poor thing done that we're so sore beset? There's fate amongst us still, send down from the pagan world of old that such things must be and in such way? This poor mom, all unknowing and all for the best as she think, does such thing as lose her daughter body and soul, and we mustn't tell her or even warn her or she dies, then both die. Oh how we're beset! How're all the powers of the devils against us!" Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "Come," he said, "come, we must see and act. Devils, no devils, or all the devils at once, it matters not. We must fight him all the same." He went to the hall door for his bag, and together we went up to Lucy's room. Once again, I drew up the blind, whilst Van Helsing went towards the bed. This time he did not start as he looked on the poor face with the same awful, waxen pallor as before. He wore a look of stern sadness and infinite pity. "As I expected," he murmured, with that hissing inspiration of his which meant so much. Without a word, he went and locked the door, and then began to set out on the little table the instruments for yet another operation of transfusion of blood. I had long ago recognised the necessity, and begun to take off my coat but he stopped me with a warning hand. "No!" he said. "Today you must operate. I'll provide. You're weakened already." As he spoke, he took off his coat and rolled up his shirtsleeve: again the operation, again the narcotic. Some return of colour to the ashy cheeks, and the regular breathing of healthy sleep. This time I watched whilst Van Helsing recruited him and rested. Presently he took an opportunity of telling Mrs. Westenra that she must not remove anything from Lucy's room without consulting him. That the flowers were of medicinal value, and that the breathing of their odour was a part of the system of cure. Then he took over the care of the case himself, saying that he would watch this night and the next, and would send me word when to come. After another hour, Lucy waked from her sleep, fresh and bright and seemingly not much the worse for her terrible ordeal. What does it all mean? I am beginning to wonder if my long habit of life amongst the insane is beginning to tell upon my own brain.

CHAPTER L LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY AND MEMORANDUM

17 September,

DIARY:

Four days and nights of peace, I am getting so strong again that I hardly know myself. It is as if I had passed through some long nightmare, and had just awakened to see the beautiful sunshine and feel the fresh air of the morning around me. I have a dim half remembrance of long, anxious times of waiting and fearing, darkness in which there was not even the pain of hope to make present distress more poignant. then long spells of oblivion, and the rising back to life as a diver coming up through a great press of water. Since, however, Dr. Van Helsing has been with me, all this bad dreaming seems to have passed away. The noises that used to frighten me out of my wits, the flapping against the windows, the distant voices which seemed so close to me, the harsh sounds that came from I know not where and commanded me to do I know not what, have all ceased. I go to bed now without any fear of sleep. I do not even try to keep awake. I have grown quite fond of the garlic, and a boxful arrives for me every day from Harlem. Tonight Dr. Van Helsing is going away, as he has to be for a day in Amsterdam. But I need not be watched. I am well enough to be left alone. Thank Lord for mom's sake, and dear Arthur's, and for all our friends who have been so kind! I shall not even feel the change, for last night Dr. Van Helsing slept in his chair a lot of the time. I found him asleep twice when I awoke. But I did not fear to go to sleep again, although the boughs, bats, or something flapped almost angrily against the windowpanes.

MEMORANDUM:

At night, I write this and leave it to be seen, so that none may by any chance get into trouble through me. This's an exact record of what took place tonight. I feel I'm dying of weakness, and I've barely strength to write but it must be done if I die in the doing. I went to bed as usual, taking care that the flowers were placed as Dr. Van Helsing directed, and soon fell asleep. I was woken by the flapping at the window that'd begun after that sleepwalking on the cliff at Whitby when Mina saved me, and now I know so well. I wasn't afraid but I wished that Dr. Seward were in the next room, as Dr. Van Helsing said he'd be, so that I might've called him. I tried to sleep but I'd not. Then there came to me the old fear of sleep, and I determined to keep awake. Perversely sleep'd try to come then when I didn't want it. So, as I feared to be alone, I opened my door and called out. "There's anyone there?"

There's no answer. I was afraid to wake mom, and so closed my door again. Then outside in the shrubbery I heard a sort of howl like a dog's but more fierce and deeper. I went to the window and looked out but could see nothing, except a big bat that'd evidently been buffeting its wings against the window. So I went back to bed again but determined not to go to sleep. Presently the door opened, and mom looked in. Seeing by my moving that I wasn't asleep, she came in and sat by me. She said to me even more sweetly and softly than her wont, "I was uneasy about you, darling, and came in to see that you're all right." I feared she might catch cold sitting there, and asked her to come in and sleep with me, so she came into bed, and lay down beside me. She didn't take off her dressing gown, for she said she'd only stay a while and then go back to her own bed. As she lay there in my arms, and I in hers the flapping and buffeting came to the window again. She was startled and a little frightened, and cried out, "What's that?"

I tried to pacify her, and at last succeeded, and she lay quiet. But I'd hear her poor dear heart still beating terribly. After a while there was the howl again out in the shrubbery, and shortly after there's a crash at the window, and a lot of broken glass's hurled on the floor. The window blind blew back with the wind that rushed in, and in the aperture of the broken panes, there's the head of a great, gaunt grey wolf. Mom cried out in a fright, struggled up into a sitting posture, and clutched wildly at anything that'd help her. Amongst other things, she clutched the wreath of flowers that Dr. Van Helsing insisted on my wearing round my neck, and tore it away from me. For a second or two she sat up, pointing at the wolf, and there's a strange and horrible gurgling in her throat. Then she fell over, as if struck with lightning, and her head hit my forehead and made me dizzy for a moment or two. The room and all round seemed to spin round. I kept my eyes fixed on the window but the wolf drew his head back, and a whole myriad of little specks seems to come blowing in through the broken window, and wheeling and circling round like the pillar of dust that travellers describe when there's a simoom in the desert. I tried to stir but there's some spell upon me. dear mom's poor body that seemed to grow cold already, for her dear heart'd ceased to beat, weighed me down, and I recalled no more for a while. The time didn't seem long but very, very awful, until I recovered consciousness again. Somewhere near, a passing bell's tolls. The dogs all round the neighbourhood were howling, and in our shrubbery, seemingly just outside, a nightingale's singing. I was dazed and stupid with pain, terror, and weakness but the sound of the nightingale seemed like the voice of my dead mom come back to comfort me. The sounds seemed to have awakened the house cleaners, too, for I'd hear their bare feet pattering outside my door. I

called to them, they came in, and when they saw what'd happened, and what it that lay over me on the bed, they screamed out. The wind rushed in through the broken window, and the door slammed to. They lifted off the body of my dear mom, and laid her, covered up with a sheet, on the bed after I'd gotten up. They're all so frightened and nervous that I directed them to go to the dining room and each've a glass of wine. The door flew open for an instant and closed again. The house cleaners shrieked, and then went in a body to the dining room, and I lay what flowers I'd on my dear mom's breast. When they're there, I recalled what Dr. Van Helsing'd told me but I didn't like to remove them, and besides, I'd have some of the servants to sit up with me now. I was surprised that the house cleaners didn't come back. I called them but got no answer, so I went to the dining room to look for them. My heart sank when I saw what'd happened. They all four lay helpless on the floor, breathing heavily. The decanter of sherry's on the table half full but there's a queer, acrid smell about. I was suspicious, and examined the decanter. It smelt of laudanum, and looking on the sideboard, I found that the bottle that mom's doctor uses for her – oh! Did use – was empty. What I'm to do? What I'm to do? I'm back in the room with mom. I can't leave her, and I'm alone, save for the sleeping servants, whom someone's drugged, alone with the dead! I daren't go out, for I can hear the low howl of the wolf through the broken window. The air seems full of specks, floating and circling in the draught from the window, and the lights burn blue and dim. What I'm to do? Lord shields me from harm this night! I'll hide this paper in my breast, where they'll find it when they come to lay me out, my dear mom gone! It is time that I go too. Goodbye, dear Arthur, if I'd not survive this night, Lord keeps you, dear and Lord help me!

CHAPTER LI

LETTER FROM MINA HARKER TO LUCY WESTENRA (Unopened by her)

17 September

My dearest Lucy,

It seems an age since I heard from you, or indeed, since I wrote. You'll pardon me, I know, for all my faults when you've read all my budget of news. Well, I got my husband back all right. When we arrived at Exeter there's a carriage waiting for us, and in it, though he'd an attack of gout, Mr. Hawkins. He took us to his house, where there're rooms for us all nice and comfortable, and we dined together. After dinner Mr. Hawkins said, my dears, I wanna drink thy health and prosperity, and may every blessing attend you both. I know you both from children, and I've seen you grow up with love and pride. Now I want you to make thy home here with me. I've left to me neither chick nor child. All're gone, and in my will, I've left you everything. I cried; Lucy dear, as Jonathan and the old man clasped hands. Our evening's a very, very happy one. So here we're, installed in this beautiful old house, and from both my bedroom and the drawing room I can see the great elms of the cathedral close, with their great black stems standing out against the old yellow stone of the cathedral, and I can hear the rooks overhead cawing, chattering, and gossiping all day, after the manner of rooks – and humans. I'm busy; I needn't tell you, arranging things and housekeeping. Jonathan and Mr. Hawkins are busy all day, for now that Jonathan is a partner; Mr. Hawkins wanna tell him all about the clients. How's thy dear mom getting on? I wish I'd run up to town for a day or two to see you, dear but I daren't go yet with so much on my shoulders, and Jonathan wants looking after still. He's beginning to put some flesh on his bones again but he's terribly weakened by the long illness. Even now, he sometimes starts out of his sleep in a sudden way and awakes all trembling until I can coax him back to his usual placidity. However, thank Lord, these occasions grow less frequent as the days go on, and they'll pass away altogether in time, I trust. now I've told you my news, let me ask thine. When're you to be married, and where, and who's to perform the ceremony, and what're you to wear, and it's to be a public or private wedding? Tell me all about it, dear, tell me all about everything, for there's nothing that interests you that'll not be dear to me. Jonathan asks me to send his respectful duty but I don't think that's good enough from the junior partner of the important firm Hawkins & Harker. so, as you love me, and he loves me, and I love you with all the moods and tenses of the verb, I send you simply his love instead, goodbye, my dearest Lucy, and blessings on you.

Yours Mina Harker

CHAPTER LII

TELEGRAM FROM VAN HELSING TO SEWARD

Sent to Carfax, Sussex as no county's given, Delivered late by 22 hours.

Antwerp,

17 September,

Don't fail to be at Hillingham tonight. If not watching all the time, frequently visit and see that flowers are as placed. Very important. Don't fail. I'll be with you as soon as possible after arrival.

CHAPTER LIII

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

17 September,

I was engaged after dinner in my study posting up my books that, through press of other work and the many visits to Lucy, had fallen sadly into arrear. Suddenly the door was burst open and my patient rushed in with his face distorted with passion. I was thunderstruck, for such a thing, as a patient getting of his own accord into the Superintendent's study is almost unknown. Without an instant's notice, he made straight at me. He had a dinner knife in his hand, and as I saw he was dangerous, I tried to keep the table between us. He was too quick and too strong for me, however, for before I could get my balance he had struck at me and cut my left wrist rather severely. Before he could strike again, however, I got in my right hand and he was sprawling on his back on the floor. My wrist bled freely, and quite a little pool trickled on to the carpet. I saw that my friend was not intent on further effort, and occupied myself binding up my wrist, keeping a wary eye on the prostrate figure all the time. When the attendants rushed in, and we turned our attention to him, his employment positively sickened me. He was lying on his belly on the floor licking up, like a dog, the blood that had fallen from my wounded wrist. He was easily secured and to my surprise, he went with the attendants quite placidly, simply repeating repeatedly, "The blood's the life! The blood's the life!" I cannot afford to lose blood just at present. I have lost too much of late for my physical good, and then the prolonged strain of Lucy's illness and its horrible phases is telling on me. I am over excited and weary, and I need rest, rest, rest. Happily, Van Helsing has not summoned me, so I need not forego my sleep. Tonight I could not well do without it.

18 SEPTEMBER,

JUST OFF TRAIN TO LONDON. THE ARRIVAL OF VAN HELSING'S TELEGRAM FILLED ME WITH DISMAY. A WHOLE NIGHT LOST, AND I KNOW BY BITTER EXPERIENCE WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN A NIGHT. OF COURSE, IT'S POSSIBLE THAT ALL MAY BE WELL BUT WHAT MAY'VE HAPPENED? SURELY, THERE'S SOME HORRIBLE DOOM HANGING OVER US THAT EVERY POSSIBLE ACCIDENT'D THWART US IN ALL WE TRY TO DO. I'LL TAKE THIS CYLINDER WITH ME, AND THEN I CAN COMPLETE MY ENTRY ON LUCY'S PHONOGRAPH. I drove at once to Hillingham and arrived early. Keeping my cab at the gate, I went up the avenue alone. I knocked gently and rang as quietly as possible, for I feared to disturb Lucy or her mom, and hoped only to bring a servant to the door. After a while, finding no response, I knocked and rang again, still no answer. I cursed the laziness of the servants that they should lie abed at such an hour, for it was now ten o'clock, and so rang and knocked again but more impatiently but still without response. Hereto I had blamed only the servants but now a terrible fear began to assail me. Was this desolation but another link in the chain of doom that seemed drawing tight round us? Indeed a house of death I had come, too late? I know that minutes, even seconds of delay, might mean hours of danger to Lucy, if she had had again one of those frightful relapses, and I went round the house to try if I could find by chance an entry anywhere. I could find no means of ingress. Every window and door was fastened and locked, and I returned baffled to the porch. As I did so, I heard the rapid pit-pat of a swiftly driven horse's feet. They stopped at the gate, and a few seconds later, I met Van Helsing running up the avenue. When he saw me, he gasped out, "Then it's you, and just arrived. How's she? We're too late! Didn't you get my telegram?" I answered as quickly and coherently as I could that, I had only got his telegram early in the morning, and had not a minute in coming here, and that I could make none in the house hear me. He paused and raised his hat as he said solemnly, "Then I fear we're too late. Lord's Will be done!" With his usual recuperative energy, he went on, "Come. If there're no way open to get in, we must make one. Time's all in all to us now." We went round to the back of the house, where there was a kitchen window. The Professor took a small surgical saw from his case, and handing it to me, pointed to the iron bars that guarded the window. I attacked

them at once and had very soon cut through three of them. Then with a long, thin knife, we pushed back the fastening of the sashes and opened the window. I helped the Professor in, and followed him. None in the kitchen or in the servants' rooms was nearby. We tried all the rooms as we went along, and in the dining room, dimly lit by rays of light through the shutters, found four servant women lying on the floor. There was no need to think them dead, for their torturous breathing and the acrid smell of laudanum in the room left no doubt as to their condition. Van Helsing and I looked at each other, and as we moved away he said, "We can attend to them later."

Then we ascended to Lucy's room. For an instant or two, we paused at the door to listen but no sound we could hear. With white faces and trembling hands, we opened the door gently, and entered the room. How'll I describe what we saw?

On the bed lay two women, Lucy, and her mom. The latter lay farthest in, and she was covered with a white sheet, the edge of which had been blown back by the draught through the broken window, showing the drawn, white, face, with a look of terror fixed upon it. By her side lay Lucy, with face white and still more drawn. The flowers that had been round her neck we found upon her mom's bosom, and her throat was bare, showing the two little wounds that we had noticed before but looking horribly white and mangled. Without a word, the Professor bent over the bed, his head almost touching poor Lucy's breast. Then he gave a quick turn of his head, as of one who listens, and leaping to his feet, he cried out to me, "It's not yet too late, quick, and quick! Bring the brandy!" I flew downstairs and returned with it, taking care to smell and taste it, lest it, too, were drugged like the decanter of sherry which I found on the table. The house cleaners were still breathing but more restlessly, and I fancied that the narcotic was wearing off. I did not stay to make sure but returned to Van Helsing. He rubbed the brandy, as on another occasion, on her lips and gums and on her wrists and the palms of her hands. He said to me, "I can do this, all that can be at the present. You go wake those house cleaners. Flick them in the face with a wet towel, and flick them hard. Make them get heat and fire and a warm bath. This poor soul's nearly as cold as that beside her. She'll need be heated before we can do anything more." I went at once, and found little difficulty in waking three of the women. The fourth was only a young girl, and the drug had evidently affected her more strongly so I lifted her on the sofa and let her sleep. The others were dazed at first but as remembrance came back to them, they cried and sobbed in a hysterical manner. I was stern with them, however, and I would not let them talk. I told them that one life was bad enough to lose, and if they delayed, they would sacrifice Miss Lucy. So, sobbing and crying they went about their way, half clad as they were, and prepared fire and water. Fortunately, the kitchen and boiler fires were still alive, and there was no lack of hot water. We got a bath, carried Lucy out as she was, and placed her in it. Whilst we were busy, chafing her limbs there was a knock at the hall door. One of the house cleaners ran off, hurried on some more clothes, and opened it. Then she returned and whispered to us that there was a man who had come with a message from Mr. Holmwood. I bade her simply tell him that he must wait, for we could see none now. She went away with the message, and, engrossed with our work, I clean forgot all about him. I never saw in all my experience the Professor work in such deadly earnest. I knew, as he knew, that it was a stand-up fight with death, and in a pause told him so. He answered me in a way that I did not understand but with the sternest look that his face could wear. "If that's all, I'd stop here where we're now, and let her fade away into peace, for I see no light in life over her horizon." He went on with his work with, if possible, renewed and more frenzied vigour. Presently we both began to be conscious that the heat was beginning to be of some effect. Lucy's heart beat a trifle more audibly to the stethoscope, and her lungs had a perceptible movement. Van Helsing's face almost beamed, and as we lifted her from the bath and rolled her in a hot sheet to dry her he said to me, "The first gain's ours! Check to the King!" We took Lucy into another room that had by now been prepared, and laid her in bed and forced a few drops of brandy down her throat. I noticed that Van Helsing tied a soft silk handkerchief round her throat. She was still unconscious, and was quite as bad as, if not worse than, we had ever seen her. Van Helsing called in one of the women, and told her to stay with her and not to take her eyes off her until we returned, and then beckoned me out of the room. "We must consult as to what's to be done," he said as we descended the stairs. In the hall, he opened the dining room door, and we passed in, he closing the door carefully behind him. The shutters had been opened but the blinds were already down, with that obedience to the etiquette of death that the British woman of the lower classes always rigidly observes. The room was, therefore, dimly dark. However, it was light enough for our purposes. Van Helsing's sternness was somewhat relieved by a look of perplexity. He was evidently torturing his mind about something, so I waited for an instant, and he spoke. "What're we to do now? Where're we to turn for help? We must've another transfusion of blood, and that soon, or that poor girl's life won't be worth an hour's purchase. You're exhausted already. I'm exhausted too. I fear to trust those women, even if they'd have courage to submit. What're we to do for someone who'll open his veins for her?"

"What's the matter with me, anyhow?"

The voice came from the sofa across the room, and its tones brought relief and joy to my heart, for they were those of Quincy P. Morris. Van Helsing started angrily at the first sound but his face softened and a glad look came into his eyes as I cried out, "Quincy Morris!" and rushed towards him with outstretched hands. "What brought you here?"

I cried as our hands met. "I guess Art's the cause." He handed me a telegram.

CHAPTER LIV THE PALL MALL GAZETTE

THE ESCAPED WOLF – PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF OUR INTERVIEWER – INTERVIEW WITH THE KEEPER IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

18 September,

After many inquiries and almost as many refusals, and perpetually using the words PALL MALL GAZETTE as a sort of talisman, I managed to find the keeper of the section of the Zoological Gardens in which the wolf department's included. Thomas Bilder lives in one of the cottages in the enclosure behind the elephant house, and he's just sitting down to his tea when I found him. Thomas and his wife are hospitable folk, elderly, and without children, and if the specimen I enjoyed of their hospitality be of the average kind, their lives must be comfortable. The keeper wouldn't enter on what he called business until the supper's over, and we're all satisfied. Then when the table's cleared, and he had lit his pipe, he said, "Now, Sir, you can go on and ask me what you want. You'll excuse me refusing to talk of professional subjects afore meals. I give the wolves and the jackals and the hyenas in all our section their tea afore I begin to ask them questions."

"How d'you mean, ask them questions?"

I queried, wishful to get him into a talkative humour, "Eating of them over the head with a pole's one way. Scratching of their ears in another, when gents as is flush wants a bit of a show-off to their girls, I don't so much mind the fast, the eating of the pole part afore I chuck in their dinner but I wait until they've had their sherry and coffee, so to speak, afore I tries on with the ear scratching. Mind you," he added philosophically, "there's a deal of the same nature in us as in them there animals. Here's you coming and asking of me questions about my business, and I that grump-like that only for thy blooming barf-quid I'd a seen you blown fast fore I'd answer. Not even when you asked me sarcastic like if, I'd like you to ask the Superintendent if you might ask me questions. Without offence did I tell you're to go to hell?"

"You did."

"And when you said you'd report me for using obscene language that's eating me over the head. But the barf-quid made that all right. I wasn't gonna fight, so I waited for the food, and did with my howl as the wolves, lions, and tigers do. But, Lord love thy heart, now that the old woman's stuck a chunk of her tea-cake in me, and rinsed me out with her blooming old teapot, and I've lit up, you may scratch my ears for all you're worth, and won't even get a growl out of me. Drive along with thy questions, I know what thy coming at, that here escaped wolf."

"Exactly, I want you to give me thy view of it. Just tell me how it happened, and when I know the facts I'll get you to say what you consider's the cause of it, and how you think the whole affair'll end."

"All right, Governor. This here's about the whole story. That here wolf what we called Bersicker's one of three grey ones that came from Norway to Jamrach's that we bought off him four years ago. He's a nice well-behaved wolf that ever gave no trouble to talk of. I'm more surprised at him for wanting to get out, no other animal in the place. But, there, you can trust wolves no more nor women."

"Don't you mind him, Sir!" broke in Mrs. Tom, with a cheery laugh. "He's got minding the animals so long that blest if he ain't like an old wolf itself! But there's no

harm in him."

"Well, Sir, it's about two hours after feeding yesterday when I first hear my disturbance. I was making up a litter in the monkey house for a young puma that's ill. But when I heard the yelping and howling I came away straight. There's Bersicker tearing like a mad thing at the bars as if he wanna get out. There's not much people about that day, and nearby's only a man, tall, thin chap, with a hooknose and a pointed beard, with a few white hairs running through it. He'd a hard, cold look and red eyes, and I took a sort of dislike to him, for it seemed as if it's he as they're irritated. He'd white kid gloves on his hands, and he pointed out the animals to me and he says, Keeper, these wolves seem upset at something. Maybe it's you, said I, for I did not like the airs as he gives itself. He didn't get angry, as I hoped he'd but he smiled a kind of insolent smile with a mouth full of white, sharp teeth. Oh no, they'd not like me, he says. Oh yes, they'd, said I, imitating of him. They always like a bone or two to clean their teeth on about teatime that you as a bagful. Well, it's an odd thing but when the animals see us talking they lay down, and when I went over to Bersicker he lemme stroke his ears same as ever. That man came over, and blessed but if he didn't put in his hand and stroke the old wolf's ears too! Take care; said I. Bersicker's quick. Never mind, he says. I'm used to them! You're in the business yourself. I said, taking off my hat, for a man what trades in wolves, anteater, is a good friend to keepers. No, says he, not exactly in the business but I've made pets of several. with that, he lifts his hat as partite as a lord lifts, and walks away. Old Bersicker kept looking after him until he's out of sight, and then went and lay down in a corner and wouldn't come out the whole evening. Well, last night, as soon as the moon was up, the wolves here all began howling. Nothing's for them to howl at, none's near, except someone that's evidently calling a dog somewhere out back of the garden in the Park road. Once or twice, I went out to see that all's right, it's, and then the howling stopped. Just before midnight, I just looked round before turn-ing in, and, bust me but when I came opposite to old Bersicker's cage, I see the rails broken and twisted about and the cage empty. that's all I know for certain."

"Did anyone else see anything?"

"One of our gardeners's coming home about that time from a harmony, when he sees a big grey dog coming out through the guarding hedges. At least, so he says but I don't give much for it me, for if he did he never said a word about it to his miss when he got home, and it's only after the escape of the wolf's made known, and we'd been up all night hunting of the Park for Bersicker, that he recalled seeing anything. My own belief's that the harmony'd got into his head."

"Now, Mr. Bilder, can you account in anyway for the escape of the wolf?"

"Well, Sir," he said, with a suspicious sort of modesty, "I think I can but I don't know as how you'd be satisfied with the theory."

"Certainly I'll. If a man like you, who knows the animals from experience, can't hazard a good guess at any rate, who's even to try?"

"Well then, Sir, I accounts for it this way. It seems to me that here wolf escaped – simply because he wanna get out."

From the hearty way that both Thomas and his wife laughed at the joke, I'd see that it had done service before, and that the whole explanation's simply an elaborate sell. I'd not cope in badinage with the worthy Thomas but I thought I knew a surer way to his heart, so I said, "Now, Mr. Bilder, we'll consider that first half-sovereign worked off, and this bro of his is waiting to be claimed when you've told me what you think will happen."

"Right you're, Sir," he said briskly. "You'll excuse me, I know, for chaffing of you but the old woman'd winked at me that's as much as telling me to go on."

"Well, I never!" said the old woman.

"My opinion's this: that here wolf's hiding of, somewhere. The gardener didn't recall said he's galloping northward faster than a horse'd go but I don't believe him for you see, Sir, wolves gallop no more nor dogs do, they're not being built that way. Wolves are fine things in a storybook, and I daresay when they gets in packs and does be chivvying something that's more afraid than they're they can make a devil of a noise and chop it up, whatever it's. But, Lord bless you, in real life a wolf's only a low creature, not half so clever or bold as a good dog, and not half a quarter so much fight in him. This one's not been used to fighting or even to providing for himself, and more like he's somewhere round the Park hiding and shivering of, and if he thinks at all, wondering where he's to get his breakfast from. Or maybe he's got down some area and is in a coal cellar. My eye, won't some cook get a rum start when she sees his green eyes shining at her out of the dark! If he can't get food he's bound to look for it, and mayhap he may chance to light on a butcher's shop in time. If he doesn't, and some nursemaid goes out walking or off with a soldier, leaving of the infant in the perambulator – well, then I'd not be surprised if the census's one baby the less. That's all." I was handing him the half-sovereign, when something came bobbing up against the window, and Mr. Bilder's face doubled its natural length with surprise. "Lord bless me!" he said. "If there ain't old Bersicker come back by it!" he went to the door and opened it, a unnecessary proceeding it seemed to me. I have always thought that a wild animal never looks so well, as when some obstacle of pronounced durability is between us. A personal experience has intensified rather than diminished that idea. After all, however, there is nothing like custom, for neither Bilder nor his wife thought any more of the wolf than I should of a dog. The animal itself was a peaceful and well behaved as that dad of all picture-wolves, Red Riding Hood's quondam friend, whilst moving her confidence in masquerade. The whole scene was a unutterable mixture of comedy and pathos. The wicked wolf that for a half a day had paralyzed London and set all the children in town shivering in their shoes, was there in a sort of penitent mood, and was received and petted like a sort of vulpine prodigal son. Old Bilder examined him all over with most tender solicitude, and when he had finished with his penitent said, "There, I knew the poor old chap'd get into some kind of trouble. Didn't I say it all along? Here's his head all cut and full of broken glass. He's been getting over some blooming wall or other. It's a shame that people're allowed to top their walls with broken bottles. This here's what comes of it. Come along, Bersicker." He took the wolf and locked him up in a cage, with a piece of meat that satisfied, in quantity at any rate, the elementary conditions of the fatted calf, and went off to report. I came off too, to report the only exclusive information that is given today regarding the strange escapade at the Zoo.

CHAPTER LV

LETTER FROM MINA HARKER TO LUCY WESTENRA (*Unopened by her*)

18 September,

My dearest Lucy,

Such a sad blow has befallen us. Mr. Hawkins's died very suddenly. Some mayn't think it so sad for us but we'd both come to love him so that it really seems as though we'd lost a dad. I never knew either dad or mom, so that the dear old man's death's a real blow to me. Jonathan's greatly distressed. It isn't only that he feels sorrow, deep sorrow, for the dear, good man who's befriended him all his life, and now at the end's treated him like his own son and left him a fortune that to people of our modest bringing-up's wealth beyond the dream of avarice but Jonathan feels it on another account. He says the amount of responsibility that it puts upon him makes him nervous. He begins to doubt himself. I try to cheer him up and my belief in him helps him to have a belief in himself. But it's here that the grave shock that he experienced tells upon him the most. Oh, it's too hard that a sweet, simple, noble, strong nature such as his, a nature that enabled him by our dear, good friend's aid to rise from clerk to master in a few years'd be so injured that the very essence of its strength's gone. Forgive me, dear, if I worry you with my troubles in the midst of thy own happiness but Lucy dear, I must tell someone, for the strain of keeping up a brave and cheerful appearance to Jonathan tries me, and I've none here that I can confide in. I dread coming up to London, as we must do that day after tomorrow, for poor Mr. Hawkins left in his will that he's to be buried in the grave with his dad. As there're no relations at all, Jonathan'll have to be the chief mourner. I'll try to run over to see you, dearest, if only for a few minutes. Forgive me for troubling you. With all blessings, thy love

Mina Harker

CHAPTER LVI

REPORT FROM PATRICK HENNESSEY, MRCSLK, QCPI, ETC, ETC, TO JOHN SEWARD, MD

20 September,

My dear Sir,

In accordance with thy wishes, I enclose report of the conditions of everything left in my charge. With regard to patient, Renfield, there's more to say. He's had another outbreak that might've had a dreadful ending but that's unattended with no happy results as it fortunately happened. This afternoon a carrier's cart with two men made a call at the empty house whose grounds abut on ours, the house to which you'll recall the patient twice ran away. The men stopped at our gate to

ask the porter their way, as they're strangers. I was myself looking out of the study window, having a smoke after dinner, and saw one of them come up to the house. As he passed the window of Renfield's room, the patient began to rate him from within, and called him all the foul names he'd lay his tongue to. The man who seemed a decent fellow enough contented himself by telling him to shut up for a foul-mouthed beggar, whereon our man accused him of robbing him and wanting to murder him and said that he'd hinder him if he's to swing for it. I opened the window and signed to the man not to notice, so he contented himself after looking the place over and making up his mind as to what kind of place he'd got to by saying, "Lord bless you, sir, I'dn't mind what's said to me in a blooming madhouse. I pity you and the governor for having to live in the house with a wild beast like that."

Then he asked his very civilly enough, and I told him where the gate of the empty house's. He went away followed by threats and curses and reviling from our man. I went down to see if I'd make out any cause for his anger, since he's usually such a well-behaved man, and except his violent fits nothing of the kind'd ever occurred. I found him, to my astonishment, quite composed and most genial in his manner. I tried to get him to talk of the incident but he blandly asked me questions as to what I meant, and led me to believe that he's completely oblivious of the affair. I'm sorry to say, however, only another instance of his cunning, for within half an hour I heard of him again. This time he'd broken out through the window of his room, and was running down the avenue. I called to the attendants to follow me, and ran after him, for I feared he's intent on some mischief. My fear's justified when I saw the same cart that'd passed before coming down the road, having on it some great wooden boxes. The men were wiping their foreheads, and they're flushed in the face, as if with violent exercise. Before I'd get up to him, the patient rushed at them, and pulling one of them off the cart, began to knock his head against the ground. If I'd not seized him just at the moment, I believe he'd have killed the man immediately. The other fellow jumped down and struck him over the head with the butt end of his heavy whip. It's a horrible blow but he didn't seem to mind it but seized him also, and struggled with the three of us, pulling us back and forth, as if we're kittens. You know I'm no lightweight, and the others were both burly men. At first, he's silent in his fighting but as we began to master him, and the attendants were putting a strait waistcoat on him, he began to shout, "I'll frustrate them! They'll not rob me! They'll not murder me by inches! I'll fight for my Lord and Master!"

And all sorts of similar incoherent ravings, it's with very considerable difficulty that they got him back to the house and put him in the padded room. One of the attendants, Hardy, had a finger broken. However, I set it all right, and he's going on well. The two carriers were at first loud in their threats of actions for damages, and promised to rain all the penalties of the law on us. However, their threats were mingled with some sort of indirect apology for the defeat of the two of them by a feeble lunatic. They said that if it'd not been for the way their strength'd been spent in carrying and raising the heavy boxes to the cart, they'd have made short work of him. They gave as another reason for their defeat the extraordinary state of drought to which they'd been reduced by the dusty nature of their occupation and the reprehensible distance from the scene of their labours of any place of public entertainment. I quite understood their drift, and after a stiff glass of strong grog or rather more of the same and with each a sovereign in hand, they made light of the attack, and swore that they'd encounter a worse lunatic any day for the pleasure of meeting so blooming good a bloke as thy correspondent. I took their names and addresses, in case they might be needed. They're as follows: Jack Smollet, of Dudding's Rents, King George's Road, Great Walworth, and Thomas Snelling, Peter Farley's Row, Guide Court, Bethnal Green. They're both in the employment of Harris & Sons, Moving and Shipment Company, Orange Master's Yard, Soho. I'll report to you any matter of interest occurring here, and I'll wire you at once if there's anything of importance. Believe me, dear Sir, thine faithfully,
Patrick Hennessey

CHAPTER LVII DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

20 September,

Only resolution and habit can let me make an entry tonight. I am too miserable, too low-spirited, too sick of the world and all in it, including life itself that I would not care if I heard this moment the flapping of the wings of the angel of death. he has been flapping those grim wings to some purpose of late; Lucy's mom and Arthur's dad, and now ... let me get on with my work. I duly relieved Van Helsing in his watch over Lucy. We wanted Arthur to go to rest also but he refused at first. It was only when I told him that we should want him to help us during the day, and that we must not all break down for want of rest, lest Lucy should suffer, that he agreed to go. Van Helsing was very kind to him. "Come, my child," he said. "Come with me. You're sick and weak, and I've'd much sorrow and mental pain as well as that tax on thy strength that we know of. You mustn't be alone, for to be alone's to be full of fears and alarms. Come to the drawing room, where there's a big fire, and there're two sofas. You'll lie on one and I on the other and our sympathy'll be comfort to each other even though we don't speak and even if we sleep." Arthur went off with him, casting back a longing look on Lucy's face that lay in her pillow almost whiter than the lawn. She lay quite still, and I looked around the room to see that all was as it should be. I could see that the Professor had carried out in this room, as in the other, his purpose of using the garlic. The whole of the window sashes reeked with it, and round Lucy's neck, over the silk handkerchief which Van Helsing made her keep on, was a rough chaplet of the same odorous flowers. Lucy was breathing somewhat tortuously, and her face was at its worst, for the open mouth showed the pale gums. Her teeth, in the dim, uncertain light, seemed longer and sharper than they had been in the morning. In particular, by some trick of the light, the canine teeth looked longer and sharper than the rest. I sat down beside her, and presently she moved uneasily. At the same moment, there came a sort of dull flapping or buffeting at the window. I went over to it softly, and peeped out by the corner of the blind. There was a full moonlight, and I could see that the noise was made by a great bat that wheeled around, doubtless attracted by the light, although so dim, and every now and again struck the window with its wings. When I came back to my seat, I found that Lucy had moved slightly, and had torn away the garlic flowers from her throat. I replaced them as well as I could, and sat watching her. Presently she woke, and I gave her food, as Van Helsing had prescribed. She took but a little and that languidly. There did not seem to be with her now the unconscious struggle for life and strength that had hereto so marked her illness. It struck me as curious that the moment she became conscious she pressed the garlic flowers close to her. It was certainly odd that whenever she got into that lethargic state, with the tortuous breathing, she put the flowers from her but that when she waked she clutched them close. There was no possibility of making any mistake about this, for in the long hours that followed, she had many spells of sleeping and waking and repeated both actions many times. At six o'clock Van Helsing came to relieve me. Arthur had then fallen into a doze, and he mercifully let him sleep on. When he saw Lucy's face I could hear the hissing in-draw of breath, and he said to me in a sharp whisper. "Draw up the blind. I want light!" Then he bent down, and, with his face almost touching Lucy's, examined her carefully. He removed the flowers and lifted the silk handkerchief from her throat. As he did so he started back and I could hear his ejaculation, "Mein Gott!" as it was smothered in his throat. I bent over and looked, too, and as I noticed, some queer chill came over me. The wounds on the throat had absolutely disappeared. For fully five minutes, Van Helsing stood looking at her, with his face at its sternest. Then he turned to me and said calmly, "She's dying. It'll not be long now. It'll be much difference, mark me, whether she dies conscious or in her sleep. Wake that poor boy and let him come and see the last. He trusts us, and we've promised him."

I went to the dining room and waked him. He was dazed for a moment. But when he saw the sunlight streaming in through the edges of the shutters he thought he was late, and expressed his fear. I assured him that Lucy was still asleep but told him as gently as I could that both Van Helsing and I feared that the end was near. He covered his face with his hands, and slid down on his knees by the sofa, where he remained, perhaps a minute, with his head buried, praying, whilst his shoulders shook with grief. I took him by the hand and raised him up. "Come," I said, "my dear old fellow, summon all thy fortitude. It'll be best and easiest for her." When we came into Lucy's room, I could see that Van Helsing had, with his usual forethought, been putting matters straight and making everything look as pleasing as possible. He had even brushed Lucy's hair, so that it lay on the pillow in its usual sunny ripples. When we came into the room, she opened her eyes, and seeing him, whispered softly, "Arthur! Oh, my love, I'm so glad you've come!"

He was stooping to kiss her, when Van Helsing motioned him back. "No," he whispered, "not yet! Hold her hand, it'll comfort her more."

So Arthur took her hand and knelt beside her, and she looked her best, with all the soft lines matching the angelic beauty of her eyes. Then gradually her eyes closed, and she sank to sleep. For a little bit her breast heaved softly, and her breath came and went like a tired child's. then insensibly there came the strange change that I had noticed in the night. Her breathing grew tortuous, the mouth opened, and the pale gums, drawn back, made the teeth look longer and sharper than ever. In a sort of sleep-waking, vague, unconscious way, she opened her eyes that were now dull and hard at once, and said in a soft, voluptuous voice, such

as I had never heard from her lips, "Arthur! Oh, my love, I'm so glad you've come! Kiss me!"

Arthur bent eagerly over to kiss her but at that instant Van Helsing, who, like me, had been startled by her voice, swooped upon him, and catching him by the neck with both hands, dragged him back with a fury of strength that I never thought he could have possessed, and actually hurled him almost across the room. "Not on thy life!" he said, "Not for thy living soul and hers!"

And he stood between them like a lion at bay. Arthur was so taken aback that he did not know for a moment what to do or say, and before any impulse of violence could seize him he realised the place and the occasion, and stood silent, waiting. I kept my eyes fixed on Lucy, as did Van Helsing, and we saw a spasm as of rage flit like a shadow over her face. The sharp teeth clamped together. Then her eyes closed, and she breathed heavily. Very shortly after she opened her eyes in all their softness, and putting out her poor, pale, thin hand, took Van Helsing's great brown one, drawing it close to her, she kissed it. "My true friend," she said, in a faint voice but with untellable pathos, "My true friend, and his! Oh, guard him, and give me peace!"

"I swear it!" he said solemnly, kneeling beside her and holding up his hand, as one who registers an oath. Then he turned to Arthur, and said to him, "Come, my child, take her hand in thine, kiss her on the forehead, and only once." Their eyes met instead of their lips, and so they parted. Lucy's eyes closed, and Van Helsing, who had been watching closely, took Arthur's arm, and drew him away. Then Lucy's breathing became torturous again, and all at once, it ceased. "It's all over," said Van Helsing. "She's dead!" I took Arthur by the arm, and led him away to the drawing room; where he sat down, and covered his face with his hands, sobbing in a way that nearly broke me down to see. I went back to the room, and found Van Helsing looking at poor Lucy, and his face was sterner than ever. Some change had come over her body. Death had given back part of her beauty, for her brow and cheeks had recovered some of their flowing lines. Even the lips had lost their deadly pallor. It was as if the blood, no longer needed for the working of the heart, had gone to make the harshness of death as little rude as might be. "We thought her dying whilst she slept and sleeping when she died."

I stood beside Van Helsing, and said, "Ah well, poor girl, there's peace for her at last. It's the end!"

He turned to me, and said with grave solemnity, "Not so, alas! Not so, it's only the beginning!" When I asked him what he meant, he only shook his head and answered, "We can do nothing yet. Wait and see."

The funeral was arranged for the next succeeding day, so that Lucy and her mom might be buried together. I attended to all the ghastly formalities, and the urbane undertaker proved that his staff was afflicted, or blessed, with something of his own obsequious suavity. Even the woman who performed the last offices for the dead remarked to me, in a confidential, bro-professional way, when she had come out from the death chamber, "She makes a very beautiful corpse, sir. It's quite a privilege to attend on her. It's not too much to say that she'll do credit to our establishment!"

I noticed that Van Helsing never kept far away. This was possible from the disordered state of things in the household. There were no relatives at hand, and as Arthur had to be back the next day to attend at his dad's funeral, we were unable to notify any one who should have been bidden. Under the circumstances, Van Helsing and I took it upon ourselves to examine papers, etc. He insisted upon looking over Lucy's papers himself. I asked him why, for I feared that he, being a foreigner, might not be quite aware of English legal requirements, and so might make some unnecessary trouble in ignorance. He answered me, "I know, I know. You forget that I'm a lawyer as well as a doctor. But this isn't altogether for the law. You knew that, when you avoided the coroner. I've more than him to avoid. There may be more papers such as this." As he spoke, he took from his pocket book the memorandum that had been in Lucy's breast, and that she had torn in her sleep. "When you find anything of the solicitor who's for the late Mrs. Westenra, seal all her papers, and write him tonight. For me, I watch here in the room and in Miss Lucy's old room all night and search for what may be. It's unwell that her very thoughts go into the hands of strangers." I went on with my part of the work, and in another half hour had found the name and address of Mrs. Westenra's solicitor and had written to him. All the poor woman's papers were in order. Explicit directions regarding the place of burial were given. I had hardly sealed the letter, when, to my surprise, Van Helsing walked into the room, saying, "Can I help you friend John? I'm free, and if I may, my service's to you."

"You've what you looked for?" I asked.

To which he replied, "I looked for no specific thing. I only hoped to find and find I've all that there's, only some letters, a few memoranda, and a diary new begun. But I've them here, and we'll for the present say nothing of them. I'll see that poor lad tomorrow evening and with his sanction, I'll use some."

When we had finished the work in hand, he said to me, "And now, friend John, I think we may to bed. We want sleep, both you and I, and rest to recuperate. Tomorrow we'll have much to do but for tonight, there's no need of us. Alas!" Before turning in we went to look at poor Lucy. The undertaker had certainly done his work well, for the room was turned into a small chapel ardente. There was a wilderness of beautiful white flowers, and death was made as little repulsive as might be. The end of the winding sheet was laid over the face. When the Professor bent over and turned it gently back, we both started at the beauty before us, the tall wax candles showing a sufficient light to note it well. All Lucy's loveliness had come back to her in death, and the hours that had passed, instead of leaving traces of decay's effacing fingers, had but restored the beauty of life, until positively I could not believe my eyes that I was looking at a corpse. The Professor looked sternly grave. He had not loved her as I had, and there was no need for tears in his eyes. He said to me, "Remain until I return," and left the room. He came back with a handful of wild garlic from the box waiting in the hall but which had not been opened, and placed the flowers amongst the others on and around the bed. Then he took from his neck, inside his collar, a little gold crucifix, and placed it over the mouth. He restored the sheet to its place, and we came away. I was undressing in my own room, when, with a premonitory tap at the door, he entered, and at once began to speak. "Tomorrow I want you to bring me, before night, a set of post-mortem knives."

"Must we make an autopsy?" I asked.

"Yes and no. I want to operate but not what you think. Let me tell you now but not a word to another. I want to cut off her head and take out her heart. Ah! You're a surgeon, and so shocked! You, whom I've seen with no tremble of hand or heart, do operations of life and death that make the rest shudder. Oh but I mustn't forget, my dear friend John that you loved her, and I've not forgotten for I'll operate and you mustn't help. I'd like to do it tonight but for Arthur, I mustn't. He'll be free after his dad's funeral tomorrow and he'll wanna see her, see it. Then, when she's confined ready for the next day, you and I'll come when all sleep. We'll unscrew the coffin lid, and do our operation, and then replace all so that none know, save we alone."

"But why do it at all? The girl's dead. Why mutilate her poor body without need? And if there's no necessity for a post-mortem and nothing to gain by it, no good to her, to us, to science, to human knowledge, why do it? Without such, it's monstrous."

For answer, he put his hand on my shoulder, and said, with infinite tenderness, "Friend John, I pity thy poor bleeding heart, and I love you the more because it does so bleed. If I'd, I'd take on myself the burden that you do bear. But there're things that you know not but that you'll know, and bless me for knowing, though they're not pleasant things, John, my child, you've been my friend now many years and yet did you ever know me to do any without good cause? I may err, I'm but human but I believe in all I do. It's not for these causes that you send for me when the great trouble came, yes! Weren't you amazed, nay horrified, when I'd not let Arthur kiss his love though she's dying and snatched him away by all my strength? Yes! And yet you saw how she thanked me with her so beautiful dying eyes, voice, too, so weak, kissed my rough old hand, and blessed me? Yes! And didn't you hear me swear promise to her that so she closed her eyes grateful? Yes! Well, I've good reason now for all I wanna do. You've for many years trust me. You've believed me weeks past when there're things so strange that you might've well doubt. Believe me yet a little, friend John. If you trust me not, then I must tell what I think, and that's not perhaps well. If I work, as work I'll, no matter trust or no trust, without my friend's trust in me, I work with heavy heart and feel, oh so lonely when I want all help and courage that may be!" He paused a moment and went on solemnly, "Friend John, there're strange and terrible days before us. Let's not be two but one, that so we work to a good end. Won't you've faith in me?" I took his hand, and promised him. I held my door open as he went away, and watched him go to his room and close the door. As I stood without moving, I saw one of the house cleaners pass silently along the passage, she had her back to me, so did not see me, and go into the room where Lucy lay. The sight touched me. Devotion is so rare, and we are so grateful to those who show it unasked to those we love. Here was a poor girl putting aside the terrors that she naturally had of death to go watch alone by the bier of the mistress whom she loved, so that the poor clay might not be lonely until laid to eternal rest. I must have slept long and soundly, for it was broad daylight when Van Helsing waked me by coming into my room. He came over to my bedside and said, "You needn't trouble about the

knives. We'll not do it."

"Why not?" I asked.

For his solemnity of the night before had greatly impressed me. "Because," he said sternly, "it is too late, or too early. See!" Here he held up the little golden crucifix. "This's stolen in the night."

"How stolen," I asked in wonder, "Since you've it now?"

"Because I got it back from the worthless wretch who stole it, from the woman who robbed the dead and the living. Her punishment'll surely come but not through me. She knew not altogether what she did, and thus unknowing, she only stole. Now we must wait." He went away on the word, leaving me with a new mystery to think of, a new puzzle to grapple with. The forenoon was a dreary time but at noon the solicitor came, Mr. Marquand of Wholeman, Sons, and Marquand & Lauderdale. He was very genial and very appreciative of what we had done, and took off our hands all cares as to details. During lunch, he told us that Mrs. Westenra had expected sudden death from her heart for some time, and had put her affairs in absolute order. He informed us that, with the exception of certain entailed property of Lucy's dad which now, in default of direct issue, went back to a distant branch of the family, the whole estate, and real and personal, was left absolutely to Arthur Holmwood. When he had told us, so much he went on, "Frankly we did our best to prevent such a testamentary disposition, and pointed out certain contingencies that might leave her daughter either penniless or not as free as she'd be to act regarding a matrimonial alliance. Indeed, we pressed the matter so far that we almost came into collision for she asked us if we're or weren't prepared to carry out her wishes. Of course, we'd then no alternative but to accept. We're right in principle, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the accuracy of our judgment we'd've proved by the logic of events. Frankly, however, I must admit that in this case any other form of disposition would've rendered impossible the carrying out of her wishes. For by her predeceasing her daughter the latter would've come into possession of the property, and, even she'd only survived her mom by five minutes, her property, in case there're no will, and a will's a practical impossibility in such a case, would've been treated at her decease as under intestacy. In which case Lord Godalming, though so dear a friend, would've had no claim in the world. the inheritors, being remote, wouldn't be likely to abandon their just rights, for sentimental reasons regarding an entire stranger. I assure you, my dear sirs, I'm rejoiced at the result, perfectly rejoiced." He was a good fellow but his rejoicing at the one little part in which he was officially interested, of so great a tragedy, was an object-lesson in the limitations of sympathetic understanding. He did not remain long but said he would look in later in the day and see Lord Godalming. His coming, however, had been a certain comfort to us, since it assured us that we should not have to dread hostile criticism as to any of our acts. Arthur was expected at five o'clock, so a little before that time we visited the death chamber. It was so in very truth, for now both mom and daughter lay in it. The undertaker, true to his craft, had made the best display he could of his goods, and a mortuary air about the place lowered our spirits at once. Van Helsing ordered the former arrangement to be adhered to; explaining that as Lord Godalming was coming very soon, it would be less harrowing to his feelings to see all that was left of his fiancée quite alone. The undertaker seemed shocked at his own stupidity and exerted himself to restore things to the condition in which we left them the night before, so that when Arthur came such shocks to his feelings as we could avoid were saved, poor fellow! He looked desperately sad and broken. Even his stalwart manhood seemed to have shrunk somewhat under the strain of his much-tried emotions. I knew he had been attached very genuinely and devotedly to his dad, and to lose him, and at such a time, was a bitter blow to him. With me, he was warm as ever, and to Van Helsing he was sweetly courteous. But I could not help seeing that there was some constraint with him. The professor noticed it too, and motioned me to bring him upstairs. I did so, and left him at the door of the room, as I felt he would like to be quite alone with her but he took my arm and led me in, saying huskily, "You loved her too, old fellow. She told me all about it, and no friend'd a closer place in her heart than you did. I don't know how to thank you for all you've done for her. I can't think yet..." Here he suddenly broke down, and threw his arms round my shoulders and laid his head on my chest, crying, "Oh, Jack! Jack! What'll I do? The whole of life seems gone from me all at once, and there's nothing in the wide world for me to live for."

I comforted him as well as I could. In such cases, men do not need much expression. A grip of the hand, the tightening of an arm over the shoulder, a sob in unison, is expressions of sympathy dear to a man's heart. I stood still and silent until his sobs died away, and then I said softly to him, "Come and look at her."

Together we moved over to the bed, and I lifted the lawn from her face, Lord! How beautiful she was. Every hour seemed to be enhancing her loveliness. It frightened and amazed me somewhat. as for Arthur, he fell to trembling, and finally he was shaken with doubt as with an ague. At last, after a long pause, he said to me in a faint whisper, "Jack, she's really dead?"

I assured him sadly that it was so, and went on to suggest, for I felt that such a horrible doubt should not have life for a moment longer than I could help, that it often happened that after death faces become softened and even resolved into their youthful beauty, that this was especially so when death had been preceded by any acute or prolonged suffering. I quite seemed to do away with any doubt, and after kneeling beside the couch for a while and looking at her lovingly and long, he turned aside. I told him that that must be goodbye, as the coffin had to be prepared, so he went back and took her dead hand in his and kissed it, and bent over and kissed her forehead. He came away, fondly looking back over his shoulder at her as he came. I left him in the drawing room, and told Van Helsing that he had said goodbye, so the latter went to the kitchen to tell the undertaker's men to proceed with the preparations and to screw up the coffin. When he came out of the room again, I told him of Arthur's question, and he replied, "I'm not surprised. Just now I doubted for a moment myself!" We all dined together, and I could see that poor Art was trying to make the best of things. Van Helsing had been silent all dinnertime but when we had lit our cigars he said. "Lord..."

But Arthur interrupted him, "No, no, not that, for Lord's sake! Not yet at any rate, forgive me, sir. I didn't mean to speak offensively. It's only because my loss's so recent."

The Professor answered very sweetly, "I only used that name because I was in doubt. I mustn't call you Mr. I've grown to love you, yes, and my dear boy, to love you as Arthur."

Arthur held out his hand, and took the old man's warmly. "Call me what you'll," he said. "I hope I may always've the title of a friend. lemme say that I'm at a loss for words to thank you for thy goodness to my poor dear." He paused a moment, and went on, "I know that she understood thy goodness even better than I do. if I was rude or in anyway wanting at that time you acted so, you recall," – the Professor nodded – "you must forgive me."

He answered with a grave kindness, "I know it's hard for you to quite trust me then, for to trust such violence needs to understand, and I take it that you don't, that you can't, trust me now, for you don't yet understand. there may be more times when I'll want you to trust when you can't, mayn't, and mustn't yet understand. But the time'll come when thy trust'll be whole and complete in me, and when you'll understand as though the sunlight himself shone through. Then you'll bless me from first to last for thy own sake, for others, and for her dear sake to which I swore to protect."

"And indeed, indeed, sir," said Arthur warmly. "I'll in all ways trust you. I know and believe you've a very noble heart, and you're Jack's friend, and you're hers. You'll do what you like."

The Professor cleared his throat a couple of times, as though about to speak, and finally said, "May I ask you something now?"

"Certainly,"

"You know that Mrs. Westenra left you all her property?"

"No, poor dear, I never thought of it."

"And as it's all thine, you've a right to deal with it as you'll. I want you to give me permission to read all Miss Lucy's papers and letters. Believe me, it's no idle curiosity. I've a motive of which, be sure, she'd have approved. I've them all here. I took them before we knew that all's thine, so that no strange hand might touch them, nor strange eye look through words into her soul. I'll keep them, if I may. Even you mayn't see them yet but I'll keep them safe. No word'll be lost, and in the good time, I'll give them back to you. It's a hard thing that I ask but you'll do it, won't you, for Lucy's sake?"

Arthur spoke out heartily, like his old self, "Dr. Van Helsing, you may do what you'll. I feel that in saying this I'm doing what my dear one'd have approved. I'll not trouble you with questions until the time comes."

The old Professor stood up as he said solemnly, "And you're right. There'll be pain for us all but it'll not be all pain, nor will this pain be the last. You and we too,

you'll most of all, dear boy, have to pass through the bitter water before we reach the sweet. But we must be brave of heart, unselfish, do our duty, and all'll be well!" I slept on a sofa in Arthur's room that night. Van Helsing did not go to bed at all. He went back and forth, as if patrolling the house, and was never out of sight of the room where Lucy laid in her coffin, strewn with the wild garlic flowers that sent through the odour of lily and rose, a heavy, overpowering smell into the night.

22 September,

It is all over. Arthur has gone back to Ring, and has taken Quincy Morris with him. What a fine fellow is Quincy! I believe in my heart of hearts that he suffered as much about Lucy's death as any of us but he bore himself through it like a moral Viking. If America can go on breeding men like that, she will be a power in the world indeed. Van Helsing is lying down, having a rest preparatory to his journey. He goes to Amsterdam tonight but says he returns tomorrow night, that he only wants to make some arrangements that can only be made personally. He is to stop with me then, if he can. He says he has work to do in London that may take him some time, poor old fellow! I fear that the strain of the past week has broken down even his iron strength. All the time of the burial he was, I could see, putting some terrible restraint on him. When it was all over, we were standing beside Arthur, who, poor fellow, was speaking of his part in the operation where his blood had been transfused to his Lucy's veins. I could see Van Helsing's face grow white and purple by turns. Arthur was saying that he felt since then as if they two had been really married, and that she was his wife in the sight of Lord. None of us said a word of the other operations, and none of us ever shall. Arthur and Quincy went away together to the station, and Van Helsing and I came on here. The moment we were alone in the carriage he gave way to a regular fit of hysterics. He has denied to me since that it was hysterics, and insisted that it was only his sense of humour asserting itself under very terrible conditions. He laughed until he cried, and I had to draw down the blinds lest any one should see us and misjudge. then he cried, until he laughed again, and laughed and cried together, just as a woman does. I tried to be stern with him, as one is to a woman under the circumstances but it had no effect. Men and women are so different in manifestations of nervous strength or weakness! Then when his face grew grave and stern again I asked him why his mirth, and why at such a time. His reply was in a way characteristic of him, for it was logical and forceful and mysterious. He said, "Ah, you don't comprehend, friend John. Don't think that I'm not sad though I laugh. See, I've cried even when the laugh did choke me. But no more think that I'm all sorry when I cry for the laugh he comes just the same, keep it always with you that laughter that knock at thy door and say, May I come in? Isn't true laughter, no! He's a king and he comes when and how he likes. He asks no person, chooses no time of suitability, and says, I'm here. Behold, in example I grieve my heart out for that so sweet young girl. I give my blood for her though I'm old and worn. I give my time, skill, and sleep. I let my other sufferers want that she may've all. Yet I can laugh at her very grave when the clay from the spade of the sexton drops upon her coffin and say, thud, thud! To my heart until it, sends back the blood from my cheek. My heart bleeds for that poor, dear boy, so of the age of my own boy I'd been so blessed that he lived, and with his hair and eyes the same. There, you know now why I love him so. yet when he say things that touches my husband-heart to the quick and make my dad-heart yearn to him as to no other man, not even you friend John for we're more level in experiences than dad and son, yet even at such a moment King Laugh he come to me and shout and bellow in my ear, here I'm! Here I'm! Until the blood come dance back and bring some of the sunshine that he carries with him to my cheek. Oh, friend John, it's a strange and sad world, full of miseries, woes, and troubles. yet when King Laugh comes, he makes them all dance to the tune he plays. Bleeding hearts, dry bones of the churchyard, and tears that burn as they fall, all dance together to the music that he makes with that smile less mouth of him. believe me friend John; he's good to come, and kind. Ah, women and we men're like ropes drawn tight with strain that pulls us different ways. Then tears come, and like the rain on the ropes, they brace us up until perhaps the strain become too great and we break. But King Laugh he comes like the sunshine, he eases off the strain again, and we bear to go on with our labour, what it may be." I did not like to wound him by pretending not to see his idea but as I did not yet understand the cause of his laughter, I asked him. As he answered me his face grew stern, and he said in quite a different tone, "Oh, it's the grim irony of it all, this so lovely lady garlanded with flowers that looked so fair as life until one by one we wondered if she's truly dead, laid in that so fine marble house in that lonely churchyard where rest so many of her kin, laid there with the mom who loved her, and whom she loved, and that sacred bell going toll, toll, toll! So sad, slow, and those holy men with the white garments of the angel, pretending to read books, yet all the time their eyes never on the page, all of us with the bowed head, and all for what? She's dead, so! Isn't it?"

"Well, for the life of me, Professor," I said, "I can see nothing to laugh at in all that. Why, thy expression makes it a harder puzzle than before but even if the burial service's comic, what about poor Art and his trouble? Why, his heart's simply breaking."

"Just so, said he not that the transfusion of his blood to her veins'd made her truly his bride?"

"Yes, and it's a sweet and comforting idea for him."

"Quite so but there's a difficulty, friend John, if so that, then what about the others? Ho, ho, then this so sweet maid's a polyandrous, and me with my poor wife dead to me but alive by Church's law, though no wits, all gone, even I who's faithful husband to this now-no-wife, a bigamist."

"I don't see where the joke comes in there either!" I said.

I did not feel particularly pleased with him for saying such things. He laid his hand on my arm, and said, "Friend John, forgive me if I pain. I showed not my feeling to others when it'd wound but only to you, my old friend, whom I can trust. If you'd have looked into my heart then when I want to laugh, if you'd have done so when the laugh arrived, if you'd do so now when King Laugh'd packed up his crown and all that's to him for he goes far, far away from me and for a long, long time, maybe you'd perhaps pity me the most of all." I was touched by the tenderness of his tone, and asked why, "Because I know!" And now we are all scattered and for many long days, loneliness will sit over our roofs with brooding wings. Lucy lies in the tomb of her kin, a lordly death house in a lonely churchyard, away from teeming London, where the air is fresh, and the sun rises over Hampstead Hill, where wild flowers grow of their accord. So I can finish this diary, and Lord only knows if I shall ever begin another. If I do, or if I even open this again, it will be to deal with different people and different themes, for here at the end, where the romance of my life is told, ere I go back to take up the thread of my life-work, I say sadly and without hope: FINIS.

CHAPTER LIIX MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

22 September,

In the train to Exeter, Jonathan is sleeping. It seems only yesterday that the last entry was made, and yet how much between then, in Whitby and all the world before me, Jonathan away and no news of him, and now, married to Jonathan, Jonathan a solicitor, a partner, rich, master of his business, Mr. Hawkins dead and buried, and Jonathan with another attack that may harm him. Some day he may ask me about it. Down it all goes. I am rusty in my shorthand, see what unexpected prosperity does for us, so it may be as well to freshen it up again with an exercise anyhow. The service was very simple and very solemn. There were only we, the servants there, one or two old friends of his from Exeter, his London agent, and a man representing Sir John Paxton who is the President of the Incorporated Law Society. Jonathan and I stood hand in hand, and we felt that our best and dearest friend was gone from us. We came back to town quietly, taking a bus to Hyde Park Corner. Jonathan thought it would interest me to go into the Row for a while, so we sat down. But there were very few people there, and it was sad-looking and desolate to see so many empty chairs. It made us think of the empty chair at home. So we got up and walked down Piccadilly. Jonathan was holding me by the arm, the way he used to in the old days before I went to school. I felt it very improper, for you can't go on for some years teaching etiquette and decorum to other girls without the pedantry of it biting into yourself a bit. But it was Jonathan, and he was my husband, and we didn't know anyone who saw us, and we didn't care if they did, so on we walked. I was looking at a very beautiful girl, in a big cartwheel hat, sitting in a Victoria outside Guiliano's when I felt Jonathan clutch my arm so tight that he hurt me, and he said under his breath, "My Lord!" I am always anxious about Jonathan, for I fear that some nervous fit may upset him again. So I turned to him quickly, and asked him what it was that disturbed him. He was very pale, and his eyes seemed bulging out as, half in terror and half in amazement, he gazed at a tall, thin man, with a beaky nose and black moustache and pointed beard, who was also observing the pretty girl. He was looking at her so hard that he did not see either of us, and so I had a good view of him. His face was not a good face. It was hard, and cruel, and sensual, and big white teeth, that looked all the whiter because his lips were so red, were pointed like an animal's. Jonathan kept staring at him; until I was afraid, he would

notice. I feared he might take it ill; he looked so fierce and nasty. I asked Jonathan why he was disturbed, and he answered, evidently thinking that I knew as much about it as he did, "Do you see who it's?"

"No, dear," I said. "I don't know him, who's it?"

His answer seemed to shock and thrills me, for it was said as if he did not know that it was I, Mina, to whom he was speaking, "It's the man himself!" the poor dear was evidently terrified at something, very greatly terrified. I do believe that if he had not had me to lean on and to support him he would have sunk down. He kept staring. A man came out of the shop with a small parcel, and gave it to the woman, who then drove off. The dark man kept his eyes fixed on her, and when the carriage moved up Piccadilly, he followed in the same direction, and hailed a hansom. Jonathan kept looking after him, and said, as if to himself, "I believe it's the Count but he's grown young. My Lord, if this's so! Oh, my Lord! My Lord! If only I knew! If only I knew!" He was distressing himself so much that I feared to keep his mind on the subject by asking him any questions, so I remained silent. I drew away quietly, and he, holding my arm, came easily. We walked a little further, and then went in and sat for a while in the Green Park. It was a hot day for autumn, and there was a comfortable seat in a shady place. After a few minutes' staring at nothing, Jonathan's eyes closed, and he went quickly into a sleep, with his head on my shoulder. I thought it was the best thing for him, so did not disturb him. In about twenty minutes he woke up, and said to me quite cheerfully, "Why, Mina, I've been asleep! Oh, do forgive me for being so rude. Come, and we'll have a cup of tea somewhere." He had evidently forgotten all about the dark stranger, as in his illness he had forgotten all that this episode had reminded him of. I don't like this lapsing into forgetfulness. It may make or continue some injury to the brain. I must not ask him, for fear, I shall do more harm than good but I must somehow learn the facts of his journey abroad. The time is come, I fear, when I must open the parcel, and know what is written. Oh, Jonathan, you will, I know, forgive me if I do wrong but it is for thy own dear sake. Later, a sad homecoming in every way, the house empty of the dear soul who was so good to us, Jonathan still pale and dizzy under a slight relapse of his malady, and now a telegram from Van Helsing, whoever he may be. You'll be grieved to hear that Mrs. Westenra died five days ago, and that Lucy died the day before yesterday. They're both buried today. Oh, what a wealth of sorrow in a few words, poor Mrs. Westenra, poor Lucy, gone, gone, never to return to us, and poor, poor Arthur, to have lost such a sweetness out of his life! Lord help us all to bear our troubles.

23 September,

Jonathan is better after a bad night. I am so glad that he has plenty of work to do. For that, keep his mind off the terrible things, and oh, I am rejoiced that he is not now weighed down with the responsibility of his new position. I knew he would be true to himself, now how proud I am to see my Jonathan rising to the height of his advancement and keeping pace in all ways with the duties that come upon him. He will be away all day until late, for he said he could not lunch at home. My household work is done, so I shall take his foreign journal, and lock myself up in my room and read it.

24 September,

I had not the heart to write last night, that terrible record of Jonathan's upset me so, poor dear! How he must have suffered, whether it is true, or only imagination, I wonder if there is any truth in it at all. Did he get his brain fever, and then write all those terrible things, or had he some cause for it all? I suppose I shall never know, for I dare not open the subject to him. yet that man we saw yesterday! He seemed quite certain of him, poor fellow! I suppose it was the funeral upset him and sent his mind back on some train of thought. He believes it all himself. I recall how on our wedding day he said, "Unless some solemn duty comes upon me to go back to the bitter hours, asleep or awake, mad or sane..." There seems to be through it all some thread of continuity. That fearful Count was coming to London. If it should be, and he came to London, with its teeming millions, there may be a solemn duty, and if it comes, we must not shrink from it. I shall be prepared. I shall get my typewriter this very hour and begin transcribing. Then we shall be ready for other eyes if required. if it were wanted, then, perhaps, if I am ready, poor Jonathan may not be upset, for I can speak for him and never let him be troubled or worried with it at all. If ever Jonathan quite gets over the nervousness he may want to tell me of it all, and I can ask him questions and find out things, and see how I may comfort him.

CHAPTER LIX LETTER FROM VAN HELSING TO MRS. HARKER

24 September

Dear Madam,

(Confidence) I pray you to pardon my writing, in that I'm as far friend as that I sent to you sad news of Miss Lucy Westenra's death. By the kindness of Lord Godalming, I'm empowered to read her letters and papers, for I'm deeply concerned about certain matters vitally important. In them I find some letters from you that show how great friends you're and how you love her. Oh, Madam Mina, by that love, I implore you, help me. It's for others' good that I ask, to redress great wrong, and to lift much and terrible troubles, that may be greater than you can know. May it be that I see you? You can trust me. I'm friend of Dr. John Seward and of Lord Godalming, that's Arthur of Miss Lucy. I must keep it private for the present from all. I'd come to Exeter to see you at once if you tell me I'm privilege to come, and where and when. I implore thy pardon, Madam. I've read thy letters to poor Lucy, and know how good you're and how thy husband suffer. So I pray you, if it may be, enlighten him not, least it may harm. Again thy pardon and forgive me.

Van Helsing

CHAPTER LX TELEGRAM FROM MRS. WILHELMINA HARKER TO VAN HELSING & MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL TELEGRAM

25 September,

Come today by 10:15 train if you can catch it. I can see you anytime you call.

Wilhelmina Harker

JOURNAL:

25 September,

I cannot help feeling terribly excited as the time draws near for the visit of Dr. Van Helsing, for somehow I expect that it will throw some light upon Jonathan's sad experience, and as he attended poor dear Lucy in her last illness, he can tell me all about her. That is the reason of his coming. It is concerning Lucy and her sleepwalking, and not about Jonathan. Then I shall never know the truth now! How silly I am. That awful journal gets hold of my imagination and tinges everything with something of its own colour. Of course, it is about Lucy. That habit came back to the poor dear, and that awful night on the cliff must have made her ill. I had almost forgotten in my own affairs how ill she was afterwards. She must have told him of her sleepwalking adventure on the cliff that I knew all about it and now he wants me to tell him what I know, so that he may understand. I hope I did right in not saying anything of it to Mrs. Westenra. I should never forgive myself if any act of mine, were it evens a negative one, and brought harm on poor dear Lucy. I hope too, Dr. Van Helsing will not blame me. I have had so much trouble and anxiety of late that I feel I cannot bear more just at present. I suppose a cry does us all good at times, clears the air as other rain does. Perhaps it was reading the journal yesterday that upset me, and then Jonathan went away this morning to stay away from me a whole day and night, the first time we have been parted since our marriage. I do hope the dear fellow will take care of himself, and that nothing will occur to upset him. It is two o'clock, and the doctor will be here soon now. I shall say nothing of Jonathan's journal unless he asks me. I am so glad I have typewritten out my own journal, so that, in case he asks about Lucy, I can hand it to him. It will save much questioning. Later, he has come and gone. Oh, what a strange meeting, and how it all makes my head whirl round. I feel like one in a dream. Can it be all possible, or even a part of it? If I had not read Jonathan's journal first, I should never have accepted even a possibility. Poor, poor, dear Jonathan! How he must have suffered. Please the good Lord, not all this may upset him again. I shall try to save him from it. But it may be even a consolation and a help to him, terrible though it be and awful in its consequences, to know that his eyes and ears and brain did not deceive him, and that it is all true. It may be that the doubt haunts him, that when the doubt is removed, no matter which, waking or dreaming, may prove the truth, he will be more satisfied and better able to bear the shock. Dr. Van Helsing must be a good man as well as a clever one if he is Arthur's friend and Dr. Seward's, and if they brought him all the way from Holland

to look after Lucy. I feel from having seen him that he is good and kind and of a noble nature. When he comes tomorrow, I shall ask him about Jonathan. then, please Lord, all this sorrow and anxiety may lead to a good end. I used to think I would like to practice interviewing. Jonathan's friend on The Exeter News told him that memory is everything in such work, that you must be able to put down exactly almost every word spoken, even if you had to refine some of it afterwards. Here was a rare interview. I shall try to record it verbatim. It was half-past two o'clock when the knock came. I took my courage a deux mains and waited. In a few minutes, Mary opened the door, and announced, "Dr. Van Helsing."

I rose and bowed, and he came towards me, a man of medium weight, strongly built, with his shoulders set back over a broad, deep chest and a neck well balanced on the trunk as the head is on the neck. The poise of the head strikes me at once as indicative of thought and power. The head is noble, well sized, broad, and large behind the ears. The face, clean-shaven, shows a hard, square chin, a large resolute, mobile mouth, a good-sized nose, rather straight but with quick, sensitive nostrils, that seem to broaden as the big bushy brows come down and the mouth tightens. The forehead is broad and fine, rising at first almost straight and then sloping back above two bumps or ridges wide apart, such a forehead that the reddish hair cannot possibly tumble over it but falls naturally back and to the sides. Big, dark blue eyes are set widely apart, and are quick and tender or stern with the man's moods. He said to me, "Mrs. Harker isn't it?" I bowed assent. "That's Miss Mina Murray?" Again, I assented. "It's Mina Murray that I came to see that's friend of that poor dear child Lucy Westenra. Madam Mina, it's on account of the dead that I come."

"Sir," I said, "you'd have no better claimed on me than that you're a friend and helper of Lucy Westenra."

And I held out my hand. He took it and said tenderly, "Oh, Madam Mina, I know that the friend of that poor little girl must be good but I'd yet to learn..." He finished his speech with a courtly bow. I asked him what it was that he wanted to see me about, so he at once began. "I've read thy letters to Miss Lucy. Forgive me but I'd to begin to inquire somewhere and there's none to ask. I know that you're with her at Whitby. She sometimes kept a diary; you needn't look surprised, Madam Mina. It's begun after you'd left, it's an imitation of you and in that diary, she traces by inference certain things to a sleepwalking in which she puts down that you saved her. In great perplexity then I come to you and ask out of thy so much kindness to tell me all of it that you can recall."

"I can tell you, I think, Dr. Van Helsing, all about it."

"Ah, then you've good memory for facts, for details? It isn't always so with young ladies."

"No, doctor but I wrote it all down at the time. I can show it to you if you like."

"Oh, Madam Mina, I'm well grateful. You'll do me much favour." I could not resist the temptation of mystifying him a bit, I suppose some taste of the original apple remains in our mouths, so I handed him the shorthand diary. He took it with a grateful bow, and said, "May I read it?"

"If you wish."

I answered as demurely as I could. He opened it, and for an instant, his face fell. Then he stood up and bowed. "Oh, you so clever woman!" he said. "I knew long that Mr. Jonathan's a man of much thankfulness but see, his wife's all the good things. Won't you so much honour me and so help me as to read it for me? Alas! I know not the shorthand."

By this time, my little joke was over, and I was almost ashamed. So I took the typewritten copy from my workbasket and handed it to him. "Forgive me," I said. "I'd not help it but I'd been thinking that it's of dear Lucy that you wished to ask and so that you mightn't have time to wait, not on my account but because I know thy time must be precious, I've written it out on the typewriter for you."

He took it and his eyes glistened. "You're so good," he said. "And may I read it now? I may wanna ask you some things when I've read."

"By all means," I said, "read it over whilst I order lunch and then you can ask me questions whilst we eat."

He bowed and settled himself in a chair with his back to the light, and became so absorbed in the papers, whilst I went to see after lunch chiefly in order that he might not be disturbed. When I came back, I found him walking hurriedly up and down the room, his face all ablaze with excitement. He rushed up to me and took me by both hands. "Oh, Madam Mina," he said, "how can I say what I owe to you? This paper's as sunshine. It opens the gate to me. I'm dazed, I'm dazzled with so much light, and yet clouds roll in behind the light every time. But that you don't and can't comprehend. Oh but I'm grateful to you, you so clever woman. Madame," he said this very solemnly, "if ever Abraham Van Helsing can do anything for you or thine, I trust you'll let me know. It'll be pleasure and delight if I may serve you as a friend but all I've ever learned, all I can ever do, shall be for you and those you love. There's darkness in life, and there're lights. You're one of the lights. You'll have a happy life and good life, and thy husband'll be blessed in you."

"But, doctor, you praise me too much and you don't know me."

"Not know you, I'm old, studied all my life men and women, made my specialty the brain, all that belongs to him, and follow from him! And I've read thy diary that you've so goodly written for me, and that breathes out truth in every line. I've read thy so sweet letter to poor Lucy of thy marriage and thy trust, not know you! Oh, Madam Mina, good women tell all their lives, and by day, hour, and minute, such things that angels can read. we men who wish to know have in us something of angels' eyes. thy husband's of noble nature and you're noble too for you trust, it can't be where there's mean nature, and thy husband, tell me of him. He's quite well? All that fever's gone, and he's strong and hearty?"

I saw here an opening to ask him about Jonathan, so I said, "He's almost recovered but he's been greatly upset by Mr. Hawkins death."

He interrupted, "Oh, yes. I know. I know. I've read thy last two letters."

I went on, "I suppose this upset him, for when we're in town on Thursday last he'd a sort of shock."

"A shock and after brain fever so soon! That isn't good. What kind of shock's it?"

"He thought he saw someone who recalled something terrible that led to his brain fever." And here the whole thing seemed to overwhelm me in a rush. The pity for Jonathan, the horror that he experienced, the completely fearful mystery of his diary, and the fear that has been brooding over me ever since, all came in a tumult. I suppose I was hysterical, for I threw myself on my knees and held up my hands to him, and implored him to make my husband well again. He took my hands and raised me up, and made me sit on the sofa, and sat by me. He held my hand in his, and said to me with oh, such infinite sweetness, "My life's barren, lonely one, so full of work that I've not had much time for friendships but since I've been summoned to here by my friend John Seward I've known so many good people, seen such nobility that I feel more than ever, and it's grown with my advancing years, the loneliness of my life. Believe me, then, that I come here full of respect for you, and you've given me hope, hope, not in what I'm seeking of but that there're good women still left to make life happy, whose lives and truths may make good lesson for the children that're to be. I'm glad, glad, that I may here be of some use to you for if thy husband suffers, he suffers within the range of my study and experience. I promise you that I'll gladly do all for him that I can, all to make his life strong and manly, and thy life a happy one. Now you must eat. You're overwrought and perhaps over-anxious. Husband Jonathan'd not like to see you so pale, and what he likes not where he loves, isn't to his good. Therefore, for his sake you must eat and smile. You've told me about Lucy, and so now, we'll not speak of it, lest it distress. I'll stay in Exeter tonight for I wanna think much over what you've told me, and when I've thought I'll ask you questions if I may. then too, you'll tell me of husband Jonathan's trouble so far as you can but not yet. You must eat now, afterwards you'll tell me all." After lunch, when we went back to the drawing room, he said to me, "And now, tells me all about him."

When it came to speaking to this great-learned man, I began to fear that he would think me a weak fool, Jonathan a lunatic, that journal is all so strange, and I hesitated to go on. But he was so sweet and kind, and he had promised to help, and I trusted him, so I said, "Dr. Van Helsing, what I've to tell you's so queer that you mustn't laugh at me or at my husband. I've been since yesterday in a sort of fever of doubt. You must be kind to me and not think me foolish that I've even half believed some very strange things."

He reassured me by his manner as well as his words when he said, "Oh, my dear, if you only know how strange's the matter regarding which I'm here; you'd laugh. I've learned not to think little of anyone's belief, no matter how strange it may be. I've tried to keep an open mind, and it's not the ordinary things of life that'd close it but the strange things, the extraordinary things, the things that make one doubt if they be mad or sane."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times! You've taken a weight off my mind. If you'll let me, I'll give you a paper to read. It's long but I've typewritten it out. It'll tell you my trouble and Jonathan's. The copy of his journal when abroad and all happened. I daresay nothing of it. You'll read for yourself and judge. then when I see

you, perhaps, you'll be very kind and tell me what you think."

"I promise," he said as I gave him the papers. "I'll in the morning, as soon as I can, come to see you and thy husband, if I may."

"Jonathan'll be here at half-past eleven, and you must come to lunch with us and see him then. You'd catch the quick 3:34 train that'll leave you at Paddington before eight." He was surprised at my knowledge of the trains offhand but he does not know that I have made up all the trains to and from Exeter, so that I may help Jonathan in case he is in a hurry. So he took the papers with him and went away and I sit here *thinking* I don't know what.

CHAPTER LXI

LETTER FROM VAN HELSING TO MRS. HARKER (*by hand*)

25 September, 6AM

Dear Madam Mina,

I've read thy husband's so wonderful diary. You may sleep without doubt. Strange and terrible as it's, it's true! I'll pledge my life on it. It may be worse for others but for him and you there's no dread. He's a noble fellow, and lemme tell you from experience of men, that one who'd do as he did in going down that wall and to that room, aye, and going a second time, isn't one to be injured in permanence by a shock. His brain and his heart are all right, this I swear, before I've even seen him, so be at rest. I'll have much to ask him of other things. I'm blessed that today I come to see you, for I've learned all at once so much that again I'm dazzled, dazzled more than ever, and I must think. thine the most faithful,
Abraham Van Helsing

CHAPTER LXII

LETTER FROM MRS. HARKER TO VAN HELSING

25 September,

06:30_{PM}

My dear Dr. Van Helsing,

A thousand thanks for thy kind letter that's taken a great weight off my mind. yet, if it were true, what terrible things there're in the world, and what an awful thing if that staff, monster, be really in London! I fear to think. I've this moment whilst writing, had a wire from Jonathan, saying that he leaves by the 6:25PM from Launceston, and will be here at 10:18AM, so that I'll have no fear tonight. Therefore, instead of lunching with us, you'll please come to breakfast at 8AM, if this be not too early for you? You can get away if you're in a hurry, by the 10:30 train that'll bring you to Paddington by 2:35. Don't answer this as I'll take it that if I don't hear, you'll come to breakfast. Believe me, thy faithful and grateful friend,
Mina Harker

CHAPTER LXIII

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE A HAMPSTEAD MYSTERY

25 September,

The neighbourhood of Hampstead's just at present exercised with a series of events that seem to run on lines parallel to those of what's known to the writers of headlines as The Kensington Horror, or The Stabbing Woman, or The Woman in Black. During the past two or three days several cases have occurred of young children straying from home or neglecting to return from their playing on the Heath. In all these cases, the children were too young to give any properly intelligible account of them but the consensus of their excuses's that they'd been with a Bloofer Lady. It's always been late in the evening when they've been missed, and on two occasions, the children haven't been found until early in the following morning. It's generally supposed in the neighbourhood that as the first child missed gave as his reason for being away that a Bloofer Lady had asked him to come for a walk, the others'd picked up the phrase and used it as occasion served. This's the more natural as the favourite game of the little ones at present's luring each other away by wiles. A correspondent writes us that to see some of the tiny tots pretending to be the Bloofer Lady's supremely funny. Some of our caricaturists might, he says, take a lesson in the irony of grotesque by comparing the reality and the picture. It's only in accordance with general principles of human nature that the Bloofer Lady'd be the popular role at these al fresco performances. Our correspondent naively says that even Ellen Terry couldn't be as winningly attractive as some of these grubby-faced little children does pretend and even imagine them to be. There's, however, possibly a serious side to the question, for some of the children, indeed all who've been missed at night, have been slightly torn or wounded in the throat. The wounds seem such as might be made by a rat or a small dog, and although of not much importance individually, would tend to show that whatever animal inflicts them has a system or method of its own. The police of the division have been instructed to keep a sharp lookout for straying children, especially when very young, in and around Hampstead Heath, and for any stray dog that may be about.

EXTRA SPECIAL

THE HAMPSTEAD HORROR ANOTHER CHILD INJURED THE *BLOOFER* LADY

We've just received intelligence that another child's, missed last night, only discovered late in the morning under a furze bush at the Shooter's Hill side of Hampstead Heath that's perhaps, less frequented than the other parts. It's the same tiny wound in the throat as has been noticed in other cases. It's terribly weak, and looked quite emaciated. It'd too, when partially restored, the common story to tell of being lured away by the *Bloofer* Lady.

CHAPTER LXIV

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

26 September,

I thought never to write in this diary again but the time has come. When I got home last night Mina had supper ready, and when we had supped she told me of Van Helsing's visit, and of her having given him the two diaries copied out, and of how anxious she has been about me. She showed me in the doctor's letter that all I wrote down was true. It seems to have made a new man of me. It was the doubt as to the reality of the whole thing that knocked me over. I felt impotent, and in the dark, and distrustful. But, now that I know, I am not afraid, even of the Count. He has succeeded after all, then, in his design in getting to London, and I saw him. He has become younger, and how? Van Helsing is the man to unmask him and hunt him out, if he is anything like what Mina says. We sat late, and talked it over. Mina is dressing, and I shall call at the hotel in a few minutes and bring him over. He was, I think, surprised to see me. When I came into the room where he was, and introduced myself, he took me by the shoulder, turned my face round to the light, and said, after a sharp scrutiny, "But Madam Mina told me you're ill, that you'd had a shock."

It was so funny to hear my wife called 'Madam Mina' by this kindly, strong-faced old man. I smiled and said, "I was ill, I've had a shock but you've cured me already."

"How?"

"By thy letter to Mina last night, I was in doubt, then everything took a hue of unreality, and I didn't know what to trust, even the evidence of my own senses. Not knowing what to trust, I didn't know what to do, and so I'd only to keep on working in what'd hereto been the groove of my life. The groove ceased to avail me and I mistrusted me. Doctor, you don't know what it's to doubt everything, even yourself. No, you don't, you'd not with eyebrows like thine."

He seemed pleased, and laughed as he said, "So! You're a physiognomic. I learn more here with each hour. I'm with so much pleasure coming to you to breakfast

and oh, sir, you'll pardon praise from an old man but you're blessed in thy wife." I would listen to him go on praising Mina for a day, so I simply nodded and stood silent. "She's one of Lord's women, fashioned by His Own Hand to show us men and other women that there's a heaven where we can enter and that its light can be here on earth. So true, sweet, noble, little an egoist, that's, lemme tell you much in this age, so sceptical, and selfish. you, sir ... I've read all the letters to poor Miss Lucy, and some of them speak of you, so I know you since some days from the knowing of others but I've seen thy true self since last night. You'll give me thy hand, won't you? And let's be friends for all our lives." We shook hands, and he was so earnest and so kind that it made me quite choky. "And now," he said, "may I ask you for some more help? I've a great task to do and at the beginning, it's to know. You can help me here. Can you tell me what went before your going to Transylvania? Later on I may ask more help and of a different kind but at first this'll do."

"Look here, Sir," I said, "does what you've to do concern the Count?"

"It does," he said solemnly.

"Then I'm with you heart and soul. As you go by the half past ten train, you'll not have time to read them but I'll get the bundle of papers. You can take them with you and read them in the train."

After breakfast, I saw him to the station. When we were parting he said, "Perhaps you'll come to town if I send for you and take Madam Mina too."

"We'll both come when you'll," I said.

I had him the morning papers and the London papers of the previous night, and while we were talking at the carriage window, waiting for the train to start, he was turning them over. His eyes suddenly seemed to catch something in one of them, The Westminster Gazette, I knew it by the colour, and he grew quite white. He read something intently, groaning to himself, "Mein Gott, Mein Gott, so soon, so soon!" I do not think he recalled me now. Just then, the whistle blew, and the train moved off. This recalled him to himself, and he leaned out of the window and waved his hand, calling out, "Love to Madam Mina. I'll write as soon as ever I can."

CHAPTER LXV DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

26 September,

Truly, there is no such thing as finality, not a week since I said *Finis*, and yet here I am starting fresh again, or rather going on with the record. Until this afternoon, I had no cause to think of what is done. Renfield had become, to all intents, as sane as he ever was. He was already well ahead with his fly business, and he had just started in the spider line so he had not been of any trouble to me. I had a letter from Arthur, written on Sunday, and from it I gather that he is bearing up wonderfully well. Quincy Morris is with him, and that is much of a help, for he himself is a bubbling well of good spirits. Quincy wrote me a line too, and from him I hear that Arthur is beginning to recover something of his old buoyancy, so as to them all my mind is at rest. As for myself, I was settling down to my work with the enthusiasm that I used to have for it, so that I might fairly have said that the wound which poor Lucy left on me was becoming cicatrised. However, everything is now reopened, and what is to be the end Lord only knows. I have an idea that Van Helsing thinks he knows, too but he will only let out enough at a time to whet curiosity. He went to Exeter yesterday, and stayed there all night. Today he came back, and almost bounded into the room at about half-past five o'clock, and thrust last night's Westminster Gazette into my hand. "What do you think of that?" he asked as he stood back and folded his arms. I looked over the paper, for I really did not know what he meant but he took it from me and pointed out a paragraph about children being decoyed away at Hampstead. It did not convey much to me, until I reached a passage where it described small puncture wounds on their throats. An idea struck me, and I looked up. "Well?" he said.

"It's like poor Lucy's."

"And what d'you make of it?"

"Simply that there's some cause in common. Whatever it's that injured her's injured them."

I did not quite understand his answer. "That's true indirectly but not directly."

"How d'you mean, Professor?" I asked. I was a little inclined to take his seriousness lightly for after all, four days of rest and freedom from burning, harrowing, anxiety helps to restore one's spirits but when I saw his face, it sobered me. Never, even in the midst of our despair about poor Lucy, had he looked sterner. "Tell me!" I said. "I can hazard no opinion. I don't know what to think, and I have no data on which to found a conjecture."

"Do you mean to tell me, friend John, that you've no suspicion as to what poor Lucy died of, not after all the hints given, not only by events but by me?"

"Of nervous prostration following a great loss or waste of blood,"

"And how's the blood lost or wasted?" I shook my head. He stepped over and sat down beside me, and went on, "You're a clever man, friend John. You reason well, and thy wit's bold but you're too prejudiced. You don't let thy eyes see or thy ears hear, and that which's outside thy daily life's not of account to you. Don't you think that there're things that you can't understand and yet that're, that some people see things that others can't? But there're things old and new that mustn't be contemplated by men's eyes because they know, or think they know, some things that other men've told them. Ah, the fault of our science it wanna explain all, and if it explains not, then it says there's nothing to explain. But we see around us everyday the growth of new beliefs that think themselves new and that're yet but the old that pretend to be young like the fine women at the opera. I suppose now you don't believe in corporeal transference, no, nor in materialisation, no, nor in astral bodies, no, nor in the reading of thought, no? Nor in hypnotism..."

"Yes," I said. "Charcot's proved that pretty well."

He smiled as he went on, "Then you're satisfied as to it, yes? And of course then you understand how it acts, and can follow the mind of the great Charcot alas that he's no more, into the very soul of the patient that he influence. No? Then, friend John I'm to take it that you simply accept fact, and are satisfied to let from premise to conclusion be a blank? No? Then tell me, for I'm a student of the brain, how you accept hypnotism and reject the thought reading. Lemme tell you, my friend that there're things done today in electrical science that d've been deemed unholy by the very men who discovered electricity, who'd themselves not so long before been burned as wizards. There're always mysteries in life. Why's it that Methuselah lived nine hundred years, and Old Parr one hundred and sixty-nine, and yet that poor Lucy, with four men's blood in her poor veins, couldn't live even a day? For, she'd live one more day; we'd save her. Do you know all the mystery of life and death? Do you know the altogether of comparative anatomy and can say wherefore the qualities of brutes're in some men, and not in others? Can you tell me why, when other spiders die small and soon, that one great spider lived for centuries in the tower of the old Spanish church and grew and grew until, on descending, he'd drink the oil of all the church lamps? Can you tell me why in the Pampas, aye and elsewhere, there're bats that come out at night and open the veins of cattle, horses, and suck dry their veins, how in some islands of the Western seas there're bats that hang on the trees all day, and those who've seen describe as like giant nuts or pods, and that when the sailors sleep on the deck, because that it's hot, flit down on them and then, and then in the morning're found dead men, white as even Miss Lucy's?"

"Good Lord, Professor!" I said, starting up. "Do you mean to tell me that Lucy's bitten by such a bat and that such a thing's here in London in the nineteenth century?"

He waved his hand for silence, and went on, "Can you tell me why the tortoise lives more long than generations of men, why the elephant goes on and on until they've seen dynasties, and why the parrot never die only of bite of cat or dog or other complaint? Can you tell me why men believe in all ages and places that there're men and women who can't die? We all know, because science's vouched for the fact, that there've been toads shut up in rocks for thousands of years, shut in one so small hole that only hold him since the youth of the world. Can you tell me how the Indian Fakeer can make himself to die and've been buried, his grave sealed, corn sowed on it, the corn reaped, be cut, sown, reaped, cut again, then men come, take away the unbroken seal, and that there lie the Indian Fakeer, not dead but that rise up and walk amongst them as before?"

Here I interrupted him. I was getting bewildered. He so crowded on my mind his list of nature's eccentricities and possible impossibilities that my imagination was being fired. I had a dim idea that he was teaching me some lesson, as long ago he used to do in his study at Amsterdam. But he used them to tell me the thing, so that I could have the object of thought in mind all the time. But now I was without his help, yet I wanted to follow him, so I said, "Professor, lemme is thy pet

student again. Tell me the thesis so that I may apply thy knowledge as you go on. At present, I'm going in my mind from point to point as a lunatic and an insane one follows ideas. I feel like a novice lumbering through a bog in a midst jumping from one tussock to another in the mere blind effort to move on without knowing where I'm going."

"That's a good image," he said. "Well, I'll tell you. My thesis's this, I want you to believe."

"To believe what?"

"To believe in things that you can't, lemme illustrate. I heard once of an American who so defined faith, that faculty that enables us to believe things that we know to be untrue. For one, I follow that man. He meant that we'd have an open mind, and not let a little bit of truth check the rush of the big truth as a small rock does a railway truck. We get the small truth first. Good! We keep and value him but all the same we mustn't let him think himself all the truth in the universe."

"Then you want me not to let some previous conviction inure the receptivity of my mind with regard to some strange matter. Do I read thy lesson aright?"

"Ah, you're my favourite pupil still. It's worth to teach you. Now that you're willing to understand, you've taken the first step to understand. You think then that those so small holes in the children's throats're made by the same that made the holes in Miss Lucy?"

"I suppose so."

He stood up and said solemnly, "Then you're wrong. Oh, I'd it's so but alas! No. It's worse, far, far worse."

"In Lord's name, Professor Van Helsing, what do you mean?"

I cried. He threw himself with a despairing gesture into a chair, and placed his elbows on the table, covering his face with his hands as he spoke. "They're made by Miss Lucy!"

For a while, sheer anger mastered me. It was as if he had struck Lucy on the face during her life. I smote the table hard and rose up as I said to him, "Dr. Van Helsing, you're mad?"

He raised his head and looked at me, and somehow the tenderness of his face calmed me at once. "I'd I were!" he said. "Madness's easy to bear compared with truth like this. O my friend why, think you, did I go so far round, take so long to tell so simple a thing, it's because I hate you, hated you all my life, and wished to give you pain? It's that I wanted now so late, revenge for that time when you saved my life, and from a fearful death, ah no!"

"Forgive me," I said.

He went on, "My friend, it's because I wished to be gentle in the breaking to you, for I know you've loved that so sweet lady. But even I don't expect you to believe. It's so hard to accept at once any abstract truth, that we may doubt such to be possible when we have always believed the no of it. It's more hard still to accept so sad a concrete truth, and of such a one as Miss Lucy. Tonight I go to prove it. Dare you come with me?"

This staggered me. A man does not like to prove such a truth, Byron accepted from the category, jealousy, prove the very truth he most abhorred.

He saw my hesitation, and spoke, "The logic's simple, no lunatic's logic this time, jumping from tussock to tussock in a misty bog. If it's untrue, then proof'll be relief. At worst, it'll not harm. If it be true! Ah, there's the dread. Yet every dread'd help my cause for in its some need of belief. Come, I tell you what I propose. First, that we go off now and see that child in the hospital. Dr. Vincent of the North Hospital where the papers say the child's, is a friend of mine, and I think of thine since you're in class at Amsterdam. He'll let two scientists see his case, if he'll not let two friends. We'll tell him nothing but only that we wish to learn, then..."

"And then?"

He took a key from his pocket and held it up. "And then we spend the night, you and I, in the churchyard where Lucy lies. This key locks the tomb. I'd it from the coffin man to give to Arthur."

My heart sank within me, for I felt that there was some fearful ordeal before us. I could do nothing, however, so I plucked up what heart I could and said that we had better hasten, as the afternoon was passing. We found the child awake. It had had a sleep and taken some food, and altogether was going on well. Dr. Vincent took the bandage from its throat, and showed us the punctures. No mistaking the similarity to those had been on Lucy's throat. They were smaller, and the edges looked fresher, that was all. We asked Vincent to what he attributed them, and he replied that it must have been a bite of some animal, perhaps a rat but for his own part, he was inclined to think one of the bats are so numerous on the northern heights of London. "Out of so many harmless ones," he said, "there may be some wild specimen from the South of a more malignant species. Some sailor may've brought one home, and it managed to escape or even from the Zoological Gardens, a young one may've got loose, or one be bred there from a vampire. These things do occur, you know. Only ten days ago a wolf got out and was, I believe, traced up in this direction. For a week after, the children were playing nothing but Red Riding Hood on the Heath and in every alley in the place until this Bloofer Lady scare came along since then it has been quite a gala time with them. Even this poor little mite when he woke up today, asked the nurse if he might go away. When she asked him why he wanna go, he said he wanna play with the Bloofer Lady."

"I hope," said Van Helsing, "that when you're sending the child home you'll caution its parents to keep strict watch over it. These fancies to stray're most dangerous, and if the child's to remain out another night, it'd probably be fatal. But in any case I suppose you'll not let it away for some days?"

"Certainly not, not for a week at least, longer if the wound's unhealed,"

Our visit to the hospital took more time than we had reckoned on, and the sun had dipped before we came out. When Van Helsing saw how dark it was, he said, "There's no hurry. It's later than I thought. Come, let's seek somewhere that we may eat, and then we'll go on our way."

We dined at Jack Straw's Castle along with a little crowd of bicyclists and others who were genially noisy. About ten o'clock we started from the inn. It was then very dark, and the scattered lamps made the darkness greater when we were once outside their individual radius. The Professor had evidently noted the road we were to go, for he went on unhesitatingly but, as for me, I was in quite a mix-up as to locality. As we went further, we met fewer and fewer people, until at last we were somewhat surprised when we met even the patrol of horse police going their usual suburban round. At last, we reached the wall of the churchyard that we climbed over. With some little difficulty, for it was very dark, and the whole place seemed so strange to us, we found the Westenra tomb. The Professor took the key, opened the creaky door, and standing back, politely but quite unconsciously, motioned me to precede him. There was a delicious irony in the offer, in the courtliness of giving preference on such a ghastly occasion. My companion followed me quickly, and cautiously drew the door to, after carefully ascertaining that the lock was a falling, and not a spring one. In the latter case we should have been in a bad plight. Then he fumbled in his bag, and taking out a matchbox and a piece of candle, proceeded to make a light. The tomb in the daytime, and when wreathed with fresh flowers, had looked grim and gruesome enough but now, some days afterwards, when the flowers hung lank and dead, their whites turning to rust and their greens to browns, when the spider and the beetle had resumed their accustomed dominance, when the time-discoloured stone, and dust-encrusted mortar, and rusty, dank iron, and tarnished brass, and clouded silver-plating gave back the feeble glimmer of a candle, the effect was more miserable and sordid than could have been imagined. It conveyed irresistibly the idea that life, animal life, was not the only thing that could pass away. Van Helsing went about his work systematically. Holding his candle so that he could read the coffin plates, and so holding it that the sperm dropped in white patches which congealed as they touched the metal, he made assurance of Lucy's coffin. Another search in his bag, and he took out a turn screw. "What're you gonna do?" I asked.

"To open the coffin, you'll yet be convinced." Straightway he began taking out the screws, and finally lifted off the lid, showing the casing of lead beneath. The sight was almost too much for me. It seemed to be as much an affront to the dead as it would have been to strip off her clothing in her sleep whilst living. I actually took hold of his hand to stop him. He only said, "You'll see," and again fumbling in his bag took out a tiny fret saw. Striking the turn screw through the lead with a swift downward stab that made me wince, he made a small hole that was, however, big enough to admit the point of the saw. I had expected a rush of gas from the week-old corpse. We doctors, who have had to study our dangers, have to become accustomed to such things, and I drew back towards the door. But the Professor never stopped for a moment. He sawed down a couple of feet along one side of the lead coffin, and then across, and down the other side. Taking the edge of the loose flange, he bent it back towards the foot of the coffin, and holding up the candle into the aperture, motioned to me to look. I drew near and looked. The coffin was empty. It was certainly a surprise to me, and gave me a considerable shock but Van Helsing was unmoved. He was now surer than ever of his ground, and so emboldened to proceed in his task. "You're satisfied now, friend John?" he asked.

I felt all the dogged argumentativeness of my nature awake within me as I answered him, "I'm satisfied that Lucy's body's not in that coffin but that only proves one thing."

"And what's that, friend John?"

"That it's not there."

"That's good logic," he said, "as far as it goes. But how do you, how can you, account for it not being there?"

"Perhaps a body-snatcher," I suggested. "Some of the undertaker's people may've stolen it."

I felt that I was speaking folly and yet the only real cause I could suggest. The Professor sighed, "Ah well!" he said, "We must've more proof. Come with me." He put on the coffin lid again, gathered up all his things and placed them in the bag, blew out the light, and placed the candle in the bag. We opened the door, and went out. Behind us, he closed the door and locked it. He handed me the key, saying, "You'll keep it? You'd better be assured."

I laughed, it was not a very cheerful laugh, and I am bound to say, as I motioned him to keep it. "A key's nothing," I said, "there're many duplicates, and anyhow it's not difficult to pick a lock of this kind."

He said nothing but put the key in his pocket. Then he told me to watch at one side of the churchyard whilst he would watch at the other. I took up my place behind a yew tree, and I saw his dark figure move until the intervening headstones and trees hid it from my sight. It was a lonely vigil. Just after I had taken my place, I heard a distant clock strike twelve, and in time came one and two. I was chilled and unnerved, and angry with the Professor for taking me on such an errand and with myself for coming. I was too cold and too sleepy to be keenly observant, and not sleepy enough to betray my trust, so altogether I had a dreary, miserable time. Suddenly, as I turned round, I thought I saw something like a white streak, moving between two dark yew trees at the side of the churchyard farthest from the tomb. At the same time, a dark mass moved from the Professor's side of the ground, and hurriedly went towards it. Then I too moved but I had to go round headstones and railed-off tombs, and I stumbled over graves. The sky was overcast, and somewhere far off an early cock crew. A little ways off, beyond a line of scattered juniper trees that marked the pathway to the church, a white dim figure flitted in the direction of the tomb. The tomb itself was hidden by trees, and I could not see where the figure had disappeared. I heard the rustle of actual movement where I had first seen the white figure, and coming over, found the Professor holding in his arms a tiny child. When he saw me he held it out to me, and said, "You're satisfied now?"

"No," I said, in a way that I felt was aggressive.

"Don't you see the child?"

"Yes, it's a child but who brought it here, and it's wounded?"

"We'll see," said the Professor.

With one impulse, we took our way out of the churchyard, he carrying the sleeping child. When we had some little distance away, we went into a clump of trees, struck a match, and looked at the child's throat. It was without a scratch or scar of any kind. "Was I right?" I asked triumphantly.

"We're just in time," said the Professor thankfully. We had now to decide what we were to do with the child, and so consulted about it. If we were to take it to a police station, we should have to give some account of our movements during the night. At least, we should have had to make some statement as to how we had come to find the child. So finally, we decided that we would take it to the Heath, and when we heard a police officer coming, would leave it where he could not fail to find it. We would then seek our way home as quickly as we could. All fell out well. At the edge of Hampstead Heath, we heard a police officer's heavy tramp, and laying the child on the pathway, we waited and watched until he saw it as he flashed his lantern back and forth. We heard his exclamation of astonishment, and then we went away silently. By good chance, we got a cab near the Spaniards, and drove to town. I cannot sleep, so I make this entry. But I must try to get a few hours' sleep, as Van Helsing is to call for me at noon. He insists that I go with him on another expedition.

27 September,

It was two o'clock before we found a suitable opportunity for our attempt. The funeral held at noon was all completed, and the last stragglers of the mourners had taken themselves lazily away, when, looking carefully from behind a clump of alder trees, we saw the sexton lock the gate after him. We knew that we were safe until morning did we desire it but the Professor told me that we should not want more than an hour at most. Again, I felt that horrid sense of the reality of things, in which any effort of imagination seemed out of place, and I realised distinctly the perils of the law that we were incurring in our unhallowed work. Besides, I felt it was so useless. Outrageous as it was to open a leaden coffin, to see if a woman dead nearly a week were really dead, it now seemed the height of folly to open the tomb again, when we knew, from the evidence of our own eyesight, that the coffin was empty. I shrugged my shoulders, however, and rested silent, for Van Helsing had a way of going on his road, no matter who remonstrated. He took the key, opened the vault, and again courteously motioned me to proceed. The place was not as gruesome as last night. But oh, how unutterably means looking when the sunshine streamed in. Van Helsing walked over to Lucy's coffin, and I followed. He bent over and again forced back the leaden flange, and a shock of surprise and dismay shot through me. There lay Lucy, seemingly just as we had seen her the night before her funeral. She was, if possible, more radiantly beautiful than ever, and I could not believe that she was dead. The lips were red, nay redder than before, and on the cheeks was a delicate bloom. "This's a juggle?" I said to him.

"You're convinced now?" said the Professor, in response, and as he spoke he put over his hand, and in a way that made me shudder, pulled back the dead lips and showed the white teeth. "See," he went on, "they're even sharper than before. With this and this," and he touched one of the canine teeth and that below it, "the little children can be bitten. You're of belief now, friend John?"

Once more argumentative hostility woke within me. I could not accept such an overwhelming idea as he suggested. So, with an attempt to argue of which I was even at the moment ashamed, I said, "She may've been placed here since last night."

"Indeed? That's so, and by whom?"

"I don't know. Someone's done it."

"And yet she's been dead one week. Most peoples in that time wouldn't look so." I had no answer for this, so was silent. Van Helsing did not seem to notice my silence. At any rate, he showed neither chagrin nor triumph. He was looking intently at the face of the dead woman, raising the eyelids and looking at the eyes, and once more opening the lips and examining the teeth. Then he turned to me and said, "Here, there's one thing that's different from all recorded. Here's some dual life that's not as the common. She's bitten by the vampire when she's in a trance, sleepwalking, oh; you start. You don't know that, friend John but you'll know it later and in trance he'd best come to take more blood. In trance, she dies, and in trance, she's Un-Dead, too. So it's that she differs from all other. Usually when the Un-Dead sleep at home," as he spoke he made a comprehensive sweep of his arm to designate what a vampire was home, "their face show what they're but this so sweet that when she's not Un-Dead she goes back to the nothings of the common dead. There's no malign there, see and so it make hard that I must kill her in her sleep."

This turned my blood cold, and it began to dawn upon me that I was accepting Van Helsing's theories. But if she's dead, what's there of terror in the idea of killing her?

He looked up at me, and evidently saw the change in my face, for he said almost joyously, "Ah, you believe now?"

I answered, "Don't press me too hard all at once. I'm willing to accept. How'll you do this bloody work?"

"I'll cut off her head and fill her mouth with garlic, and I'll drive a stake through her body." It made me shudder to think of so mutilating the body of the woman whom I had loved. yet the feeling was not as strong as I had expected. In fact, I was beginning to shudder at the presence of this being, this Un-Dead, as Van Helsing called it, and to loathe it. Is it possible that love is all subjective, or all objective? I waited a considerable time for Van Helsing to begin but he stood as if wrapped in thought. Presently he closed the catch of his bag with a snap, and said, "I've been thinking, and I've made up my mind as to what's best. If I simply follow my inclining I'd do now at this moment, what's to be done? But other things to follow and things're thousand times more difficult in that them we don't know. This's simple. She's yet taken no life though that's of time and to act now'd be to take danger from her forever. But then we may've to want Arthur and how'll we tell him of this? If you, who saw the wounds on Lucy's throat, so similar on the child's at the hospital, the coffin empty last night, full today with a woman who've

not change only to be rosier, more beautiful in a whole week after she died, know of this, the white figure last night that brought the child to the churchyard, and yet of thy own senses you didn't believe, how then, can I expect Arthur who knows none of those things to believe?" he doubted me when I took him from her kiss when she was dying. I know he has forgiven me because in some mistaken idea I have done things that prevent him say goodbye as he ought, and he may think that in some more mistaken idea this woman was buried alive, and that in most mistake of all we have killed her. He will then argue back that it is we, mistaken ones, that have killed her by our ideas, and so he will be much unhappy always. Yet he never can be sure, and that is the worst of all. he will sometimes think that she he loved was buried alive, and that will paint his dreams with horrors of what she must have suffered, and again, he will think that we may be right, and that his so beloved was, after all, an Un-Dead. No! I told him once, and since then I learn much. Now, since I know it is all true, a hundred thousand times more do I know that he must pass through the bitter waters to reach the sweet? He, poor fellow, must have one hour that will make the very face of heaven grow black to him, then we can act for good all round and send him peace. "My mind's made up. Let's go. You return home for tonight to thy asylum, and see that all's well. As for me, I'll spend the night here in this churchyard in my own way. Tomorrow night you'll come to me to the Berkeley Hotel at ten pm. I'll send for Arthur to come too and that so fine young man of America that gave his blood. Later we'll all've work to do. I come with you so far as Piccadilly and there dine, for I must be back here before the sunset." So we locked the tomb and came away, got over the wall of the churchyard that was not much of a task, and drove back to Piccadilly.

CHAPTER LXVI

NOTE LEFT BY VAN HELSING IN HIS PORTMANTEAU, BERKELEY HOTEL DIRECTED TO JOHN SEWARD, MD (*Undelivered*)

27 September,
Friend John,

I write this in case anything'd happen. I go alone to watch in that churchyard. It pleases me that the Un-Dead, Miss Lucy, shan't leave tonight, that so on the morrow night she may be more eager. Therefore, I'll fix some things she likes not, garlic and a crucifix, and so seal up the door of the tomb. She's young as Un-Dead, and will heed. Moreover, these're only to prevent her coming out. They mayn't prevail on her wanting to get in, for then the Un-Dead's desperate, and must find the line of least resistance, whatsoever it may be. I'll be at hand all the night from sunset until after sunrise, and if there be aught that may be learned I'll learn it. For Miss Lucy or from her, I've no fear but that other to whom's there that she's Un-Dead, he's not the power to seek her tomb and find shelter. He's cunning, as I know from Mr. Harker and from the way that all along he has fooled us when he played with us for Miss Lucy's life, and we lost, and in many ways the Un-Dead are strong. He's always the strength in his hand of twenty men, even we four who gave our strength to Miss Lucy it also is all to him. Besides, he can summon his wolf and I know not what. So if it's that he came there on this night he'll find me. But none other'll, until it is too late. But it may be that he'll not attempt the place. There's no reason why he'd. His hunting ground's fuller of game than the churchyard where the Un-Dead woman sleeps, and the one old man watch. Therefore I write this in case ... take the papers that're with this, the diaries of Harker and the rest, and read them, and then find this great Un-Dead, and cut off his head and burn his heart or drive a stake through it, so that the world may rest from him, if it be so, farewell.

Van Helsing

CHAPTER LXVII

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

28 September,

It is wonderful what a good night's sleep will do for one. Yesterday I was almost willing to accept Van Helsing's monstrous ideas but now they seem to start out lurid before me as outrages on common sense. I have no doubt that he believes it all. I wonder if his mind can have become in any way unhinged. Surely, there must be some rational explanation of all these mysterious things. Is it possible that the Professor can have done it himself? He is so abnormally clever that if he went off his head he would carry out his intent with regard to some fixed idea in a wonderful way. I am loathe to think it, and indeed it would be almost as great a marvel as the other to find that Van Helsing was mad but anyhow I shall watch him carefully. I may get some light on the mystery.

CHAPTER LIXX

TELEGRAM FROM MINA HARKER TO VAN HELSING

29 September,

I'm coming up by train. Jonathan's at Whitby, important news.
Mina Harker

CHAPTER LXIX

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

29 September,

Now it is morning. Last night, at a little before ten pm, Arthur and Quincy came into Van Helsing's room. He told us all what he wanted us to do but especially addressing himself to Arthur, as if all our wills were centred in his. He began by saying that he hoped we would all come with him too, "for," he said, "there's a grave duty to be done there. You're doubtless surprised at my letter?"

This query was directly addressed to Lord Godalming. "I was. It rather upset me for a bit. So much trouble around my house of late, I'd do without any more. I've been curious, too, as to what you mean. Quincy and I talked it over but the more we talked, the more puzzled we got until now I can say for me that I'm about up a tree as to any meaning about anything."

"Me too," said Quincy Morris laconically.

"Oh," said the Professor, "then you're nearer the beginning, both of you, than friend John here, who's to go a long way back before he can even get so far as to begin." It was evident that he recognised my return to my old doubting frame of mind without my saying a word. Then, turning to the other two, he said with intense gravity, "I want thy permission to do what I think well this night. It's, I know, much to ask when you know what it I proposes to do you'll know, and only then how much. Therefore may I ask that you promise me in the dark, so that afterwards, though you may be angry with me for a time, I mustn't disguise from me the possibility that such may be, you'll not blame thineelves for anything?"

"That's frank anyhow," broke in Quincy. "I'll answer for the Professor. I don't quite see his drift but I swear he's honest, and that's good enough for me."

"I thank you, Sir," said Van Helsing proudly. "I've done me the honour of counting you one trusting friend, and such endorsement's dear to me."

He held out a hand that Quincy took. Then Arthur spoke out, "Dr. Van Helsing, I don't quite like to buy a cow in a poke as they say in Scotland and if it be anything in which my honour as a gentleman or my faith as a Lordian's concerned, I can't make such a promise if you can assure me that what you intend doesn't violate either of these two, then I give my consent at once though for the life of me, I can't understand what you're driving at."

"I accept thy limitation," said Van Helsing, "and all I ask of you's that if you feel it necessary to condemn any act of mine, you'll first consider it well, be satisfied that it doesn't violate thy reservations."

"Agreed!" said Arthur. "That is only fair. now that the pourparlers are over, may I ask what it's we're to do?"

"I want you to come with me and to come in secret to the churchyard at Kingstead."

Arthur's face fell as he said in an amazed sort of way, "Where poor Lucy's buried?" The Professor bowed. Arthur went on, "And when there?"

"To enter the tomb!"

Arthur stood up. "Professor, you're in earnest or it's some monstrous joke? Pardon me; I see that you're in earnest." He sat down again but I could see that he sat firmly and proudly, as one who is on his dignity. There was silence until he asked again "And when in the tomb?"

"To open the coffin."

"This's too much!" he said, angrily rising again. "I'm willing to be patient in all things that're reasonable but in this desecration of the grave, of one whom..." He fairly choked with indignation. The Professor looked pityingly at him. "If I'd spare you one pang, my poor friend," he said, "Lord knows I'd. But this night our feet must tread in thorny paths or later and forever, the feet you love must walk in paths of flame!"

Arthur looked up with set white face and said, "Take care, sir, take care!"

"It'd not be well to hear what I've to say?" said Van Helsing. "And then you'll at least know the limit of my purpose. I'll go on?"

"That's fair enough," broke in Morris.

After a pause, Van Helsing went on, evidently with an effort, "Miss Lucy's dead, isn't it so? Yes! Then there can be no wrong to her. But if she isn't dead..."

Arthur jumped to his feet, "Good Lord!" he cried. "What do you mean? There's been any mistake, she's been buried alive?"

He groaned in anguish that not even hope could soften. "I didn't say she's alive, my child. I didn't think it. I go no further than to say that she might be Un-Dead."

"Un-Dead, not alive, what do you mean, this's all a nightmare or what's it?"

"There're mysteries that men can only guess at that age by age they may solve only in part. Believe me; we're now on the verge of one but I've not done. May I cut off the head of dead Miss Lucy?"

"Heavens and earth, no!" cried Arthur in a storm of passion. "For the wide world I'll consent to no mutilation of her dead body. Dr. Van Helsing, you try me too far. What I've done to you that you'd torture me so? What did that poor, sweet girl do that you'd wanna cast such dishonour on her grave? You're mad that you speak of such things or I'm mad to listen to them? Don't dare think more of such a desecration; I'll give my consent to nothing you do. I've a duty to do in protecting her grave from outrage and by Lord, I'll do it!"

Van Helsing rose up from where he had all the time been seated, and said, gravely and sternly, "My Lord Godalming, I too, have a duty to do to others, you, the dead, and by Lord, I'll do it! All I ask you now's that you come with me, look, listen, and if when later I make the same request you don't be more eager for its fulfilment even than I'm, then, I'll do my duty whatever it may seem to me. Then to follow thy Lordship's wishes I'll hold me at thy disposal to render an account to you when and where you will." His voice broke a little, and he went on with a voice full of pity. "But I beseech you; don't go forth in anger with me. In a long life of acts that're often unpleasant to do and that sometimes did wring my heart, I've never'd so heavy a task as now. Believe me that if the time comes for you to change thy mind towards me, one look from you'll wipe away all this so sad hour for I'd do what a man can to save you from sorrow. Just think. For why'd I give me so much labour and so much of sorrow? I've come here from my own land to do what I can of good at the first to please my friend John and then to help a sweet young woman whom too, I come to love. For her, I'm ashamed to say so much but I say it in kindness, I gave what you gave, the blood of my veins. I gave it, I who's not, like you, her lover but only physician and friend. I gave her my nights and days before and after death, and if my death can do her good even now, when she's the dead Un-Dead, she'll have it freely."

He said this with a very grave, sweet pride, and Arthur was much affected by it. He took the old man's hand and said in a broken voice, "Oh, it's hard to think of it and I can't understand but at least I'll go with you and wait."

Just a quarter before twelve o'clock when we got into the churchyard over the low wall, the night was dark with occasional gleams of moonlight between the dents of the heavy clouds that scudded across the sky. We all kept somehow close together, with Van Helsing slightly in front as he led the way. When we had come close to the tomb, I looked well at Arthur, for I feared the proximity to a place laden with so sorrowful a memory would upset him but he bore himself well. I took it that the very mystery of the proceeding was in some way a counteracting to his grief. The Professor unlocked the door, and seeing a natural hesitation amongst us for various reasons, solved the difficulty by entering first himself. The rest of us followed, and he closed the door. He then lit a dark lantern and pointed to a coffin. Arthur stepped forward hesitatingly. Van Helsing said to me, "You're with me here yesterday. The body of Miss Lucy's in that coffin?"

"It's."

The Professor turned to the rest saying, "You hear and yet there's none who doesn't believe with me."

He took his screwdriver and again took off the lid of the coffin. Arthur looked on, very pale but silent. When the lid was removed, he stepped forward. He evidently did not know that there was a leaden coffin, or at any rate, had not thought of it. When he saw the rent in the lead, the blood rushed to his face for an instant but as quickly fell away again, so that he remained of a ghastly whiteness. He was still silent. Van Helsing forced back the leaden flange, and we all looked in and recoiled. The coffin was empty! For several minutes, none spoke a word. The silence was broken by Quincy Morris, "Professor, I answered for you. thy word's all I want. I'd not ask such a thing ordinarily, I'd not so dishonour you as to imply a doubt but a mystery that goes beyond any honour or dishonour. This's thy doing?"

"I swear to you by all that I hold sacred that I've not removed or touched her. What happened's this. Two nights ago my friend Seward and I came here with good purpose, believe me. I opened that coffin that's then sealed up and we found it as now, empty. We then waited and saw something white come through the trees. The next day, we came here in daytime and she lay there; didn't she, friend John?"

"Yes."

"That night we're just in time. One more so small child's missing and we found it, thank Lord, unharmed amongst the graves. Yesterday I came here before sundown for at sundown the Un-Dead can move. I waited here all night until the sun rose but I saw nothing. It's most probable that it's because I'd lain over the clamps of those doors garlic that the Un-Dead can't bear and other things that they shun. Last night there's no exodus, so tonight before the sundown I took away my garlic and other things. so it's we find this coffin empty. But bear with me. So far, much's strange. Wait you with me outside, unseen and unheard. things much stranger's yet to be. So," here he shut the dark slide of his lantern, "now to the outside."

He opened the door, and we filed out, he coming last and locking the door behind him. Oh

But it seemed fresh and pure in the night air after the terror of that vault. How sweet it was to see the clouds race by and the passing gleams of the moonlight between the scudding clouds crossing and passing, like the gladness and sorrow of a man's life. How sweet to breathe the fresh air had no taint of death and decay. How humanizing to see the red lighting of the sky beyond the hill and to hear far away the muffled roar that marks the life of a great city. Each in his own way was solemn and overcome. Arthur was silent, and was; I could see, striving to grasp the purpose and the inner meaning of the mystery. I was myself tolerably patient, and half inclined again to throw aside doubt and to accept Van Helsing's conclusions. Quincy Morris was phlegmatic in the way of a man who accepts all things, and accepts them in the spirit of cool bravery, with hazard of all he has at stake. Not being able to smoke, he cut himself a good-sized plug of tobacco and began to chew. As to Van Helsing, he was employed in a definite way. First, he took from his bag a mass of what looked like thin, wafer-like biscuit that was carefully rolled up in a white napkin. Next, he took out a double handful of some whitish stuff, like dough or putty. He crumbled the wafer up fine and worked it into the mass between his hands. This he then took, and rolling it into thin strips, began to lay them into the crevices between the door and its setting in the tomb. I was somewhat puzzled at this, and being close, asked him what it was that he was doing. Arthur and Quincy drew near also, as they too were curious. He answered, "I'm closing the tomb so that the Un-Dead may not enter."

"And that's stuff you've there's gonna do it?"

"It's."

"What's that which you're using?"

This time the question was by Arthur. Van Helsing reverently lifted his hat as he answered, "The Host. I brought it from Amsterdam. I've an Indulgence." It was an answer that appalled the most sceptical of us, and we felt individually that in the presence of such earnest purpose as the Professor's, a purpose which could thus use the to him most sacred of things, it was impossible to distrust. In respectful silence, we took the places assigned to us close round the tomb but hidden from the sight of any one approaching. I pitied the others, especially Arthur. I had myself been apprenticed by my former visits to this watching horror, and yet I, who had repudiated the proofs up to an hour ago, felt my heart sink within me. Never did tombs look so ghastly white. Never did cypress, yew, or juniper so seem the embodiment of funeral gloom. Never did tree or grass wave or rustle so ominously. Never did bough creak so mysteriously, and never did the far-away howling of dogs send such a woeful presage through the night. There was a long spell of silence, big, aching, void, and then from the Professor a keen "Sshh!"

He pointed, and far down the avenue of yews, we saw a white figure advance, a dim white figure that held something dark at its breast. The figure stopped, and now a ray of moonlight fell upon the masses of driving clouds, and showed in startling prominence a dark-haired woman, dressed in the cerements of the grave. We could not see the face, for it was bent down over what we saw to be a fair-haired child. There was a pause and a sharp little cry, such as a child gives in sleep, or a dog as it lies before the fire and dreams. We were starting forward but the Professor's warning hand, seen by us as he stood behind a yew tree, kept us back. Then as we looked the white figure moved forwards again. It was now near enough for us to see clearly, and the moonlight still held. My own heart grew cold as ice, and I could hear the gasp of Arthur, as we recognised the features of Lucy Westenra but yet how changed. The sweetness was turned to adamant, heartless cruelty and the purity to voluptuous wantonness. Van Helsing stepped out, and obedient to his gesture, we all advanced too. The four of us ranged in a line before the door of the tomb, Van Helsing raised his lantern and drew the slide. By the concentrated light that fell on Lucy's face, we could see that the lips were crimson with fresh blood and that the stream had trickled over her chin and stained the purity of her lawn death robe. We shuddered with horror. I could see by the tremulous light that even Van Helsing's iron nerve had failed. Arthur was next to me, and if I had not seized his arm and held him up, he would have fallen. When Lucy, I call the thing that was before us Lucy because it bore her shape, saw us she drew back with an angry snarl, such as a cat gives when taken unawares, then her eyes ranged over us. Lucy's eyes in form and colour but Lucy's eyes unclean and full of hell fire, instead of the pure, gentle orbs we knew. At that moment the remnant of my love passed into hate and loathing. Had she then to be killed, I could have done it with savage delight. As she looked, her eyes blazed with unholy light, and the face became wreathed with a voluptuous smile, oh, Lord, how it made me shudder to see it! With a careless motion, she flung to the ground, callous as a devil, the child that up to now she had clutched strenuously to her breast, growling over it as a dog growls over a bone. The child gave a sharp cry, and lay there moaning. There was cold-bloodedness in the act that wrung a groan from Arthur. When she advanced to him with out-stretched arms and a wanton smile, he fell back and hid his face in his hands. She still advanced, however, and with a languorous, voluptuous grace, said, "Come to me, Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms're hungry for you. Come, and we can rest together. Come, my husband, come!"

There was something diabolically sweet in her tones, something of the tinkling of glass when struck that rang through the brains even of us who heard the words addressed to another. As for Arthur, he seemed under a spell, moving his hands from his face, he opened wide his arms. She was leaping for them, when Van Helsing sprang forward and held between them his little golden crucifix. She recoiled from it, and, with a suddenly distorted face, full of rage, dashed past him as if to enter the tomb. When within a foot or two of the door, however, she stopped, as if arrested by some irresistible force. Then she turned, and her face was shown in the clear burst of moonlight and by the lamp that had now no quiver from Van Helsing's nerves. Never did I see such baffled malice on a face, and never, I trust, shall such ever be seen again by mortal eyes. The beautiful colour became livid, the eyes seemed to throw out sparks of hell fire, the brows were wrinkled as though the folds of flesh were the coils of Medusa's snakes, and the lovely, bloodstained mouth grew to an open square, as in the passion masks of the Greeks and Japanese. If ever a face meant death, if looks could kill, we saw it at that moment. So for full half a minute that seemed an eternity, she remained between the lifted crucifix and the sacred closing of her means of entry. Van Helsing broke the silence by asking Arthur, "Answer me, oh my friend! I'm to proceed in my work?" "Do as you'll, friend. Do, as you'll. There can be no horror like this ever anymore."

And he groaned in spirit. Quincy and I simultaneously moved towards him, and took his arms. We could hear the click of the closing lantern as Van Helsing held it down. Coming close to the tomb, he began to remove from the chinks some of the sacred emblem that he had placed there. We all looked on with horrified amazement as we saw, when he stood back, the woman, with a corporeal body as real at that moment as our own, pass through the interstice where scarce a knife blade could have gone. We all felt a glad sense of relief when we saw the Professor calmly restoring the strings of putty to the edges of the door. When this was done, he lifted the child and said, "Come now, my friends. We can do no more until tomorrow. There's a funeral at noon, so here we'll all come before long after that. The friends of the dead'll all be gone by two and when the sexton locks the gate, we'll remain. Then there's more to do but not like this of tonight. As for this little one, he's not much harmed and by tomorrow night, he'll be well. We'll leave him where the police'll find him as on the other night, and then to home." Coming close to Arthur, he said, "My friend Arthur, you've had a sore trial but after when you look back, you'll see how it's necessary. You're now in the bitter waters, my child. By this time tomorrow, you'll have passed them, please Lord, and have drunk of the sweet waters. So don't mourn over much until then I'll not ask you to forgive me."

Arthur and Quincy came home with me, and we tried to cheer each other on the way. We had left behind the child in safety, and we were tired. So we all slept with more or less reality of sleep. At night a little before twelve o'clock we three, Arthur, Quincy Morris, and myself, called for the Professor. It was odd to notice that by common consent we had all put on black clothes. Of course, Arthur wore black, for he was in deep mourning but the rest of us wore it by instinct. We got to the graveyard by half-past one, and strolled about, keeping out of official observation, so that when the gravediggers had completed their task and the sexton under the belief that every one had gone, had locked the gate, we had the place all to ourselves. Van Helsing, instead of his little black bag, had with him a long leather one, something like a cricketer's bag. It was manifestly of fair weight. When we were alone and had heard the last of the footsteps die out up the road, we silently, and as if by ordered intention, followed the Professor to the tomb. He unlocked the door, and we entered, closing it behind us. Then he took from his bag the lantern that he lit, and also two wax candles that, when lighted, he stuck by melting their own ends, on other coffins, so that they might give light sufficient to work by. When he again lifted the lid off Lucy's coffin, we all looked, Arthur trembling like an aspen, and saw that the corpse lay there in all its death beauty. But there was no love in my own heart, nothing but loathing for the foul Thing which had taken Lucy's shape without her soul. I could see even Arthur's face grow hard as he looked. Presently he said to Van Helsing, "This's really Lucy's body or only a demon in her shape?"

"It's her body, and yet not it. But wait a while, and you'll see her as she's." She seemed like a nightmare of Lucy as she laid there, the pointed teeth, the blood stained, voluptuous mouth that made one shudder to see, the completely carnal and un-spirited appearance, seeming like a devilish mockery of Lucy's sweet purity. Van Helsing, with his usual methodical-ness, began taking the various contents from his bag and placing them ready for use. First he took out a soldering iron and some plumbing solder, and then small oil lamp that gave out, when lit in a corner of the tomb, gas which burned at a fierce heat with a blue flame, then his operating knives that he placed to hand, and last a round wooden stake, some two and a half or three inches thick and about three feet long. One end of it was hardened by charring in the fire, and was sharpened to a fine point. With this stake came a heavy hammer, such as in households is used in the coal cellar for breaking the lumps. To me, a doctor's preparations for work of any kind are stimulating and bracing but the effect of these things on both Arthur and Quincy was to cause them a sort of consternation. They both, however, kept their courage, and remained silent and quiet. When all was ready, Van Helsing said, "Before we do anything, lemme tell you this. It's out of the lore and experience of the ancients and of all those who've studied the powers of the Un-Dead. When they become such, there comes with the change the curse of immortality. They can't die but must go on age after age adding new victims and multiplying the evils of the world. For all that die from the preying of the Un-Dead become themselves Un-Dead and prey on their kind. So the circle goes on ever widening like as the ripples from a stone thrown in the water. Friend Arthur, if you'd met that kiss that you know of before poor Lucy die or again, last night when you open thy arms to her, you'd in time when you'd died, have become Nosferatu as they call it in Eastern Europe, and had for all time make more of those Un-Dead that've so filled us with horror. The career of this so unhappy dear woman's but just begun. Those children whose blood she sucked aren't as yet so much the worse but if she lives on, Un-Dead, more and more they lose their blood and by her power over them they come to her and so she draw their blood with that so wicked mouth. But if she dies in truth, then all'll cease. The tiny wounds of the throats'll disappear, and they'd go back to their play unknowing ever of what's been. But of the most blessed of all, when this now Un-Dead be made to rest, as true dead, then the soul of the poor woman whom we love'll again be free. Instead of working wickedness by night and growing more debased in the assimilating of it by day, she'll take her place with the other angels. So that, my friend, it'll be a blessed hand for her that'll strike the blow that sets her free. To this, I'm willing but none amongst us's a better right? It'll be no joy to think of hereafter in the silence of the night when sleeps not, my hand sent her to the stars. The hand of him loved her best, the hand of all she'd herself've chosen; it'd been to her to choose! Tell me if there's such a one amongst us?"

We all looked at Arthur. He saw too, what we all did, the infinite kindness that suggested that his should be the hand that would restore Lucy to us as a holy, and a holy, memory. He stepped forward and said bravely, though his hand trembled, and his face was as pale as snow, "My true friend, from the bottom of my broken

heart I thank you. Tell me what I'm to do and I'll not falter!"

Van Helsing laid a hand on his shoulder, and said, "Brave lad! A moment's courage and it's done. This stake must be driven through her. It's well a fearful ordeal, be not deceived in that but it'll be only a short time and you'll then rejoice more than thy pain's great. From this grim tomb, you'll emerge as though you tread on air. But you mustn't falter when once you've begun. Only think that we're, thy true friends, round you, and that we pray for you all the time."

"Go on," said Arthur hoarsely. "Tell me what I'm to do."

"Take this stake in thy left hand, ready to place to the point over the heart, and the hammer in thy right, then when we begin our prayer for the dead, I'll read it, I've here the book and the others'll follow, strike in Lord's Name that so all may be well with the dead that we love and that the Un-Dead pass away." Arthur took the stake and the hammer, and when once his mind was set on action his hands never trembled nor even quivered. Van Helsing opened his missal and began to read, and Quincy and I followed as well as we could. Arthur placed the point over the heart, and as I looked, I could see its dint in the white flesh. Then he struck with all his might. The thing in the coffin writhed, and a hideous, blood-curdling screech came from the opened red lips. The body shook, quivered, and twisted in wild contortions. The sharp white teeth champed together until the lips were cut, and the mouth was smeared with crimson foam. But Arthur never faltered. He looked like a figure of Thor as his un-trembling arm rose and fell, driving deeper and deeper the mercy-bearing stake, whilst the blood from the pierced heart welled and spurted up around it. His face was set, and high duty seemed to shine through it. The sight of it gave us courage so that our voices seemed to ring through the little vault. Then the writhing and quivering of the body became less and the teeth seemed to champion, and the face to quiver. Finally, it lay still. The terrible task was over. The hammer fell from Arthur's hand. He reeled and would have fallen had we not caught him. The great drops of sweat sprang from his forehead, and his breath came in broken gasps. It had indeed been an awful strain on him, and had he not been forced to his task by more than human considerations he could never have gone through with it. For a few minutes, we were so taken up with him that we did not look towards the coffin. When we did, however, a murmur of startled surprise ran from one to the other of us. We gazed so eagerly that Arthur rose, for he had been seated on the ground, and came and looked too, and then a glad strange light broke over his face and dispelled altogether the gloom of horror that lay upon it. There, in the coffin lay no longer the foul thing that we had so dreaded and grown to hate that the work of her destruction was yielded as a privilege to the one best entitled to it but Lucy as we had seen her in life, with her face of unequalled sweetness and purity. True that there were there, as we had seen them in life, the traces of care, pain, and waste. But these were all dear to us, for they marked her truth to what we knew. All we felt that the holy calm that lay like sunshine over the wasted face and form was only an earthly token and symbol of the calm that was to reign forever. Van Helsing came and laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder, and said to him, "And now, Arthur my friend, dear lad, I'm not forgiven?"

The reaction of the terrible strain came as he took the old man's hand in his, and raising it to his lips, pressed it, and said, "Forgiven! Lord bless you that you've given my dear one her soul again and me peace."

He put his hands on the Professor's shoulder, and laying his head on his breast, cried for a while silently, whilst we stood unmoving. When he raised his head Van Helsing said to him, "And now, my child, you may kiss her. Kiss her dead lips if you'll, as she'd have you to if for her to choose. For she's not a grinning devil now, no more a foul thing for all eternity. No longer she's the devil's Un-Dead. She's Lord's true dead, whose soul's with Him!" Arthur bent and kissed her, and then we sent him and Quincy out of the tomb. The Professor and I sawed the top off the stake, leaving the point of it in the body. Then we cut off the head and filled the mouth with garlic. We soldered up the leaden coffin, screwed on the coffin lid, and gathering up our belongings, came away. When the Professor locked the door, he gave the key to Arthur. Outside the air was sweet, the sun shone, and the birds sang, and it seemed as if all nature were tuned to a different pitch. There was gladness, mirth, and peace everywhere, for we were at rest ourselves on one account, and we were glad, though it was with a tempered joy. Before we moved away Van Helsing said, "Now, my friends, one step of our work's done, one the most harrowing to us but there remains a greater task to find out the author of all this or sorrow and to stamp him out. I've clues that we can follow but it's a long task, difficult one, there's danger in it, and pain. You'll not all help me? We've learned to believe, all of us, isn't it so? And since so, don't we see our duty? Yes! And don't we promise to go on to the bitter end?" Each in turn, we took his hand, and the promise was made, and then the Professor said as we moved off, "Two nights hence you'll meet with me and dine together at seven of the clock with friend John. I'll entreat two others, two that you know not yet and I'll be ready to all our work show and our plans unfold. Friend John, you come with me home, for I've much to consult you about and you can help me. Tonight I leave for Amsterdam but I'll return tomorrow night. Then begins our great quest. But first, I'll have much to say so that you may know what to do and to dread. Then our promise'll be made to each other anew. For there's a terrible task before us and once our feet're on the ploughshare we mustn't draw back."

When we arrived at the Berkeley Hotel, Van Helsing found a telegram waiting for him. The Professor was delighted. "Ah, that wonderful Madam Mina," he said, "pearl among women! She arrives but I can't stay. She must go to thy house, friend John. You must meet her at the station. Telegraph her en route so that she may be prepared." When the wire was dispatched, he had a cup of tea. Over it, he told me of a diary kept by Jonathan Harker when abroad, and gave me a typewritten copy of it, as of Mrs. Harker's diary at Whitby. "Take these," he said, "and studies them well. When I've returned you'll be master of all the facts, and we can then better enter on our inquisition. Keep them safe, for there's in them much of treasure. You'll need all thy faith, even you who've had such an experience as that of today. What's here told," He laid his hand heavily and gravely on the packet of papers as he spoke, "may be the beginning of the end to you, me, and many others or it may sound the knell of the Un-Dead that walks the earth. Read all, I pray you with the open mind and if you can add in any way to the story here told do so for its all-important. You've kept a diary of all these so strange things, isn't it so? Yes! Then we'll go through all these together when we meet."

He then made ready for his departure and shortly drove off to Liverpool Street. I took my way to Paddington, where I arrived about fifteen minutes before the train came in. The crowd melted away, after the bustling fashion common to arrival platforms, and I was beginning to feel uneasy, lest I might miss my guest, when a sweet-faced, dainty looking girl stepped up to me, and after a quick glance said, "Dr. Seward, isn't it?"

"And you're Mrs. Harker!"

I answered at once, whereupon she held out her hand. "I knew you from the description of poor dear Lucy but..."

She stopped suddenly, and a quick blush overspread her face. The blush that rose to my own cheeks somehow set us both at ease, for it was a tacit answer to her. I got her luggage that included a typewriter, and we took the Underground to Fenchurch Street, after I had sent a wire to my housekeeper to have a sitting room and a bedroom prepared at once for Mrs. Harker, in due time we arrived. She knew, of course, that the place was a lunatic asylum but I could see that she was unable to repress a shudder when we entered. She told me that, if she might, she would come presently to my study, as she had much to say. So here, I am finishing my entry in my phonograph diary whilst I await her. Yet I have not had the chance of looking at the papers that Van Helsing left with me, though they lie open before me. I must get her interested in something, so that I may have an opportunity of reading them. She does not know how precious time is, or what a task we have in hand. I must be careful not to frighten her. Here she's! I was so absorbed in that wonderful diary of Jonathan Harker and that other of his wife that I let the time run on without thinking. Mrs. Harker was not down when the house cleaner came to announce dinner, so I said, "She's possibly tired. Let dinner wait an hour," and I went on with my work. I had just finished Mrs. Harker's diary, when she came in. She looked sweetly pretty but very sad, and her eyes were flushed with crying. This somehow moved me much. Of late, I have had cause for tears, Lord knows! But the relief of them was denied me, and now the sight of those sweet eyes, brightened by recent tears, went straight to my heart. So I said as gently as I could, "I greatly fear I've distressed you."

"Oh, no, not distressed me," she replied. "But I've been more touched than I can say by thy grief. That's a wonderful machine but it's cruelly true. It told me in its very tones, the anguish of thy heart. It's like a soul crying out to Almighty Lord. None must hear them spoken ever again! See, I've tried to be useful. I've copied out the words on my typewriter, and none other need now hear thy heartbeat, as I did."

"None need ever know, shall never know," I said in a low voice.

She laid her hand on mine and said very gravely, "Ah but they must!"

"Must but why?" I asked.

"Because it's a part of the terrible story, a part of poor Lucy's death and all that led to it. Because in the struggle that we've before us to rid the earth of this terrible monster we must've all the know-ledge and all the help that we can get. I think that the cylinders that you gave me contained more than you intended me to know. But I can see that there're in thy record many lights to this dark mystery. You'll let me help, won't you? I know all up to a certain point and I see already though thy diary only took me to seven September, how poor Lucy's beset and her terrible doom's being wrought out. Jonathan and I've been working day and night since Professor Van Helsing saw us. He's gone to Whitby to get more info, and he'll be here tomorrow to help us. We need've no secrets amongst us. Working together and with absolute trust, we can surely be stronger than if some of we're in the dark."

She looked at me so appealingly, and at the same time manifested such courage and resolution in her bearing, that I gave in at once to her wishes. "You'll," I said, "do as you like in the matter. Lord forgives me if I do wrong! There're terrible things yet to learn. But if you've so far travelled on the road to poor Lucy's death, you'll not be content, I know, to remain in the dark. Nay, the end, the very end, may give you a gleam of peace. Come, there's dinner. We must keep one another strong for what's before us. We've a cruel and dreadful task. When you've eaten you'll learn the rest, and I'll answer any questions you ask, if there be anything that you don't under-stand though it's apparent to us who're present."

CHAPTER LXX MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

29 September,

After I had tidied me, I went down to Dr. Seward's study. At the door I paused a moment, for I thought I heard him talking with some one. As, however, he had pressed me to be quick, I knocked at the door, and on his calling out, "Come in."

I entered. To my intense surprise, there was none with him. He was quite alone, and on the table opposite him, was what I knew at once from the description to be a phonograph. I had never seen one, and I was much interested. "I hope I didn't keep you waiting," I said, "but I stayed at the door as I heard you talking and thought there's someone with you."

"Oh," he replied with a smile, "I was only entering my diary."

"Your diary?"

I asked him in surprise. "Yes," he answered. "I keep it in this."

As he spoke, he laid his hand on the phonograph. I felt quite excited over it, and blurted out, "Why, this beats even shorthand! May I hear it say something?"

"Certainly," he replied with alacrity, and stood up to put it in train for speaking. Then he paused, and a troubled look overspread his face. "The fact's," he began awkwardly, "I only keep my diary in it and as it's entirely, almost entirely about my cases it may be awkward, that's, I mean..."

He stopped, and I tried to help him out of his embarrassment. "You helped to attend dear Lucy at the end. Let me hear how she died for all that I know of her, I'll be very grateful. She's very, very dear to me."

To my surprise, he answered, with a horror-struck look in his face, "Tell you of her death? Not for the wide world!"

"Why not?"

I asked for some grave, terrible feeling was coming over me. Again, he paused, and I could see that he was trying to invent an excuse. At length, he stammered out, "You see, I don't know how to pick out any particular part of the diary." Even while he was speaking an idea dawned upon him, he said with unconscious simplicity in a different voice, and with the naïveté of a child, "that's quite true, upon my honour. Honest Indian!"

I could not but smile, at which he grimaced. "I gave myself away that time!" he said. "But do you know that, although I've kept the diary for months past, it never once struck me how I was gonna find any particular part of it in case I wanted to look it up?" By this time my mind was made up that the diary of a doctor who attended Lucy might have something to add to the sum of our knowledge of that terrible Being, and I said boldly, "Then, Dr. Seward, you'd better lemme copy it out for you on my typewriter."

He grew to a positively deathly pallor, as he said, "No! No! No! For the entire world, I'd not let you know that terrible story!"

Then it was terrible. My intuition's right! For a moment, I thought, and as my eyes ranged the room, unconsciously looking for something or some opportunity to aid me, they lit on a great batch of typewriting on the table. His eyes caught the look in mine, and without his thinking, followed their direction. As they saw the parcel, he realised my meaning. "You don't know me," I said. "When you've read those papers, my own diary, and husband's also that I've typed, you'll know me better. I've not faltered in giving every thought of my own heart in this cause. But of course, you don't know me yet and I mustn't expect you to trust me so far."

He is certainly a man of noble nature. Poor dear Lucy was right about him. He stood up and opened a large drawer, in which were arranged in order a number of hollow cylinders of metal covered with dark wax, and said, "You're quite right. I didn't trust you because I didn't know you. But I know you now and lemme say that I'd have known you long ago, I know that Lucy told you of me. She told me of you too. May I make the only atonement in my power? Take the cylinders and hear them. The first six of them're personal to me, and they'll not horrify you. Then you'll know me better. Dinner'll be ready then. In the meantime, I'll read over some of these documents and I'll be better able to understand certain things."

He carried the phonograph himself up to my sitting room and adjusted it for me. Now I shall learn something pleasant, I am sure, for it will tell me the other side of a true love episode of which I know one side already. After dinner, I came with Dr. Seward to his study. He brought back the phonograph from my room, and I took a chair, and arranged the phonograph so that I could touch it without getting up, and showed me how to stop it in case I should want to pause. Then he very thoughtfully took a chair, with his back to me, so that I might be as free as possible, and began to read. I put the forked metal to my ears and listened. When the terrible story of Lucy's death, and all that followed, was done, I lay back in my chair powerless. Fortunately, I am not of a fainting disposition. When Dr. Seward saw me he jumped up with a horrified exclamation, and hurriedly taking a case bottle from the cupboard, gave me some brandy that in a few minutes somewhat restored me. My brain was all in a whirl, and only that there came through all the multitude of horrors, the holy ray of light that my dear Lucy was at last at peace, I do not think I could have borne it without making a scene. It is all so wild and mysterious, and strange that if I had not known Jonathan's experience in Transylvania I could not have believed. As it was, I didn't know what to believe, and so got out of my difficulty by attending to something else. I took the cover off my typewriter, and said to Dr. Seward, "Lemme write this all out now. We must be ready for Dr. Van Helsing when he comes. I've sent a telegram to Jonathan to come on here when he arrives in London from Whitby. In this matter, dates're everything; I think that if we get our entire material ready, and have every item put in chronological order, we'll have done much. You tell me that Lord Godalming and Mr. Morris're coming too. Let's be able to tell them when they come." He accordingly set the phonograph at a slow pace, and I began to typewrite from the beginning of the seventeenth cylinder. I used manifold, and so took three copies of the diary, just as I had done with the rest. It was late when I got through but Dr. Seward went about his work of going his round of the patients. When he had finished he came back and sat near me, reading, so that I did not feel too lonely whilst I worked. How good and thoughtful he is. The world seems full of good men, even if there are monsters in it. Before I left him I recalled what Jonathan put in his diary of the Professor's perturbation at reading something in an evening paper at the station at Exeter, so, seeing that Dr. Seward keeps his newspapers, I borrowed the files of The Westminster Gazette and The Pall Mall Gazette and took them to my room. I recall how much the Daily Telegraph and The Whitby Gazette of which I had made cuttings, had helped us to understand the terrible events at Whitby when Count Dracula landed, so I shall look through the evening papers since then, and perhaps I shall get some new light. I am not sleepy, and the work will help to keep me quiet.

CHAPTER LXXI JOHNATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

29 September,

In train to London, when I received Mr. Billington's courteous message that he would give me any information in his power I thought it best to go down to Whitby and make, on the spot, such inquiries as I wanted. It was now my object to trace that horrid cargo of the Count's to its place in London. Later, we may be able to deal with it. Billington junior, a nice lad, met me at the station, and brought me to his dad's house, where they had decided that I must spend the night. They are

hospitable, with true Yorkshire hospitality, give a guest everything, and leave him to do, as he likes. They all knew that I was busy, and that my stay was short, and Mr. Billington had ready in his office all the papers concerning the consignment of boxes. It gave me almost a turn to see again one of the letters that I had seen on the Count's table before I knew of his diabolical plans. Everything had been carefully thought out, and done systematically and with precision. He seemed to have been prepared for every obstacle that might be placed by accident in the way of his intentions being carried out. To use an Americanism, he had 'taken no chances', and the absolute accuracy with which his instructions were fulfilled was simply the logical result of his care. I saw the invoice, and took note of it. Fifty cases of common earth, to be used for experimental purposes, also the copy of the letter to Carter Paterson, and their reply, of both these, I got copies. This was all the information Mr. Billington could give me, so I went down to the port and saw the coastguards, the Customs Officers and the harbour master, who kindly put me in communication with the men who had actually received the boxes. Their tally was exact with the list, and they had nothing to add to the simple description fifty cases of common earth, except that the boxes were main and mortal heavy, and that shifting them was dry work. One of them added that it was hard lines that there was not any man such like as like you, squire, to show some sort of appreciation of their efforts in a liquid form. Another put in a rider that the thirst then generated was such that even the time that had elapsed had not completely allayed it. Needless to add, I took care before leaving to lift, forever and adequately, this source of reproach.

30 September,

The stationmaster was good enough to give me a line to his old companion the stationmaster at King's Cross, so that when I arrived there in the morning I was able to ask him about the arrival of the boxes. He, too put me at once in communication with the proper officials, and I saw that their tally was correct with the original invoice. The opportunities of acquiring an abnormal thirst had been here limited. A noble use of them had, however, been made, and again I was compelled to deal with the result in ex post facto manner. From thence, I went to Carter Paterson's central office, where I met with the utmost courtesy. They looked up the transaction in their daybook and letter book, and at once telephoned to their King's Cross-office for more details. By good fortune, the men who did the teaming were waiting for work, and the official at once sent them over, sending also by one of them the waybill and all the papers connected with the delivery of the boxes at Carfax. Here again I found the tally agreeing exactly. The carriers' men were able to supplement the paucity of the written words with a few more details. These were, I shortly found, connected almost solely with the dusty nature of the job, and the consequent thirst engendered in the operators. On my affording an opportunity, through the medium of the currency of the realm, of the allaying, at a later period, this beneficial evil, one of the men remarked, "That house here's, governor, the roomiest I ever was in. Blimey! But it's not been touched since a century. There's dust that thick in the place that you might've slept on it without hurting of thy bones, and the place's that neglected that you might've smelled whole Jerusalem in it. But the old chapel, that took the like that did! My mate and me we thought we'd never get out quick enough. Lord, I'd not take less nor a quid a moment to stay there after dark." Having been in the house, I could well believe him but if he knew what I know, he would, I think have raised his terms. Of one thing I am now satisfied. That all those boxes that arrived at Whitby from Verna in the Demeter were safely deposited in the old chapel at Carfax. There should be fifty of them there, unless any have since been removed, as from Dr. Seward's diary I fear. Later, Mina and I have worked all day and we have put all the papers into order.

CHAPTER LXXII MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

30 September,

I am so glad that I hardly know how to contain myself. I suppose, the reaction from the haunting fear I have had, that this terrible affair and the reopening of his old wound might act detrimentally on Jonathan. I saw him leave for Whitby with as brave a face as could be but I was sick with apprehension. However, the effort has done him good. He was never so resolute, never so strong, and never so full of volcanic energy, as at present. Just as dear, good Professor Van Helsing said, he is true grit, and he improves under strain that would kill a weaker nature. He came back full of life and hope and determination. We have everything in order for tonight. I feel myself quite wild with excitement. I suppose one ought to pity anything so hunted as the Count. That is just it. This thing is not human, not even a beast to read Dr. Seward's account of poor Lucy's death. what followed, is enough to dry up the springs of pity in one's heart. Later, Lord Godalming and Mr. Morris arrived earlier than we expected. Dr. Seward was out on business, and had taken Jonathan with him, so I had to see them. It was to me a painful meeting, for it brought back all poor dear Lucy's hopes of only a few months ago. Of course they had heard Lucy speak of me, and it seemed that Dr. Van Helsing, too, had been quite 'blowing my trumpet', as Mr. Morris expressed it. Poor fellows, neither of them is aware that I know all about the proposals they made to Lucy. They did not quite know what to say or do, as they were ignorant of the amount of my knowledge. So they had to keep on neutral subjects. However, I thought the matter over, and concluded that the best thing I could do would be to post them on affairs right up to date. I knew from Dr. Seward's diary that they had been at Lucy's death, her real death, and that I need not fear to betray any secret before the time. So I told them, as well as I could, that I had read all the papers and diaries, and that my husband and I, having typewritten them, had just finished putting them in order. I gave them each a copy to read in the library. When Lord Godalming got his and turned it over, it does make a good pile, he said, "Did you write all this, Mrs. Harker?" I nodded, and he went on. "I don't quite see the drift of it but you people're all so good, kind, have been working earnestly, energetically that all I can do's to accept thy ideas blindfold, and try to help you. I've had one lesson already in accepting facts that'd make a man humble to the last hour of his life. Besides, I know you loved my Lucy..."

Here he turned away and covered his face with his hands. I could hear the tears in his voice. Mr. Morris, with instinctive delicacy, just laid a hand for a moment on his shoulder, and then walked quietly out of the room. I suppose there is something in a woman's nature that makes a man free to break down before her and express his feelings on the tender or emotional side without feeling it derogatory to his manhood. For when Lord Godalming found himself alone with me, he sat down on the sofa and gave way utterly and openly. I sat down beside him and took his hand. I hope he didn't think it forward of me, and that if he ever thinks of it afterwards he never will have such a thought. There I wrong him. I know he never will. He is too true a man. I said to him, for I could see that his heart was breaking, "I loved dear Lucy, I know what she's to you, and what you're to her. She and I were like sisters. Now she's gone, won't you let me be like a sis to you in thy trouble? I know what sorrows you've had, though I can't measure the depth of them. If sympathy and pity can help in thy affliction, won't you let me be of some little service, for Lucy's sake?"

In an instant, the poor dear fellow was overwhelmed with grief. It seemed to me that that entire he had of late been suffering in silence found a vent at once. He grew quite hysterical, and raising his open hands, beat his palms together in a perfect agony of grief. He stood up and then sat down again, and the tears rained down his cheeks. I felt an infinite pity for him, and opened my arms unthinkingly. With a sob he laid his head on my shoulder and cried like a wearied child, whilst he shook with emotion. We women have something of the mom in us that makes us rise above smaller matters when the mom spirit is invoked. I felt this big sorrowing man's head resting on me, as though that of a baby someday may lie on my bosom, and I stroked his hair as though he were my own child. I never thought at the time how strange it all was. After a little bit his sobs ceased, and he raised himself with an apology, though he made no disguise of his emotion. He told me that for days and nights past, weary days and sleepless nights, he had been unable to speak with any one, as a man must speak in his time of sorrow. There was no woman whose sympathy could be given to him, or with whom, owing to the terrible circumstance with which his sorrow was surrounded, he could speak freely. "I know now how I suffered," he said, as he dried his eyes, "but I don't know even yet and none other can ever know, how much thy sweet sympathy's been to me today. I'll know better in time and believe me that though I'm grateful now, my gratitude'll grow with my understanding. You'll let me be like a bro, won't you for all our lives and dear Lucy's sake?"

"For dear Lucy's sake," I said as we clasped hands. "Ay, and for thy own sake," he added, "for if a man's esteem and gratitude are ever worth the winning, you've won mine today. If ever the future should bring to you a time when you need a man's help, believe me, you'll not call in vain. Lord Grant that no such time may ever come to you to break the sunshine of thy life but if it'd ever come; promise me that you'll let me know."

He was so earnest, and his sorrow was so fresh, that I felt it would comfort him, so I said, "I promise."

As I came along the corridor, I saw Mr. Morris looking out of a window. He turned as he heard my footsteps. "How's Art?" he said. Then noticing my red eyes, he

went on, "Ah, I see you've been comforting him, poor old fellow! He needs it. None but a woman can help a man when he's in trouble of the heart and he'd none to comfort him."

He bore his own trouble so bravely that my heart bled for him. I saw the manuscript in his hand, and I knew that when he read it he would realise how much I knew, so I said to him, "I wish I'd comfort all who suffer from the heart. You'll let me be thy friend, and you'll come to me for comfort if you need it? You'll know later why I speak." He saw that I was in earnest, and stooping, took my hand, and raising it to his lips, kissed it. It seemed but poor comfort to so brave and unselfish a soul, and impulsively I bent over and kissed him. The tears rose in his eyes, and there was a short choking in his throat. He said quite calmly, "Little girl, you'll never forget that true hearted kindness, so long as ever you live!" Then he went into the study to his friend: Little girl!

The very words he had used to Lucy, and, oh but he proved himself a friend. When we met in Dr. Seward's study two hours after dinner that had been at six o'clock, we unconsciously formed a sort of board or committee. Professor Van Helsing took the head of the table, to which Dr. Seward motioned him as he came into the room. He made me sit next to him on his right, and asked me to act as secretary. Jonathan sat next to me. Opposite us were Lord Godalming, Dr. Seward, and Mr. Morris, Lord Godalming being next the Professor, and Dr. Seward in the centre. The Professor said, "I may, I suppose, take it that we're all acquainted with the facts that're in these papers." We all expressed assent, and he went on, "Then it's, I think, good that I tell you something of the kind of enemy with which we've to deal. I'll then make known to you something of the history of this man that's been ascertained for me. So we then can discuss how we'll act, and can take our measure according. There're such beings as vampires, some of us've evidence that they exist. Even not, we'd the proof of our own unhappy experience, the teachings, and the records of the past give proof enough for sane people? I admit that at the first I was sceptic. Weren't it that through long years I've trained myself to keep an open mind, I'd not have believed until that fact thunder on my ear? See! See! I prove, I prove. Alas! I'd known at first what now I know, nay, I'd even guess at him, one so precious life'd been spared to many of us who did love her. But that's gone and we must so work, that other poor souls perish not whilst we can save. The Nosferatu don't die like the bee when he sting once. He's only stronger and being stronger, have yet more power to work evil. This vampire that's amongst us's of himself so strong in person as twenty men, he's of cunning more than mortal, for his cunning be the growth of ages, he's still the aids of necromancy that's as his etymology imply, the divination by the dead and all the dead that he can come nigh to are for him at command, he's brute, and more than brute, he's devil in callous, and the heart of him isn't, he can within his range direct the elements, the storm, the fog, the thunder, he can command all the meaner things, the rat, the owl, the bat, the moth, the fox, the wolf, he can grow, become small, he can at times vanish, and come unknown. How then we're to begin our strike to destroy him? How'll we find his where, and having found it, how can we destroy? My friends, much a terrible task we undertake and there may be consequence to make the brave shudder for if we fail in this our fight he must surely win and then where end us? Life's nothing, I heed him not. But to fail here, isn't mere life or death. We become as him we henceforward become foul things of the night like him without heart or conscience, preying on the bodies and the souls of those we love best. To us forever are the gates of heaven shut for who'll open them to us again? We go on for all time abhorred by all, a blot on the face of Lord's sunshine, an arrow in the side of Him who died for man. But we're face to face with duty. in such case must we shrink? For me, I say no but then I'm old and life with his sunshine, fair places, song of birds, music, and love, lie far behind. You're young. Some've seen sorrow but there are fair days yet in store. What do you say?"

Whilst he was speaking, Jonathan had taken my hand. I feared, oh so much, that the appalling nature of our danger was overcoming him when I saw his hand stretch out but it was life to me to feel its touch, so strong, so self reliant, so resolute. A brave man's hand can speak for itself; it does not even need a woman's love to hear its music. When the Professor had done speaking my husband looked in my eyes, and I in his, there was no need for speaking between us. "I answer for Mina and me," he said.

"Count me in, Professor," said Mr. Quincy Morris laconically as usual.

"I'm with you," said Lord Godalming, "for Lucy's sake, if for no other reason."

Dr. Seward simply nodded. The Professor stood up and, after laying his golden crucifix on the table, held out his hand on either side. I took his right hand, and Lord Godalming his left, Jonathan held my right with his left and stretched across to Mr. Morris. So as we all took hands our solemn compact was made. I felt my heart icy cold but it did not even occur to me to draw back. We resumed our places, and Dr. Van Helsing went on with a sort of cheerfulness that showed that the serious work had begun. It was to be taken as gravely, and in as businesslike a way, as any other transaction of life. "Well, you know what we've to contend against but we too, aren't without strength. We've on our side power of combination, a power denied to the vampire kind, we've sources of science, we're free to act and think, and the hours of the day and the night're ours equally. In fact, as far as our powers extend, they're unfettered and we're free to use them. We've self-devotion in a cause and an end to achieve that isn't a selfish one. These things're much. Now let's see how far the general powers arrayed against us are restrict, and how the individual can't. In fine, let's consider the limitations of the vampire in general and of this one in particular. All we've to go upon are traditions and superstitions. These don't appear much at the first when the matter's one of life and death, nay of more than either life or death. Yet must we be satisfied, in the first place because we've to be, no other means is at our control and secondly because after all these things, tradition and superstition are everything. Doesn't the belief in vampires rest for others though not alas for us, on them! A year ago which of us would've received such a possibility in the midst of our scientific, sceptical, matter-of-fact nineteenth century? We even scouted a belief that we saw justified under our very eyes. Take it, then, that the vampire, the belief in his limitations, and his cure, rest for the moment on the same base. For let me tell you, he's known everywhere that men've been. In old Greece, Rome, he flourish in Germany all over, France, India, even the Chermosese, and China, so far from us in all ways, there even he's and the people for him at this day. He's followed the wake of the berserker Icelander, the devil-begotten Hun, the Slav, the Saxon, and the Magyar. So far, then, we've all we may act upon, and let me tell you that very much of the beliefs are justified by what we've seen in our own so unhappy experience. The vampire live on, and can't die by mere passing of the time, he can flourish when that he can fatten on the blood of the living. Even more, we've seen amongst us that he can even grow younger that his vital faculties grow strenuous and seem as though they refresh themselves when his special pabulum's plenty. But he can't flourish without this diet, he eats not as others, even friend Jonathan who lived with him for weeks, did never see him eat, never! He throws no shadow, he makes in the mirror no reflect as again Jonathan observe. He's the strength of many of his hand, witness again Jonathan when he shut the door against the wolves, and when he help him from the diligence too. He can transform himself to wolf as we gather from the ship arrival in Whitby when he tear open the dog, he can be as bat as Madam Mina saw him on the window at Whitby and as friend John saw him fly from this so near house, and as my friend Quincy saw him at the window of Miss Lucy. He can come in mist that he creates, that noble ship's captain proved him of this but from what we know, the distance he can make this mist's limited, and it can only be round himself. He comes on moonlight rays as elemental dust as again Jonathan saw those sisters in the castle of Dracula. He become so small, we saw Miss Lucy, ere she's at peace, slip through a hairbreadth space at the tomb door. He can come out from anything or into anything when once, he finds his way, no matter how close it be bound or even fused up with fire, solder you call it. He can see in the dark, no small power this, in a world that's half shut from the light. Ah but hear me through. He can do all these things, yet he isn't free. Nay, he's even more prisoner than the slave of the galley and the lunatic in his cell. He can't go where he lists; he who isn't of nature's yet to obey some of nature's laws, why we know not. He may enter nowhere at the first unless there be someone of the household who bid him to come though afterwards he can come as he please. His power ceases, as does that of all evil things at the coming of the day. Only at certain times can he have limited freedom. If he's not at the place where he's bound, he can only change himself at noon or at exact sunrise or sunset. These things we're told and in the record of ours, we've proof by inference. Thus, whereas he can do as he'll within his limit when he's his earth-home, coffin-home, hell-home, the place unhallowed as we saw when he went to the grave of the suicide at Whitby, still at other time he can only change when the time come. It's said; too that he can only pass running water at the slack or the flood of the tide. Then there're things that so afflict him that he's no power as the garlic that we know of, and for things sacred as the religious symbols like crucifix that's amongst us even now when we resolve, to them he's nothing but in their presence he take his place far off and silent with respect. There're others, too that I'll tell you of lest in our seeking we may need them. The branch of wild rose on his coffin keep him that he move not from it, a sacred bullet fired into the coffin kill him so that he's true dead and as for the stake through him, we know already of its peace or the cut off head that gives rest. We've seen it with our eyes. Thus when we find the habitation of this man-that's, we can confine him to his coffin and destroy him, if we obey what we know. But

he's clever. I've asked my friend Arminius of Budapest University to make his record and from all the means that're, he tells me of what he's been. He must've been that Voivode Dracula indeed who won his name against the Turk over the great river on the very frontier of Turkey-land. If it's so, then he's no common person for in that time and for centuries after, he's spoken of as the cleverest and the most cunning as well as the bravest of the sons of the land beyond the forest. That mighty brain and that iron resolution went with him to his grave, and they're even now arrayed against us. The Draculas're, says Arminius, a great and noble race though now and again were scions that're held by their coevals to have had dealings with the evil one. They learned his secrets in the Scholomance amongst the mountains over Lake Hermanstadt where the devil claims the tenth scholar as his due. In the records're such words as *stregoica*: witch, *ordog*: and *pokol*: Satan and hell, and in one manuscript this very Dracula's spoken of as *wampyr* that we all understand too well. There'd been from the loins of this very one great man, a good woman, and their graves make sacred the earth where alone this foulness can dwell. For it isn't the least of its terrors that this evil thing's rooted deep in all good, soil barren of holy memories it can't rest." Whilst they were talking Mr. Morris was looking steadily at the window, and he now got up quietly, and went out of the room. There was a little pause, and then the Professor went on. "And now we must settle what we do. We've here much data and we must proceed to lay out our campaign. We know from the inquiry of Jonathan that from the castle to Whitby came fifty boxes of earth, all of which're delivered at Carfax, we also know that at least some of these boxes've been removed. Our first step'd be to ascertain whether all the rest remain in the house beyond that wall where we look today or whether anymore've been removed. If the latter, we must trace..."

Here we were interrupted in a very startling way. Outside the house came the sound of a pistol shot, the glass of the window was shattered with a bullet that ricocheting from the top of the embrasure, struck the far wall of the room. I am afraid I am at heart a coward, for I shrieked out. The men all jumped to their feet, Lord Godalming flew over to the window and threw up the sash. As he did so, we heard Mr. Morris' voice without, "Sorry! I fear I've alarmed you. I'll come in and tell you about it." A minute later, he came in and said, "It's an idiotic thing of me to do and I ask thy pardon, Mrs. Harker, most sincerely, I fear I must've frightened you terribly. But the fact's that whilst the Professor's talking there a big bat came and sat on the windowsill. I've such a horror of the damned brutes from recent events that I can't stand them, and I went out to have a shot as I've been doing of late of evenings whenever I've seen one. You used to laugh at me for it then, Art."

"Did you hit it?" asked Dr. Van Helsing.

"I don't know, I fancy not, for it flew away into the wood."

Without saying any more he took his seat, and the Professor began to resume his statement. "We must trace each of these boxes and when we're ready, we must either capture or kill this monster in his lair or we must so to speak, sterilise the earth so that no more he can seek safety in it. Thus, in the end we may find him in his form of man between the hours of noon and sunset and so engage with him when he is at his most weak. "And now for you, Madam Mina, this night's the end until all's well. You're too precious to us to have such risk. When we part tonight, you no more must question. We'll tell you all in good time. We're men and are able to bear but you must be our star, and hope, and we'll act all the more free that you're not in the danger, such as we're."

All the men, even Jonathan, seemed relieved but it did not seem to me good that they should brave danger and, perhaps lessen their safety, strength being the best safety, through care of me but their minds were made up, and though it was a bitter pill for me to swallow, I could say nothing, save to accept their chivalrous care of me. Mr. Morris resumed the discussion, "As there's no time to lose, I vote we've a look at his house right now. Time's everything with him and swift action on our part may save another victim." I own that my heart began to fail me when the time for action came so close but I did not say anything, for I had a greater fear that if I appeared as a drag or a hindrance to their work, they might even leave me out of their counsels altogether. They have now gone off to Carfax with means to get into the house. *Manlike, they'd told me to go to bed and sleep as if a woman can sleep when those she loves are in danger!* I shall lie down and pretend to sleep lest Jonathan have added anxiety about me when he returns.

CHAPTER LXXIII DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

30 September,

Mr. Harker arrived at nine o'clock. He got his wife's wire just before starting. He is uncommonly clever, if one can judge from his face, and full of energy. If this journal is true, and judging by one's own wonderful experiences, it must be, he is also a man of great nerve. That going down to the vault a second time was a remarkable piece of daring. After reading his account of it I was prepared to meet a good specimen of manhood but hardly the quiet, businesslike gentleman who came here today. Later, after lunch, Harker and his wife went back to their own room, and as I passed a while ago, I heard the click of the typewriter. They are hard at it. Mrs. Harker says that knitting together in chronological order every scrap of evidence they have. Harker has the letters between the consignee of the boxes at Whitby and the carriers in London who took charge of them. He is now reading his wife's transcript of my diary. I wonder what they make out of it. Here it is ... strange that it never struck me that the next house might be the Count's hiding place! Goodness knows that we had enough clues from the conduct of the patient Renfield! The bundle of letters relating to the purchase of the house was with the transcript. Oh, if we had only had them earlier we might have saved poor Lucy! Stop! That way madness lies! Harker has gone back, and is again collecting material. He says that by dinnertime they will be able to show a whole connected narrative. He thinks that in the meantime I should see Renfield, as hereto he has been a sort of index to the coming and going of the Count. I hardly see this yet but when I get at the dates, I suppose I shall. What a good thing that Mrs. Harker put my cylinders into type! We never could have found the dates otherwise. I found Renfield sitting placidly in his room with his hands folded, smiling benignly. Now he seemed as sane as any one I ever saw. I sat down and talked with him on many subjects, all of which he treated naturally. He then, of his own accord, spoke of going home, a subject he has never mentioned to my knowledge during his sojourn here. In fact, he spoke quite confidently of getting his discharge at once. I believe that, had I not had the chat with Harker and read the letters and the dates of his outbursts, I should have been prepared to sign for him after a brief time of observation. As it is, I am darkly suspicious. All those out-break were in some way linked with the proximity of the Count. What then does this absolute content mean? Can it be that his instinct is satisfied as to the vampire's ultimate triumph? Stay. He is himself zoophagous, and in his wild ravings outside the chapel door of the deserted house, he always spoke of 'master'. This all seems confirmation of our idea. However, after a while I came away. My friend is just a little too sane at present to make it safe to probe him too deep with questions. He might begin to think, and then ... so I came away. I mistrust quiet moods of his so I have given the attendant a hint to look closely after him, and to have a strait waistcoat ready in case of need. I got home at five o'clock, and found that Godalming and Morris had not only arrived but had already studied the transcript of the various diaries and letters which Harker had not yet returned from his visit to the carriers' men, of whom Dr. Hennessey had written to me. Mrs. Harker gave us a cup of tea, and I can honestly say that, for the first time since I have lived in it, this old house seemed like home. When we had finished, Mrs. Harker said, "Dr. Seward, may I ask a favour? I wanna see thy patient, Mr. Renfield. Do let me see him. What you've told of him in thy diary interests me so much!"

She looked so appealing and so pretty that I could not refuse her, and there was no possible reason why I should, so I took her with me. When I went into the room, I told the man that a woman would like to see him, to which he simply answered, "Why?"

"She's going through the house and wanna see everyone in it," I answered.

"Oh, very well," he said, "let her come in by all means but just wait a minute until I tidy up the place."

His method of tidying was peculiar; he simply swallowed all the flies and spiders in the boxes before I could stop him. It was quite evident that he feared, or was jealous of, some interference. When he had through his disgusting task, he said cheerfully, "Let the lady come in."

He sat down on the edge of his bed with his head down but with his eyelids raised so that he could see her as she entered. For a moment, I thought that he might have some homicidal intent. I recalled how quiet he had been just before he attacked me in my own study, and I took care to stand where I could seize him at once if he attempted to make a spring at her. She came into the room with an easy gracefulness that would at once command the respect of any lunatic, for easiness is one of the qualities mad people most respect. She walked over to him, smiling pleasantly, and held out her hand. "Good evening, Mr. Renfield," said

she. "You see, I know you, for Dr. Seward's told me of you."

He made no immediate reply but eyed her all over intently with a set frown on his face. This look gave way to one of wonder that merged in doubt, then to my intense astonishment he said, "You're not the girl the doctor wanna marry, you're? You can't be; you know for she's dead."

Mrs. Harker smiled sweetly as she replied, "Oh no! I've a husband of my own, to whom I was married before I ever saw Dr. Seward, or he me. I'm Mrs. Harker."

"Then what're you doing here?"

"My husband and I are staying on a visit with Dr. Seward."

"Then don't stay."

"But why not?"

I thought that this style of conversation might not be pleasant to Mrs. Harker, any more than it was to me, so I joined in, "How did you know I wanna marry anyone?"

His reply was simply contemptuous, given in a pause in which he turned his eyes from Mrs. Harker to me, instantly turning them back again, "What an asinine question!"

"I don't see that at all, Mr. Renfield," said Mrs. Harker, at once championing me.

He replied to her with as much courtesy and respect as he had shown contempt to me, "You'll of course understand, Mrs. Harker, that when a man's so loved and honoured as our host's, everything regarding him's of interest in our little community. Dr. Seward's loved by not only his household and his friends but even by his patients who're, being some of them hardly in mental equilibrium, apt to distort causes and effects. Since I've myself been an inmate of a lunatic asylum, I can't but notice that the sophistic tendencies of some of its inmates lean towards the errors of non causæ and ignoratio elenchi." I positively opened my eyes at this new development. Here was my own pet lunatic; the most pronounced of his type that I had ever met with, talking elemental philosophy, and with the manner of a polished man. I wonder if Mrs. Harker's presence had touched some chord in his memory, if this new phase was spontaneous, or in any way due to her unconscious influence, she must have some rare gift or power. We continued to talk for some time, and seeing that he was seemingly quite reasonable, she ventured, looking at me questioningly as she began, to lead him to his favourite topic. I was again astonished, for he addressed himself to the question with the impartiality of the most complete sanity. He even took himself as an example when he mentioned certain things. "Why, I'm myself an instance of a man who'd a strange belief. Indeed, it's no wonder that my friends're alarmed and insisted on my being put under control. I used to fancy that life's a positive and perpetual entity and that by consuming a multitude of live things, no matter how low in the scale of creation, one might indefinitely prolong life. At times, I held the belief so strongly that I actually tried to take human life. The doctor here'll bear me out that on one occasion I tried to kill him for strengthening my vital powers by the assimilation with my own body of his life through the medium of his blood, relying of course upon the Scriptural phrase for the blood's the life. Though indeed, the vendor of a certain nostrum's vulgarised the truism to the very point of contempt. Isn't that true, doctored?"

I nodded assent, for I was so amazed that I hardly knew what to either think or say, it was hard to imagine that I had seen him eat up his spiders and flies not five minutes before. Looking at my watch, I saw that I should go to the station to meet Van Helsing, so I told Mrs. Harker that it was time to leave. She came at once, after saying pleasantly to Mr. Renfield, "Goodbye and I hope I may see you often, under auspices pleasanter to yourself."

To which, to my astonishment, he replied, "Goodbye, my dear. I pray Lord I may never see thy sweet face again. May He bless and keep you!"

When I went to the station to meet Van Helsing I left the boys behind me. Poor Art seemed more cheerful than he has been since Lucy first took ill, and Quincy is more like his own bright self than he has been for many a long day. Van Helsing stepped from the carriage with the eager nimbleness of a boy. He saw me at once, and rushed up to me, saying, "Ah, friend John, how goes all, well? So! I've been busy, for I come here to stay if need be. All affairs're settled with me, and I've much to tell. Madam Mina's with you, yes, and her so fine husband, and Arthur and my friend Quincy, they're with you, too? Good!" As I drove to the house, I told him of what'd passed, and how my own diary'd come to be of some use through Mrs. Harker's suggestion at which the Professor interrupted me, "Ah, that wonderful Madam Mina! She's man's brain, a brain that a man'd have if he're much gifted and a woman's heart. The good Lord fashioned her for a purpose, believe me, when He made that so good combination. Friend John, up to now fortune's made that woman of help to us after tonight she mustn't have to do with this so terrible affair. It's not good that she run a risk so great. We men're determined, nay, aren't we pledged to destroy this monster? But it's no part for a woman. Even if she were unharmed, her heart may fail her in so much and so many horrors and hereafter she may suffer both in waking from her nerves and in sleep from her dreams. And, besides, she's young woman and not so long married, there may be other things to think of sometime, if not now. You tell me she's written all, then she must consult with us but tomorrow she says goodbye to this work and we go alone."

I agreed heartily with him, and then I told him what we had found in his absence, that the house that Dracula had bought was the next one to my own. He was amazed, and a great concern seemed to come on him. "Oh that we'd known it before!" he said, "For then we might've reached him in time to save poor Lucy. However, the milk that's spilt cries not out afterwards, as you say. We'll not think of that but go on our way to the end." Then he fell into a silence that lasted until we entered my own gateway. Before we went to prepare for dinner he said to Mrs. Harker, "I'm told, Madam Mina, by my friend John that you and thy husband've put up in exact order all things that've been, up to this moment."

"Not until now, Professor," she said impulsively, "but up to this morning."

"But why not up to now? We've seen hereto how good light all the little things've made. We've told our secrets, and yet none who's told's the worse for it."

Mrs. Harker began to blush, and taking a paper from her pockets, she said, "Dr. Van Helsing, you'll read this, and tell me if it must go in. It's my record of today. I've seen too that the need of putting down at present everything, however trivial but there's little in this except what's personal. Must it go in?"

The Professor read it over gravely and handed it back, saying, "It needn't go in if you don't wish it but I pray that it may. It can but make thy husband love you the more, we, thy friends, and more honour you as well as more esteem and love." She took it back with another blush and a bright smile. so now, up to this very hour, all the records we have are complete and in order. The Professor took away one copy to study after dinner, and before our meeting that is fixed for nine o'clock. The rest of us have already read everything, so when we meet in the study we shall all be informed as to facts, and can arrange our plan of battle with this terrible and mysterious enemy.

1 October,

At 4am, just as we were about to leave the house, an urgent message was brought to me from Renfield to know if I would see him at once, as he had something of the utmost importance to say to me. I told the messenger to say that I would attend to his wishes in the morning; I was busy just at the moment. The attendant added, "He seems very importunate, sir. I've never seen him so eager. I don't know but what, if you don't see him soon, he'll have one of his violent fits."

I knew the man would not have said this without some cause, so I said, "All right, I'll go now."

And I asked the others to wait a few minutes for me, as I had to go and see my patient. "Take me with you, friend John," said the Professor. "His case in thy diary interests me much and it'd bearing, too, now and again on our case. I'd much like to see him, and especial when his mind's disturbed."

"May I come also?" asked Lord Godalming.

"Me too?" said Quincy Morris.

"May I come?" said Harker.

I nodded and we all went down the passage together. We found him in a state of considerable excitement but far more rational in his speech and manner than I had ever seen him. There was an unusual understanding of him that was unlike anything I had ever met with in a lunatic, and he took it for granted that his reasons would prevail with others entirely sane. We all five went into the room but none of the others at first said anything. His request was that I would at once release him from the asylum and send him home. This he backed up with arguments regarding his complete recovery, and adduced his own existing sanity. "I appeal to thy friends," he said, "They'll, perhaps, not mind sitting in judgement on my case. By the way, you've not introduced me."

I was so much astonished, that the oddness of introducing a madman in an asylum did not strike me at the moment, and besides, there was a certain dignity in the

man's manner, so much of the habit of equality, that I at once made the introduction, "Lord Godalming, Professor Van Helsing, Mr. Quincy Morris of Texas, Mr. Jonathan Harker, Mr. Renfield."

He shook hands with each of them, saying in turn, "Lord Godalming, I'd the honour of seconding thy dad at the Windham; I grieve to know by thy holding the title that he's no more. He's a man loved and honoured by all who knew him and in his youth's, I've heard, the inventor of a burnt rum punch, much patronised on Derby night. Mr. Morris, you'd be proud of thy great state. Its reception into the Union's a precedent that may've far-reaching effects hereafter when the Pole and the Tropics may hold alliance to the Stars and Stripes. The power of Treaty may yet prove a vast engine of enlargement when the Monroe doctrine takes its true place as a political fable. What'll any man say of his pleasure at meeting Van Helsing? Sir, I make no apology for dropping all forms of conventional prefix. When an individual's revolutionised therapeutics by his discovery of the continuous evolution of brain matter, conventional forms are unfitting, since they'd seem to limit him to one of a class. You men who're by nationality, heredity, or the possession of natural gifts, fitted to hold thy respective places in the moving world, I take to witness that I'm as sane as at least the majority of men who're in full possession of their liberties. I'm sure that you'll, Dr. Seward, humanitarian and medico-jurist as well as scientist, deem it a moral duty to deal with me as one to be considered as under exceptional circumstances." He made this last appeal with a courtly air of conviction that was not without its own charm. I think we were all staggered. For my own part, I was under the conviction, despite my knowledge of the man's character and history that his reason had been restored, and I felt under a strong impulse to tell him that I was satisfied as to his sanity, and would see about the necessary formalities for his release in the morning. I thought it better to wait, however, before making so grave a statement, for of old I knew the sudden changes to which this particular patient was liable. So I contented myself with making a general statement that he appeared to be improving very rapidly, that I would have a longer chat with him in the morning, and would then see what I could do in the direction of meeting his wishes. This didn't at all satisfy him, for he said quickly, "But I fear, Dr. Seward, that you hardly apprehend my wish. I desire to go at once, here, now, this very hour, this very moment, if I may. Time presses, and in our implied agreement with the old scythe-man, it's of the essence of the contract. I'm sure it's only necessary to put before so admirable a practitioner as Dr. Seward so simple, yet so momentous a wish to ensure its fulfilment." He looked at me keenly, seeing the negative in my face, turned to the others, and scrutinized them closely. Not meeting any sufficient response, he went on, "It's possible that I've erred in my supposition?"

"You've," I said frankly but at the same time as I felt brutally.

There was a considerable pause, and then he said slowly, "Then I suppose I must only shift my ground of request. Let me ask for this concession, boon, privilege, what you'll. I'm content to implore in such a case not on personal grounds but for the sake of others. I'm not at liberty to give you the whole of my reasons but you may, I assure you, take it from me that they're good ones, sound, unselfish, and spring from the highest sense of duty. You'd look, sir, into my heart, you'd approve to the full the sentiments that animate me. Nay, more, you'd count me amongst the best and truest of thy friends."

Again, he looked at us all keenly. I had a growing conviction that this sudden change of his entire intellectual method was but yet another phase of his madness, and so determined to let him go on a little longer, knowing from experience that he would, like all lunatics, give himself away in the end. Van Helsing was gazing at him with a look of utmost intensity, his bushy eyebrows almost meeting with the fixed concentration of his look. He said to Renfield in a tone that did not surprise me at the time. But only when I thought of it afterwards, for it was as of one addressing an equal, "Can't you tell frankly thy real reason for wishing to be free tonight? I'll undertake that if you'll satisfy even me, a stranger without prejudice and with the habit of keeping an open mind, Dr. Seward'll give you at his own risk and responsibility, the privilege you seek." He shook his head sadly, and with a look of poignant regret on his face. The Professor went on, "Come, sir, bethink you. You claim the privilege of reason in the highest degree since you seek to impress us with thy complete reasonableness. You do this whose sanity we've reason to doubt since you're not yet released from medical treatment for this very defect. If you'll not help us in our effort to choose the wisest course, how can we perform the duty that you yourself put upon us? Be wise, help us, and if we can we'll aid you to achieve thy wish."

He still shook his head as he said, "Dr. Van Helsing, I've nothing to say. Thy argument's complete and if I were free to speak I'd not hesitate a moment but I'm not my own master in the matter. I can only ask you to trust me. If I'm refused, the responsibility doesn't rest with me."

I thought it was now time to end the scene that was becoming too comically grave, so I went towards the door simply saying, "Come my friends, we've work to do. Goodnight."

As, however, I got near the door, a new change came over the patient. He moved towards me so quickly that for the moment I feared that he was about to make another homicidal attack. My fears, however, were groundless, for he held up his two hands imploringly, and made his petition in a moving manner. As he saw that the very excess of his emotion was militating against him, by restoring us more to our old relations, he became still more demonstrative. I glanced at Van Helsing, and saw my conviction reflected in his eyes, so I became a little more fixed in my manner, if not more stern, and motioned to him that his efforts were unavailing. I had previously seen something of the same constantly growing excitement in him when he had to make some request of which at the time he had thought much, such for instance, as when he wanted a cat, and I was prepared to see the collapse into the same sullen acquiescence on this occasion. My expectation was not realised, for when he found that his appeal would not be successful, he got into quite a frantic condition. He threw himself on his knees, and held up his hands, wringing them in plaintive supplication, and poured forth a torrent of entreaty, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and his whole face and form expressive of the deepest emotion. "Let me entreat you, Dr. Seward, oh, let me implore you, to let me out of this house at once. Send me away how you'll and where you'll, send keepers with me with whips and chains, let them take me in a strait waistcoat manacled, and leg-ironed even to gaol but let me go out of this. You don't know what you do by keeping me here. I'm speaking from the depths of my heart and very soul; you don't know whom you wrong or how and I mayn't tell. Woe's it! I mayn't tell. By all you hold sacred and dear, thy love that's lost, hope that lives for the sake of the Almighty, take me out of this and save my soul from guilt! Can't you hear me, man? Can't you understand? You'll never learn! Don't you know that I'm sane and earnest now, that I'm no lunatic in a mad fit but a sane man fighting for his soul? Oh, hear me! Hear me! Let me go, let me go, let me go!"

I thought that the longer this went on the wilder he would get, and so would bring on a fit, so I took him by the hand and raised him up. "Come," I said sternly, "no more of this, we've had quite enough already. Get to thy bed and try to behave more discreetly."

He suddenly stopped and looked at me intently for several moments. Then, without a word, he rose and moving over, sat down on the side of the bed. The collapse had come, as on former occasions, just as I had expected. When I was leaving the room, last of our party, he said to me in a quiet, well-bred voice, "You'll, I trust, Dr. Seward, do me the justice to bear in mind, later on, that I did what I'd to convince you tonight."

It was towards noon when I was awakened by the Professor walking into my room. He was more jolly and cheerful than usual, and it is quite evident that last night's work has helped to take some of the brooding weight off his mind. After going over the adventure of the night he suddenly said, "Your patient interests me much. May it be that with you I visit him this morning? Or if that you're too occupied, I can go alone if it may be. It's a new experience to me to find a lunatic who talks philosophy, and reason so sound." I had some work to do which pressed, so I told him that if he would go alone I would be glad, as then I should not have to keep him waiting, so I called an attendant and gave him the necessary instructions. Before the Professor left the room, I cautioned him against getting any false impression from my patient. "But," he answered, "I want him to talk of himself and of his delusion as to consuming live things. He said to Madam Mina as I see in thy diary of yesterday that he'd once'd such a belief. Why d'you smile, friend John?"

"Excuse me," I said, "but the answer's here." I laid my hand on the typewritten matter. "When our sane and learned lunatic made that very statement of how he used to consume life, his mouth's actually nauseous with the flies and spiders that he'd eaten just before Mrs. Harker entered the room."

Van Helsing smiled in turn. "Good!" he said. "Your memory's true, friend John. I'd've recalled. Yet this very obliquity of thought and memory makes mental disease such a fascinating study. Perhaps I may gain more knowledge out of the folly of this lunatic than I'll from the teaching of the most wise. Who knows?" I went on with my work, and before long was through that in hand. It seem-ed that the time had been very short indeed but there was Van Helsing back in the study. "Do I interrupt?" he asked politely as he stood at the door.

"Not at all," I answered. "Come in. My work's finished and I'm free. I can go with you now if you like."

"It's needless, I've seen him!"

"Well?"

"I fear that he doesn't appraise me at much. Our interview's short. When I entered his room, he's sitting on a stool in the centre, with his elbows on his knees, and his face's the picture of sullen discontent. I spoke to him as cheerfully as I could, and with such a measure of respect as I'd assume. He made no reply whatever. Don't you know me? I asked. His answer's not reassuring. I know you well enough; you're the old fool Van Helsing, I wish you'd take yourself and thy idiotic brain theories somewhere else, damn all thickheaded Dutchmen! Not a word more he'd say but he sat in his implacable sullenness as indifferent to me as though I'd not been in the room at all, thus departed for this time my chance of much learning from this so clever lunatic, so I'll go if I may and cheer me with a few happy words with that sweet soul Madam Mina. Friend John, it rejoices me unspeakable that she's no more to be pained, no more to be worried with our terrible things. Though we'll much miss her help, it's better so."

"I agree with you with all my heart," I answered earnestly, for I did not want him to weaken in this matter. "Mrs. Harker's better out of it. Things're quite bad enough for us, all men of the world, and who've been in many tight places in our time but it's no place for a woman and if she'd remained in touch with the affair, it'd have infallibly wrecked her in time." So Van Helsing has gone to confer with Mr. Mrs. Harker. Quincy and Art are all out following up the clues as to the earth boxes. I shall finish my round of work and we shall meet tonight. I am puzzled afresh about Renfield. His moods change so rapidly that I find it difficult to keep touch of them, and as they always mean something more than his own well-being, they form a more than interesting study. This morning, when I went to see him after his repulse of Van Helsing, his manner was that of a man commanding destiny. He was, in fact, commanding destiny, subjectively. He did not really care for any of the things of mere earth; he was in the clouds and looked down on all the weaknesses and wants of us poor mortals. I thought I would improve the occasion and learn something, so I asked him, "What about the flies these times?"

He smiled on me in quite a superior sort of way, such a smile as would have become the face of Malvolio, as he answered me, "The fly's, my dear sir, one striking feature. Its wings're typical of the aerial powers of the psychic faculties. The ancients did well when they typified the soul as a butterfly!"

I thought I would push his analogy to its utmost logically, so I said quickly, "Oh, it's a soul you're after now, it's?"

His madness foiled his reason, and a puzzled look spread over his face as, shaking his head with a decision which I had but seldom seen in him. He said, "Oh, no, oh no! I want no souls. Life's all I want." Here he brightened up. "I'm pretty indifferent about it at present. Life's all right. I've all I want. You must get a new patient, doctor, if you wish to study zoophagy!"

This puzzled me a little, so I drew him on. "Then you command life. You're a lord, I suppose?"

He smiled with an ineffably benign superiority, "Oh no! Far be it from me to arrogate to me the attributes of the Deity. I'm not even concerned in His especially spiritual doings. If I may state my intellectual position I'm as far as concerns things purely terrestrial, somewhat in the position that Enoch occupied spiritually!"

This was a poser to me, I could not at the moment recall Enoch's appositeness, so I had to ask a simple question, though I felt that by so doing I was lowering me in the eyes of the lunatic, "And why with Enoch?"

"Because he walked with the Lord."

I could not see the analogy but did not like to admit it, so I harked back to what he had denied. "So you don't care about life and you don't want souls, why not?"

I put my question quickly and somewhat sternly, on purpose to disconcert him. The effort succeeded, for an instant he unconsciously relapsed into his old servile manner, bent low before me, and actually fawned upon me as he replied. "I want no souls, indeed, indeed! I don't. I'd not use them if I'd them. They'd be no manner of use to me. I'd not eat them or..." he suddenly stopped and the old cunning look spread over his face, like a wind sweep on the surface of the water.

"And doctor, as to life, what's it after all? When you've all you require and know that you'll never want, that's all. I've friends, good friends like you, Dr. Seward."

This was said with a leer of inexpressible cunning. "I know that I'll never lack the means of life!"

I think that through the cloudiness of his insanity he saw some antagonism in me, for he at once fell back on the last refuge of such as him, a dogged silence. After a short time I saw that for the present it was useless to speak to him. He was sulky, and so I came away. Later in the day he sent for me. Ordinarily I would not have come without special reason but just at present I am so interested in him that I would gladly make an effort. Besides, I am glad to have anything to help pass the time. Harker is out, following up clues, and so are Lord Godalming and Quincy. Van Helsing sits in my study poring over the record prepared by the Harkers. He seems to think that by accurate knowledge of all details he will light up on some clue. He does not wish to be disturbed in the work, without cause. I would have taken him with me to see the patient, only I thought that after his last repulse he might not care to go again. There was also another reason. Renfield might not speak so freely before a third person as when he and I were alone. I found him sitting in the middle of the floor on his stool, a pose which is generally indicative of some mental energy on his part. When I came in, he said at once, as though the question had been waiting on his lips. "What about souls?" It was evident then that my surmise had been correct. Unconscious cerebration was doing its work, even with the lunatic. I determined to have the matter out, "What about them yourself?" I asked.

He did not reply for a moment but looked all around him, and up and down, as though he expected to find some inspiration for an answer. "I want no souls!" he said in a feeble, apologetic way. The matter seemed preying on his mind, and so I determined to use it, to be cruel only to be kind.

So I said, "You like and want life?"

"Oh yes! But that's all right. You needn't worry about that!"

"But," I asked, "How're we to get the life without getting the soul also?"

This seemed to puzzle him, so I followed it up, "A nice time you'll have some time when you're flying out here with the souls of thousands of flies, spiders, birds, and cats buzzing, twittering, and moaning all around you. You've got their lives; you know and must put up with their souls!"

Something seemed to affect his imagination, for he put his fingers to his ears and shut his eyes, screwing them up tightly just as a small boy does when his face is being soaped. There was something pathetic in it that touched me. It also gave me a lesson, for it seemed that before me was a child, only a child, though the features were worn, and the stubble on the jaws was white. It was evident that he was undergoing some process of mental disturbance, and knowing how his past moods had interpreted things seemingly foreign to himself, I thought I would enter into his mind as well as I could and go with him. The first step was to restore confidence, so I asked him, speaking loud so that he would hear me through his closed ears, "You'd like some sugar to get thy flies around again?"

He seemed to wake up all at once, and shook his head. With a laugh he replied, "Not much! Flies're poor things, after all!" After a pause he added, "But I don't want their souls buzzing round me, all the same."

"Or spiders?" I went on.

"Blow spiders! What's the use of spiders? There's nothing in them to eat or..."

He stopped suddenly as though reminded of a forbidden topic. So, so! I thought to myself, this's the second time he's suddenly stopped at the word: drink. What does it mean?

Renfield seemed himself aware of having made a lapse, for he hurried on, as though to distract my attention from it, "I take no stock at all in such matters. Rats, mice, and such small deer, as Shakespeare has it, chicken feed of the larder they might be called, I'm past all that sort of nonsense. You might as well ask a man to eat molecules with a pair of chopsticks as to try to interest me about the fewer carnivores, when I know of what's before me."

"I see," I said. "You want big things that you can make thy teeth meet in? How'd you like to breakfast on an elephant?"

"What ridiculous nonsense you're talking?"

He was getting too wide-awake so I thought I would press him hard. "I wonder," I said reflectively, "what an elephant's soul is like!"

The effect I desired was obtained, for he at once fell from his high horse and became a child again. "I don't want an elephant's soul, or any soul at all!" he said. For a few moments he sat despondently. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, with his eyes blazing and all the signs of intense cerebral excitement. "To hell with you and thy souls!" he shouted. "Why d'you plague me about souls? Don't I've enough to worry and pain to distract me already without thinking of souls?" He looked so hostile that I thought he was in for another homicidal fit, so I blew my whistle. The instant, however, that I did so he became calm, and said apologetically, "Forgive

me, Doctor, I forgot me. You need no help. I'm so worried in my mind that I'm apt to be irritable. If you only knew the problem, I've to face and working out, you'd pity, tolerate, and pardon me. Pray don't put me in a strait waistcoat. I wanna think and I can't think freely when my body's confined. I'm sure you'll understand!" He had evidently self-control, so when the attendants came I told them not to mind, and they withdrew. Renfield watched them go. When the door was closed he said with considerable dignity and sweetness, "Dr. Seward, you've been very considerate towards me. Believe me that I'm very, very grateful to you!" I thought it well to leave him in this mood, and so I came away. There is certainly something to ponder over in this man's state. Several points seem to make what the American interviewer calls a story, if one could only get them in proper order. Here they are:

1. Won't mention, drinking.
2. Fears the thought of being burdened with the soul of anything.
3. Has no dread of wanting life in the future.
4. Despises the meaner forms of life altogether, though he dreads being haunted by their souls.
5. Logically all these things point one way! He has assurance of some kind that he will acquire some higher life.
6. Dreads the consequence, the burden of a soul

Then a human life he looks! And the assurance...? Merciful Lord, the Count's been to him and there's some new scheme of terror afoot! Later, I went after my round to Van Helsing and told him my suspicion. He grew very grave and after thinking, the matter over for a while asked me to take him to Renfield. I did so. As we came to the door, we heard the lunatic within singing gaily as he used to do in the time that now seems so long ago. When we entered, we saw with amazement that he had spread out his sugar as of old. The flies, lethargic with the autumn, were beginning to buzz into the room. We tried to make him talk of the subject of our previous conversation but he would not attend. He went on with his singing, just as though we had not been present. He had a scrap of paper and he was folding it into a notebook. We had to come away as ignorant as we went in. His is a curious case indeed. We must watch him tonight.

CHAPTER LXXIV

LETTER FROM MITCHELL, SONS & CANDY TO LORD GODALMING

1 October,
My Lord,
We're at all times very happy to meet thy wishes. We beg, with regard to the desire of thy Lordship, expressed by Mr. Harker on thy behalf, to supply the following information concerning the sale and purchase of No. 347, Piccadilly. The original vendors are the executors of the late Mr. Archibald Winter-Suffield. The purchaser's a foreign nobleman, Count de Ville who effected the purchase himself paying the purchase money in notes over the counter, if thy Lordship'll pardon us using so vulgar an expression. Beyond this we know nothing whatever of him. We're, my Lord, thy Lordship's humble servants,
MITCHELL, SONS, & CANDY

CHAPTER LXXV

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

1 October,
At five am, I went with the party to the search with an easy mind, for I think I never saw Mina so absolutely strong and well. I am so glad that she consented to hold back and let us men do the work. Somehow, it was a dread to me that she was in this fearful business at all but now that her work is done, and that it is due to her energy and brains and foresight that the whole story is put together in such a way that every point tells, she may well feel that her part is finished, and that she can henceforth leave the rest to us. We were, I think, all a little upset by the scene with Mr. Renfield. When we came away from his room, we were silent until we got back to the study. Then Mr. Morris said to Dr. Seward, "Say, Jack, if that man's not attempting a bluff, he's about the sanest lunatic I ever saw. I'm not sure but I believe that he'd some serious purpose and if he'd, it's pretty rough on him not to get a chance."
Lord Godalming and I were silent but Dr. Van Helsing added, "Friend John, you know more lunatics than I do and I'm glad of it for I fear that if it'd been to me to decide I'd before that last hysterical outburst's given him free. But we live, learn, and in our present task, we must take no chance as my friend Quincy'd say. All's best as they're."
Dr. Seward seemed to answer them both in a dreamy kind of way, "I don't know but that I agree with you. If that man'd been an ordinary lunatic I'd've taken my chance of trusting him but he seems so mixed up with the Count in an index kind of way that I'm afraid of doing anything wrong by helping his fads. I can't forget how he prayed with almost equal fervour for a cat and then tried to tear my throat out with his teeth. Besides, he called the Count lord and master, and he may wanna get out helping him in some diabolical way. That horrid thing's the wolves, the rats, and his kind to help him so I suppose he's not above trying to use a respectable lunatic. He certainly seemed earnest though. I only hope we've done what's best. These things in conjunction with the wild work we've in hand help to unnerve a man."
The Professor stepped over, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said in his grave, kindly way, "Friend John, have no fear. We're trying to do our duty in a very sad and terrible case, we can only do as we deem best. What else we've to hope for except the pity of the Good Lord?"
Lord Godalming had slipped away for a few minutes but now he returned. He held up a little silver whistle, as he remarked, "That old place may be full of rats and if so, I've an antidote on call."
Having passed the wall, we took our way to the house, taking care to keep in the shadows of the trees on the lawn when the moonlight shone out. When we got to the porch, the Professor opened his bag and took out many things that he laid on the step, sorting them into four little groups, evidently one for each. Then he spoke. "My friends, we're going into a terrible danger and we need arms of many kinds. Our enemy's not merely spiritual. Recall that he's the strength of twenty men, though our necks or our windpipes're of the common kind, and therefore breakable or crushable, his aren't amenable to mere strength. A stronger man or a body of men stronger in all than him can hold him at certain times but they can't hurt him as we can be hurt by him. Therefore, we must guard us from his touch. Keep this near thy heart," as he spoke he lifted a little silver crucifix and held it out to me, I being nearest to him, "put these flowers round thy neck," here he handed to me a wreath of withered garlic blossoms, "for other enemies more mundane, this revolver, knife, for aid in all, these so small electric lamps that you can fasten to thy chest, for all, and above all at the last, this that we mustn't desecrate needless." A portion of Sacred Wafer that he put in an envelope and handed to me, each of the others was similarly equipped. "Now," he said, "friend John, where're the skeleton keys? If so that we can open the door, we needn't break house by the window as before at Miss Lucy's," Dr. Seward tried one or two skeleton keys, his mechanical dexterity as a surgeon standing him in good stead. Presently he got one to suit, after a little play back and forward the bolt yielded, and with a rusty clang, shot back. We pressed on the door, the rusty hinges creaked, and it slowly opened. It was startlingly as the image conveyed to me in Dr. Seward's diary of the opening of Miss Westenra's tomb, I fancy that the same idea seemed to strike the others, for with one accord they shrank back. The Professor was the first to move forward, and stepped into the open door. "In manus tuas, Domine!" he said, crossing himself as he passed over the threshold. We closed the door behind us, lest when we should have lit our lamps we should possibly attract attention from the road. The Professor carefully tried the lock, lest we might not be able to open it from within should we be in a hurry making our exit. Then we all lit our lamps and proceeded on our search. The light from the tiny lamps fell in all sorts of odd forms, as the rays crossed each other, or the opacity of our bodies threw great shadows. I could not get away from the feeling that there was someone else amongst us for my life. I suppose it was the recollection, so powerfully brought home to me by the grim surroundings, of that terrible experience in Transylvania. I think the feeling was common to us all, for I noticed that the others kept looking over their shoulders at every sound and every new shadow, just as I felt myself doing. The whole place was thick with dust. The floor was seemingly inches deep, except where there were recent footsteps, in which on holding down my lamp I could see marks of hobnails where the dust was cracked. The walls were fluffy and heavy with dust, and in the corners were masses of spider's webs, whereon the dust had gathered until they looked like old tattered rags as the weight had torn them partly down. On a table in the hall was a great bunch of keys, with a time-yellowed label on each. They had been used several times, for on the table were

several similar rents in the blanket of dust, similar to that exposed when the Professor lifted them. He turned to me and said, "You know this place, Jonathan. You've copied maps of it and you know it at least more than we do. Which's the way to the chapel?" I had an idea of its direction, though on my former visit I had not been able to get admission to it, so I led the way, and after a few wrong turnings found myself opposite a low, arched oaken door, ribbed with iron bands. "This's the spot," said the Professor as he turned his lamp on a small map of the house, copied from the file of my original correspondence regarding the purchase. With a little trouble, we found the key on the bunch and opened the door. We were prepared for some unpleasantness, for as we were opening the door a faint, malodorous air seemed to exhale through the gaps but none of us ever expected such an odour as we encountered. None of the others had met the Count at all at close quarters, and when I had seen him he was either in the fasting stage of his existence in his rooms or, when he was bloated with fresh blood, in a ruined building open to the air but here the place was small and close, and the long disuse had made the air stagnant and foul. An earthy smell, as of some dry miasma came through the fouler air. But as to the odour itself, how shall I describe it? It was not alone that it was composed of all the ills of mortality and with the pungent, acrid smell of blood but it seemed as though corruption had become itself corrupt, fough! It sickens me to think of it. Every breath exhaled by that monster seemed to have clung to the place and intensified its loathsomeness. Under ordinary circumstances, such a stench would have ended our enterprise but this was no ordinary case, and the high and terrible purpose in which we were involved gave us a strength that rose above merely physical considerations. After the involuntary shrinking consequent on the first nauseous whiff, we one and all set about our work as though that loathsome place were a garden of roses. We made an accurate examination of the place, the Professor saying as we began, "The first thing's to see how many of the boxes're left, we must then examine every hole and corner and cranny and see if we can't get some clue as to what's become of the rest."

A glance was sufficient to show how many remained, for the great earth, chests were bulky, and there was no mistaking them. There were only twenty-nine left out of the fifty! Once I got a fright, for, seeing Lord Godalming suddenly turn and look out of the vaulted door into the dark passage beyond, I looked too, and for an instant, my heart stood still. Somewhere, looking out from the shadow, I seemed to see the high lights of the Count's evil face, the ridge of the nose, the red eyes, the red lips, and the awful pallor. It was only for a moment, for, as Lord Godalming said, "I thought I saw a face but it's only the shadows."

He resumed his inquiry. I turned my lamp in the direction, and stepped into the passage. There was no sign of anyone, and as there were no corners, no doors, no aperture of any kind but only the solid walls of the passage, there could be no hiding place even for him. I took it that fear had helped imagination, and said nothing. A few minutes later I saw Morris step suddenly back from a corner that he was examining. We all followed his movements with our eyes, for undoubtedly, some nervousness was growing on us, and we saw a whole mass of phosphorescence that twinkled like stars. We all instinctively drew back. The whole place was becoming alive with rats. For a moment or two, we stood appalled, all save Lord Godalming, who was seemingly prepared for such an emergency. Rushing over to the great ironbound oaken door that Dr. Seward had described from the outside, and which I had seen myself, he turned the key in the lock, drew the huge bolts, and swung the door open. Then, taking his little silver whistle from his pocket, he blew a low, shrill call. It was answered from behind Dr. Seward's house by the yelping of dogs, and after about a minute three terriers came dashing round the corner of the house. Unconsciously we had all moved towards the door, and as we moved, I noticed that the dust had been much disturbed. The boxes that had been taken out had been brought this way. But even in the minute that had elapsed, the number of the rats had vastly increased. They seemed to swarm over the place all at once, until the lamplight, shining on their moving dark bodies and glittering, baleful eyes, made the place look like a bank of earth set with fireflies. The dogs dashed on but at the threshold suddenly stopped and snarled, and then, simultaneously lifting their noses, began to howl in most lugubrious fashion. The rats were multiplying in thousands, and we moved out. Lord Godalming lifted one of the dogs, and carrying him in, placed him on the floor. The instant his feet touched the ground he seemed to recover his courage, and rushed at his natural enemies. They fled before him so fast that before he had shaken the life out of a score, the other dogs that had been lifted by now in the same manner, had but small prey ere the whole mass had vanished. With their going, it seemed as if some evil presence had departed, for the dogs frisked about and barked merrily as they made sudden darts at their prostrate foes, and turned them repeatedly and tossed them in the air with vicious shakes. We all seemed to find our spirits rise. Whether it was the purifying of the deadly atmosphere by the opening of the chapel door, or the relief which we experienced by finding ourselves in the open I know not but most certainly the shadow of dread seemed to slip from us like a robe, and the occasion of our coming lost something of its grim significance, though we did not slacken a whit in our resolution. We closed the outer door and barred and locked it, and bringing the dogs with us, began our search of the house. We found nothing throughout except dust in extraordinary proportions, and all untouched save for my own footsteps when I had made my first visit. Never once did the dogs exhibit any symptom of uneasiness, and even when we returned to the chapel, they frisked about as though they had been rabbit hunting in a summerwood. The morning was quickening in the east when we emerged from the front. Dr. Van Helsing had taken the key of the hall door from the bunch and locked the door in orthodox fashion, putting the key into his pocket when he did. "So far," he said, "our night's been eminently successful. No harm's come to us such as I feared might be and yet we've ascertained how many boxes're missing. More than all do I rejoice that this, our first and perhaps our most difficult and dangerous step's been accomplished without the bringing there-into our most sweet Madam Mina or troubling her waking or sleeping thoughts with sights, sounds, and smells of horror that she might never forget. One lesson, too we've learned if it be allowable to argue a particular that the brute beasts that're to the Count's command're yet themselves not amenable to his spiritual power for look, these rats that'd come to his call just as from his castle top he summon the wolves to thy going and to that poor mom's cry, though they come to him, they run pell-mell from the so little dogs of my friend Arthur. We've other matters before us, other dangers, fears, and that monster ... he's not used his power over the brute world for the only or the last time tonight. So be it that he's gone elsewhere. Good! It's given us opportunity to cry check in some ways in this chess game that we play for the stake of human souls. now let's go home. The dawn's nearby, and we've reason to be content with our first night's work. It may be ordained that we've many nights and days to follow, if full of peril but we must go on, and from no danger we'll shrink."

The house was silent when we got back, save for some poor creature who was screaming away in one of the distant wards, and a low, moaning sound from Renfield's room. The poor wretch was doubtless torturing himself, after the manner of the insane, with needless thoughts of pain. I came tiptoe into our own room, and found Mina asleep, breathing so softly that I had to put my ear down to hear it. She looks paler than usual. I hope the meeting tonight has not upset her. I am truly thankful that she is to be left out of our future work, and even of our deliberations. It is too great a strain for a woman to bear. I did not think so at first but I know better now. Therefore, I am glad that it is settled. There may be things that would frighten her to hear, and yet to conceal them from her might be worse than to tell her if once she suspected that there was any concealment. Henceforth our work is to be a sealed book to her, until at least such time as we can tell her that all is finished, and the earth free from a monster of the nether world. I daresay it will be difficult to begin to keep silence after such confidence as ours but I must be resolute, and tomorrow I shall keep dark over tonight's doings, and shall refuse to speak of anything that has happened. I rest on the sofa, so as not to disturb her. Later, I suppose it was natural that we should have all overslept ourselves, for the day was a busy one, and the night had no rest at all. Even Mina must have felt its exhaustion, for though I slept until the sun was high, I was awake before her, and had to call two or three times before, she awoke. Indeed, she was so sound asleep that for a few seconds she did not recognise me but looked at me with a sort of blank terror, as one looks who has been waked out of a bad dream. She complained a little of being tired, and I let her rest until later in the day. We now know of twenty-one boxes having been removed, and if it were that several were taken in any of these removals, we may be able to trace them all. Such will immensely simplify our labour of course, and the sooner the matter is attended to the better. I shall look up Thomas Snelling today. In the evening, I found Thomas Snelling in his house at Bethnal Green but unhappily, he was not in a condition to recall anything. The very prospect of beer that my expected coming had opened to him had proved too much, and he had begun too early on his expected debauch. I learned, however, from his wife, who seemed a decent, poor soul, that he was only the assistant of Smollet, who of the two mates was the responsible person. So off I drove to Walworth, and found Mr. Joseph Smollet at home and in his shirtsleeves, taking a late tea out of a saucer. He is a decent, intelligent fellow, distinctly a good, reliable type of worker, and with a headpiece of his own. He recalled all about the incident of the boxes, and from a wonderful dog-eared notebook that he produced from some mysterious receptacle about the seat of his trousers, and which had hieroglyphic entries in thick, half-obliterated pencil, he gave me the destinations of the boxes. There were, he said, six in the cartload that he took from Carfax and left at 197 Chicksand Street, Mile End New Town, and another six that he deposited at Jamaica Lane, Bermondsey. If then the Count meant to scatter these ghastly refuges of his over London, these places were

chosen as the first of delivery, so that later he might distribute more fully. The systematic manner in which this was done made me think that he could not mean to confine himself to two sides of London. He was now fixed on the Far East on the northern shore, on the east of the southern shore, and on the south. The north and west were surely never meant to be left out of his diabolical scheme, let alone the City itself and the very heart of fashionable London in the south-west and west. I went back to Smollet, and asked him if he could tell us if any other boxes had been taken from Carfax. He replied, "Well governor, you've treated me very handsome," I'd given him half a sovereign, "and I'll tell you all I know. I heard a man by the name of Bloxam say four nights ago in the Hare and Hounds in Pincher's Alley as how he and his mate'd had a rare dusty job in an old house at Purfleet. There ain't a many such jobs as this here and I'm thinking that maybe Sam Bloxam'd tell you something." I asked if he could tell me where to find him. I told him that if he could get me the address it would be worth another half sovereign to him. So he gulped down the rest of his tea and stood up, saying that he was going to begin the search immediately. At the door he stopped, and said, "Look here, governor, there ain't no sense in me a keeping you here. I may find Sam soon or I mayn't but anyhow he's unlike to be in a way to tell you much tonight. Sam's a rare one when he starts on the booze. If you can give me an envelope with a stamp on it and put thy address on it, I'll find out where Sam's to be found and post it you tonight. But you'd better be up after him soon in the morning, never mind the booze the night afore." This was all practical so one of the children went off with a penny to buy an envelope and a sheet of paper and to keep the change. When she came back, I addressed the envelope and stamped it and when Smollet had again faithfully promised to post the address when found, I took my way to home. We're on the track anyhow. I am tired tonight and I want to sleep. Mina is fast asleep, and looks a little too pale. Her eyes look as though she had been crying. Poor dear, I've no doubt it frets her to be kept in the dark, and it may make her doubly anxious about the others and me. But it is best as it is. It is better to be disappointed and worried in such a way now than to have her nerve broken. The doctors were quite right to insist on her being kept out of this dreadful business. I must be firm, for on me this particular burden of silence must rest. I shall not ever enter on the subject with her under any circumstances. Indeed, it may not be a hard task, after all, for she herself has become reticent on the subject, and has not spoken of the Count or his doings ever since we told her of our decision.

CHAPTER LXXVI MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

1 October,

It is strange to me to be kept in the dark as I am today after Jonathan's full confidence for so many years to see him manifestly avoid certain matters and those the most vital of all. This morning I slept late after the fatigues of yesterday, and though Jonathan was late too, he was the earlier. He spoke to me before he went out, never more sweetly or tenderly but he never mentioned a word of what had happened in the visit to the Count's house. yet he must have known how terribly anxious I was, poor dear fellow! I suppose it must have distressed him even more than it did me. They all agreed that it was best that I should not be drawn further into this awful work, and I acquiesced but to think that he keeps anything from me! And now I am crying like a silly fool, when I know it comes from my husband's great love and from the good, good wishes of those other strong men. That has done me good. Well, some day Jonathan will tell me all. lest it should ever be that he should think for a moment that I kept anything from him, I still keep my journal as usual. Then if he has feared of my trust, I shall show it to him, with every thought of my heart put down for his dear eyes to read. I feel strangely sad and low-spirited today. I suppose it is the reaction from the terrible excitement. Last night I went to bed when the men had gone, simply because they told me to. I didn't feel sleepy, and I did feel full of devouring anxiety. I kept thinking over everything that has been ever since Jonathan came to see me in London, and it all seems like a horrible tragedy, with fate pressing on relentlessly to some destined end. Everything that one does seems, no matter how right it me be, to bring on the very thing that is most to be deplored. If I hadn't gone to Whitby, perhaps poor dear Lucy would be with us now. She hadn't taken to visiting the churchyard until I came, and if she hadn't come there in the daytime with me, she wouldn't have walked in her sleep. if she hadn't gone there at night and asleep, that monster couldn't have destroyed her as he did. Oh, why did I ever go to Whitby? There now, crying again! I wonder what has come over me today. I must hide it from Jonathan, for if he knew that I had been crying twice in one morning ... I, who never cried on my own account, and whom he has never caused to shed a tear, the dear fellow would fret his heart out. I shall put a bold face on, and if I do feel weepy, he shall never see it. I suppose just one of the lessons we poor women have to learn ... I can't quite recall how I fell asleep last night. I recall hearing the sudden barking of the dogs and a lot of queer sounds, like praying on a very tumultuous scale, from Mr. Renfield's room that is somewhere under this. then there was silence over everything, silence so profound that it startled me, and I got up and looked out of the window. All was dark and silent, the black shadows thrown by the moonlight seeming full of a silent mystery of their own. Not a thing seemed to be stirring but all to be grim and fixed as death or fate, so that a thin streak of white mist that crept with almost imperceptible slowness across the grass towards the house seemed to have a sentence and a vitality of its own. I think that the digression of my thoughts must have done me well, for when I got back to bed; I found a lethargy creeping over me. I lay a while but could not quite sleep, so I got out and looked out of the window again. The mist was spreading, and it was now close up to the house, so that I could see it lying thick against the wall, as though it were stealing up to the windows. The poor man was louder than ever, and though I could not distinguish a word he said, I could recognise in his tones some passionate entreaty in some way on his part. Then there was the sound of a struggle, and I knew that the attendants were dealing with him. I was so frightened that I crept into bed, and pulled the clothes over my head, putting my fingers in my ears. I was not then a bit sleepy, at least so I thought but I must have fallen asleep, for except dreams, I do not recall anything until the morning, when Jonathan woke me. I think that it took me an effort and a little time to realise where I was, and that Jonathan was bending over me. My dream was very peculiar, and was almost typical of the way that waking thoughts become merged in, or continued in, dreams. I thought that I was asleep, and waiting for Jonathan to come back. I was very anxious about him, and I was powerless to act, my feet, my hands, and my brain were weighted, so that nothing could proceed at the usual pace. so I slept uneasily and thought. Then it began to dawn upon me that the air was heavy, dank, and cold. I put back the clothes from my face, and found, to my surprise, that all was dim around. The gaslight that I had left lit for Jonathan but turned down, came only like a tiny red spark through the fog that had evidently grown thicker and poured into the room. Then it occurred to me that I had shut the window before I had come to bed. I would have got out making certain on the point but some leaden lethargy seemed to chain my limbs and even my will. I lay still and endured, that was all. I closed my eyes but could still see through my eyelids. It is wonderful what tricks our dreams play us, and how conveniently we can imagine. The mist grew thicker and thicker and I could see now how it came in, for I could see it like smoke, or with the white energy of boiling water, pouring in, not through the window but through the joining of the door. It got thicker and thicker until as if it became concentrated into a sort of pillar of cloud in the room, through the top of which I could see the light of the gas shining like a red eye. Things began to whirl through my brain just as the cloudy column was now whirling in the room, and through it all, came the scriptural words, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. Indeed such spiritual guidance was coming to me in my sleep. But the pillar was composed of both the day and the night guiding, for the fire was in the red eye that at the thought gat a new fascination for me, until, as I looked, the fire divided, and seemed to shine on me through the fog like two red eyes, such as Lucy told me of in her short mental wandering when, on the cliff, the dying sunlight struck the windows of St. Mary's Church. Suddenly the horror burst upon me that it was thus that Jonathan had seen those awful women growing into reality through the whirling mist in the moonlight, and in my dream, I must have fainted, for all became black darkness. The last conscious effort that imagination made was to show me a livid white face bending over me out of the mist. I must be careful of such dreams, for they would unseat one's reason if there were too much of them. I would get Dr. Van Helsing or Dr. Seward to prescribe something for me that would make me sleep, only that I fear to alarm them. Such a dream now would become woven into their fears for me. Tonight I shall strive hard to sleep naturally. If I do not, I shall tomorrow night get them to give me a dose of chloral, that cannot hurt me for once, and it will give me a good night's sleep. Last night tired me more than, if I had not slept at all.

2 October,

At 10 pm, last night I slept but did not dream. I must have slept soundly, for I was not waked by Jonathan coming to bed but the sleep has not refreshed me, for today I feel terribly weak and spiritless. I spent all yesterday trying to read, or lying down dozing. In the afternoon, Mr. Renfield asked if he might see me. Poor man, he was very gentle, and when I came away, he kissed my hand and bade Lord bless me. Some way it affected me much. I am crying when I think of him.

This is a new weakness, of which I must be careful. Jonathan would be miserable if he knew I had been crying. He and the others were out until dinnertime, and they all came in tired. I did what I could to brighten them up, and I suppose that the effort did me good, for I forgot how tired I was. After dinner, they sent me to bed, and all went off to smoke together, as they said but I knew that they wanted to tell each other of what had occurred to each during the day. I could see from Jonathan's manner that he had something important to communicate. I was not as sleepy as I should have been, so before they went I asked Dr. Seward to give me a little opiate of some kind, as I had not slept well the night before. He very kindly made me up a sleeping draught that he gave to me, telling me that it would do me no harm, as it was very mild ... I have taken it, and am waiting for sleep that still keeps aloof. I hope I have not done wrong, for as sleep begins to flirt with me, a new fear comes, that I may have been foolish in thus depriving myself of the power of waking. I might want it. Here comes sleep. Goodnight.

CHAPTER LXXVII LETTER FROM JOSEPH SMOLLET TO MR. JONATHAN HARKER

2 October,
Sam Bloxam, Korkrans, 4 Potters Court, Bartel Street, Walworth
Ask for the despite.

CHAPTER XXIIIC JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

2 October,
In the evening, a long and trying and exciting day by the first post I got my directed envelope with a dirty scrap of paper enclosed on which was written with a carpenter's pencil in a sprawling hand. I got the letter in bed, and rose without waking Mina. She looked heavy and sleepy and pale, and far from well. I determined not to wake her but that when I should return from this new search, I would arrange for her going back to Exeter. I think she would be happier in our own home, with her daily tasks to interest her, than in being here amongst us and in ignorance. I only saw Dr. Seward for a moment, and told him where I was off to, promising to come back and tell the rest as soon as I should have found out anything. I drove to Walworth and found, with some difficulty, Potter's Court. Mr. Smollet's spelling misled me, as I asked for Poter's Court instead of Potter's Court. However, when I had found the court, I had no difficulty in discovering Corcoran's lodging house. When I asked the man who came to the door for the despite, he shook his head, and said, "I dunno him. There's no such a person here. I never heard of him in all my blooming days. Believe there's none of that kind living here or nowhere."

I took out Smollet's letter, and as I read it, it seemed to me that the lesson of the spelling of the name of the court might guide me. "What're you?" I asked. "I'm the deputy," he answered. I saw at once that I was on the right track. Phonetic spelling had again misled me. A half crown tip put the deputy's knowledge at my disposal, and I learned that Mr. Bloxam, who had slept off the remains of his beer on the previous night at Corcoran's, had left for his work at Poplar at five o'clock that morning. He could not tell me where the place of work was situated but he had a vague idea that it was some kind of a new-fangled warehouse, and with this slender clue, I had to start for Poplar. It was twelve o'clock before I got any satisfactory hint of such a building, and this I got at a coffee shop, where some workers were having their dinner. One of them suggested that there was being erected at Cross Angel Street a new cold storage building, and as this suited the condition of a new-fangled warehouse, I at once drove to it. An interview with a surly gatekeeper and a surlier supervisor, both of whom were appeased with the coin of the realm, put me on the track of Bloxam. He was sent for on my suggestion that I was willing to pay his day's wages to his supervisor for the privilege of asking him a few questions on a private matter. He was a smart enough fellow, though rough of speech and bearing. When I had promised to pay for his information and given him an earnest, he told me that he had made two journeys between Carfax and a house in Piccadilly, and had taken from this house to the latter nine great boxes, main heavy ones, with a horse and cart hired by him for this purpose. I asked him if he could tell me the number of the house in Piccadilly, to which he replied, "Well, governor, I forget the number but it's only a few door from a big white church or something of the kind, not long built. It's a dusty old house, too though nothing to the dustiness of the house we took the blooming boxes from."

"How did you get in if both houses're empty?"
"There's the old party what engaged me a waiting in the house at Purfleet. He helped me to lift the boxes and put them in the dray. Curse me but he's the strongest chap I ever struck, and he an old fellow with a white moustache, one that thins you'd think he'd not throw a shudder."

How this phrase thrilled through me!
"Why, he took up his end of the boxes like they're pounds of tea and me puffing, blowing afore I'd upend mine anyhow, and I'm no chicken, neither."

"How did you get into the house in Piccadilly?" I asked.
"He's there too. He must've started off and got there afore me for when I rung of the bell, he came, opened the door itself and helped me carry the boxes into the hall."

"The whole nine?" asked I.
"Yes, there's five in the first load and four in the second. It's main dry work and I don't so well recall how I got home."

I interrupted him, "Were the boxes left in the hall?"
"Yes, it's a big hall and there's nothing else in it."

I made one more attempt to further matters. "You'd no key?"
"Never used no key or nothing, the old gent, he opened the door itself and shut it again when I drove off. I don't recall the last time but that's the beer."

"And you can't recall the number of the house?"
"No, sir but you need have no difficulty about that. It's a high one with a stone front with a bow on it and high steps up to the door. I know them steps, having had to carry the boxes up with three loafers what come round to earn a copper. The old gent gives them shillings, and they seeing they got so much, they wanted more. But he took one of them by the shoulder and was like to throw him down the steps until the lot of them went away cursing."

I thought that with this description I could find the house, so having paid my friend for his information, I started off for Piccadilly. I had gained a new painful experience. The Count could, it was evident, and handle the earth boxes him. If so, time was precious, for now that he had achieved a certain amount of distribution, he could, by choosing his own time, complete the task unobserved. At Piccadilly Circus I discharged my cab, and walked westward. Beyond the Junior Constitutional I came across the house described and was satisfied that this was the next of the lairs arranged by Dracula. The house looked as though it had been long untenanted. The windows were encrusted with dust, and the shutters were up. The entire framework was black with time, and from the iron the paint had mostly scaled away. It was evident that up to lately there had been a large notice board in front of the balcony. It had, however, been roughly torn away, the uprights which had supported it still remaining. Behind the rails of the balcony I saw there were some loose boards, whose raw edges looked white. I would have given a good deal to have been able to see the notice board intact, as it would, perhaps, have given some clue to the ownership of the house. I recalled my experience of the investigation and purchase of Carfax, and I could not but feel that I could find the former owner there might be some means discovered of gaining access to the house. There was at present nothing to be learned from the Piccadilly side, and nothing could be done, so I went around to the back to see if anything could be gathered from this quarter. The mews were active, the Piccadilly houses being mostly in occupation. I asked one or two of the grooms and helpers whom I saw around if they could tell me anything about the empty house. One of them said that he heard it had lately been taken but he couldn't say from whom. He told me, however, that up to very lately there had been a notice board of For Sale up, and that perhaps Mitchell, Sons, & Candy the house agents could tell me something, as he thought he recalled seeing the name of that firm on the board. I did not wish to seem too eager, or to let my informant know or guess too much, so thanking him in the usual manner, I strolled away. It was now growing dusk, and the autumn night was closing in, so I did not lose any time. Having learned the address of Mitchell, Sons, & Candy from a directory at the Berkeley, I was soon at their office in Sackville Street. The man who saw me was particularly suave in manner but uncommunicative in equal proportion. Having once told me that the Piccadilly house that throughout our interview he called a

mansion was sold, he considered my business as concluded. When I asked who had purchased it, he opened his eyes a thought wider, and paused a few seconds before replying, "It's sold, sir."

"Pardon me," I said, with equal politeness, "but I've a special reason for wishing to know who purchased it."

Again he paused longer, and raised his eyebrows still more. "It's sold, sir," was again his laconic reply.

"Surely," I said, "you don't mind letting me know so much."

"But I do mind," he answered. "The affairs of their clients're absolutely safe in the hands of Mitchell, Sons, and Candy."

This was manifestly a prig of the first water, and there was no use arguing with him. I thought I had best meet him on his own ground, so I said, "Your clients're, sir, happy in having so resolute a guardian of their confidence. I'm myself a professional man."

Here I handed him my card. "In this instance I'm not prompted by curiosity, I act on the part of Lord Godalming who wishes to know something of the property that's, he understood, lately for sale."

These words put a different complexion on affairs. He said, "I'd like to oblige you if I'd, Mr. Harker, and especially I'd like to oblige his lordship. We once carried out a small matter of renting some chambers for him when he's the honourable Arthur Holmwood. If you'll lemme've his lordship's address, I'll consult the House on the Subject, and will in any case, communicate with his lordship by tonight's post. It'll be a pleasure if we can so far deviate from our rules as to give the required info to his lordship."

I wanted to secure a friend and not to make an enemy, so I thanked him, gave the address at Dr. Seward's and came away. It was now dark, and I was tired and hungry. I got a cup of tea at the Aerated Bread Company and came down to Purfleet by the next train. I found all the others at home. Mina was looking tired and pale but she made a gallant effort to be bright and cheerful. It wrung my heart to think that I had had to keep anything from her and so caused her in-quietude. Thank Lord; this will be the last night of her looking on at our conferences, and feeling the sting of our not showing our confidence. It took all my courage to hold to the wise resolution of keeping her out of our grim task. She seems somehow more reconciled, or else the very subject seems to have become repugnant to her, for when any accidental allusion is made she actually shudders. I am glad we made our resolution in time, as with such a feeling as this, our growing knowledge would be torture to her. I could not tell the others of the day's discovery until we were alone, so after dinner, followed by a little music to save appearances even amongst ourselves, I took Mina to her room and left her to go to bed. The dear girl was more affectionate with me than ever, and clung to me as though she would detain me but there was much to be talked of and I came away. Thank Lord; the ceasing of telling things has made no difference between us. When I came down again I found the others all gathered round the fire in the study. In the train I had written my diary so far, and simply read it off to them as the best means of letting them get abreast of my own information. When I had finished Van Helsing said, "This's been a great day's work, friend Jonathan. Doubtless we're on the track of the missing boxes. If we find them all in that house, then our work's near the end. But if there's some missing, we must search until we find them. Then we'll make our final coup and hunt the wretch to his real death."

We all sat silent awhile and all at once Mr. Morris spoke, "Say! How're we gonna get into that house?"

"We got into the other," answered Lord Godalming quickly.

"But Art, this's different. We broke house at Carfax but we'd night and a walled park to protect us. It'll be a very different thing to commit burglary in Piccadilly by either day or night. I confess I don't see how we're gonna get in unless that agency duck can find us a key of some sort."

Lord Godalming's brows contracted, and he stood up and walked about the room. By-and-by he stopped and said, turning from one to another of us, "Quincy's head's level. This burglary business's getting serious. We got off once all right but we've now a rare job on hand unless we can find the Count's key basket." As nothing could well be done before morning, and as it would be at least advisable to wait until Lord Godalming should hear from Mitchell's: we decided to take no active step before breakfast time. For a good while, we sat and smoked, discussing the matter in its various lights and bearings. I took the opportunity of bringing this diary right up to the moment. I am very sleepy and shall go to bed ... just a line. Mina sleeps soundly and her breathing is regular. Her forehead is puckered up into little wrinkles, as though she thinks even in her sleep. She is still too pale but does not look as haggard as she did this morning. Tomorrow will, I hope, mend all this. She will be herself at home in Exeter. Oh but I'm sleepy!

CHAPTER XXII DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

2 October,

I placed a man in the corridor last night, and told him to make an accurate note of any sound he might hear from Renfield's room and gave him instructions that if there should be anything strange he was to call me. After dinner when we had all gathered round the fire in the study, Mrs. Harker having gone to bed, we discussed the attempts and discoveries of the day. Harker was the only one who had any result, and we are in great hopes that his clue may be an important one. Before going to bed I went round to the patient's room and looked in through the observation trap. He was sleeping soundly, his heart rose and fell with regular respiration. This morning the man on duty reported to me that a little after midnight he was restless and kept saying his prayers somewhat loudly. I asked him if that was all. He replied that it was all he heard. There was something about his manner, so suspicious that I asked him directly if he had been asleep. He denied sleep but admitted to having dozed for a while. It is too bad that men cannot be trusted unless they are watched. Today Harker is out following up his clue, and Art and Quincy are looking after horses. Godalming thinks that it will be well to have horses always in readiness, for when we get the information that we seek there will be no time to lose. We must sterilize all the imported earth between sunrise and sunset. We shall thus catch the Count at his weakest, and without a refuge to fly to. Van Helsing is off to the British Museum looking up some authorities on ancient medicine. The old physicians took account of things which their followers do not accept, and the Professor is searching for witch and demon cures which may be useful to us later. I sometimes think we must be all mad and that we shall wake to sanity in strait waistcoats. Later, we have met again. We seem at last to be on the track, and our work of tomorrow may be the beginning of the end. I wonder if Renfield's quiet has anything to do with this. His moods have so followed the doings of the Count, that the coming destruction of the monster may be carried to him some subtle way. If we'd only get some hint as to what passed in his mind between the time of my argument with him today and his resumption of fly catching, it might afford us a valuable clue. He's now seemingly quiet for a spell ... he's? That wild yell seemed to come from his room ... the attendant came bursting into my room and told me that Renfield had somehow met with some accident. He had heard him yell, and when he went to him found him lying on his face on the floor, all covered with blood. I must go at once...

3 October,

Let me put down with exactness all that happened, as well as I can recall, since last I made an entry. Not a detail that I can recall must be forgotten. In all calmness I must proceed. When I came to Renfield's room I found him lying on the floor on his left side in a glittering pool of blood. When I went to move him, it became at once apparent that he had received some terrible injuries. None of the unity of purpose between the parts of the body marks even lethargic sanity. As the face was exposed, I could see that it was horribly bruised, as though it had been beaten against the floor. Indeed, it was from the face wounds that the pool of blood originated. The attendant who was kneeling beside the body said to me as we turned him over, "I think, sir, his back's broken. See, both his right arm and leg and the whole side of his face're paralysed." How such a thing could have happened puzzled the attendant beyond measure. He seemed quite bewildered, and his brows were gathered in as he said, "I can't understand the two things. He'd mark his face like that by beating his own head on the floor. I saw a young woman do it once at the Eversfield Asylum before anyone'd lay hands on her. I suppose he might've broken his neck by falling out of bed if he got in an awkward kink. But for the life of me I can't imagine how the two things occurred. If his back's broken, he'd not beat his head, and if his face's like that before the fall out of bed, there'd be marks of it."

I said to him, "Go to Dr. Van Helsing and ask him to kindly come here at once. I want him without an instant's delay."

The man ran off, and within a few minutes, the Professor, in his dressing gown and slippers, appeared. When he saw Renfield on the ground, he looked keenly at him a moment, and then turned to me. I think he recognised my thought in my eyes, for he said very quietly, manifestly for the ears of the attendant, "Ah, a sad

accident! He'll need very careful watching and much attention. I'll stay with you myself but I'll first dress me. If you'll remain I'll in a few minutes join you." The patient was now breathing torturously and it was easy to see that he had suffered some terrible injury. Van Helsing returned with extraordinary celerity, bearing with him a surgical case. He had evidently been thinking and had his mind made up, for almost before he looked at the patient, he whispered to me, "Send the attendant away. We must be alone with him when he becomes conscious after the operation."

I said, "I think that'll do now, Simmons. We've done all that we can at present. You'd better go thy round, and Dr. Van Helsing'll operate. Lemme know instantly if there's anything unusual anywhere."

The man withdrew, and we went into a strict examination of the patient. The wounds of the face were superficial. The real injury was a depressed fracture of the skull, extending right up through the motor area. The Professor thought a moment and said, "We must reduce the pressure and get back to normal conditions as far as can be. The rapidity of the suffusion shows the terrible nature of his injury. The entire motor area seems affected. The suffusion of the brain'll increase quickly so we must trephine at once or it may be too late."

As he was speaking, there was a soft tapping at the door. I went over, opened it, and found in the corridor without, Arthur and Quincy in pyjamas and slippers, the former spoke, "I heard thy man call up Dr. Van Helsing and tell him of an accident. So I woke Quincy or rather called for him, as he's awake. Things're moving too quickly and strangely for sound sleep for any of us these times. I've been thinking that tomorrow night won't see things as they've been. We'll have to look back and forward a little more than we've done. May we come in?"

I nodded, and held the door open until they had entered, then I closed it again. When Quincy saw the attitude and state of the patient, and noted the horrible pool on the floor, he said softly, "My Lord! What's happened to him? Poor devil!"

I told him briefly and added that we expected he would recover consciousness after the operation, for a short time, at all events. He went at once and sat down on the edge of the bed, with Godalming beside him. We all watched in patience. "We'll wait," said Van Helsing, "just long enough to fix the best spot for trephine so that we may most quickly and perfectly remove the blood clot for it's evident that the haemorrhage's increasing." The minutes during which we waited passed with fearful slowness. I had a horrible sinking in my heart, and from Van Helsing's face, I gathered that he felt some fear or apprehension as to what was to come. I dreaded the words Renfield might speak. I was positively afraid to think. But the conviction of what was coming was on me, as I have read of men who have heard the death watch. The poor man's breathing came in uncertain gasps. Each instant he seemed as though he would open his eyes and speak but then would follow a prolonged torturous breath, and he would relapse into a more fixed insensibility. Inured as I was to sick beds and death, this suspense grew and grew upon me. I could almost hear the beating of my own heart, and the blood surging through my temples sounded like blows from a hammer. The silence finally became agonising. I looked at my companions, one after another, and saw from their flushed faces and damp brows that they were enduring equal torture. There was a nervous suspense over us all, as though overhead some dread bell would peal out powerfully when we should least expect it. At last there came a time when it was evident that the patient was sinking fast. He might die at any moment. I looked up at the Professor and caught his eyes fixed on mine. His face was sternly set as he spoke, "There's no time to lose. His words may be worth many lives. I've been thinking so as I stood here. It may be there's a soul at stake! We'll operate just above the ear."

Without another word he made the operation. For a few moments, the breathing continued to be torturous. Then there came a breath so prolonged that it seemed as though it would tear open his chest. Suddenly his eyes opened, and they became fixed in a wild, helpless stare. This was continued for a few moments, and then it was softened into a glad surprise, and a sigh of relief came from his lips. He moved convulsively, and as he did so, said, "I'll be quiet, Doctor. Tell them to take off the strait waistcoat. I've had a terrible dream and it's left me so weak that I can't move. What's wrong with my face? It feels all swollen and it smarts dreadfully."

He tried to turn his head but even with the effort his eyes seemed to grow glassy again so I gently put it back. Then Van Helsing said in a quiet grave tone, "Tell us thy dream, Mr. Renfield."

As he heard the voice his face brightened, through its mutilation, and he said, "That's Dr. Van Helsing. How good it's of you to be here. Give me some water, my lips're dry, and I'll try to tell you. I dreamed..."

He stopped and seemed fainting. I called quietly to Quincy, "The brandy, it's in my study, quick!"

He flew and returned with a glass, the decanter of brandy and a carafe of water. We moistened the parched lips, and the patient quickly revived. It seemed, however, that his poor injured brain had been working in the interval, for when he was quite conscious, he looked at me piercingly with an agonised confusion that I shall never forget, and said, "I mustn't deceive me. It's no dream but all a grim reality." Then his eyes roved round the room. As they caught sight of the two figures sitting patiently on the edge of the bed he went on, "If I weren't sure already, I'd know from them." For an instant his eyes closed, not with pain or sleep but voluntarily, as though he were bringing all his faculties to bear. When he opened them, he said hurriedly and with more energy than he had yet displayed, "Quick, Doctor, quick, I'm dying! I feel that I've but a few minutes and then I must go back to death or worse! Wet my lips with brandy again. I've something that I must say before I die. Or before my poor crushed brain dies anyhow. Thank you! It's that night after you left me when I implored you to let me go away. I'd not speak then for I felt my tongue's tied. But I was as sane then except in that way as I'm now. I was in an agony of despair for a long time after you left me, it seemed hours. Then there came a sudden peace to me. My brain seemed to become cool again and I realised where I was. I heard the dogs bark behind our house but not where he's!"

As he spoke, Van Helsing's eyes never blinked but his hand came out and met mine and gripped it hard. He did not, however, betray himself. He nodded slightly and said, "Go on," in a low voice.

Renfield proceeded. "He came up to the window in the mist as I'd seen him often before but he's solid then, not a ghost and his eyes're fierce like a man's when angry. He's laughing with his red mouth; the sharp white teeth glinted in the moonlight when he turned to look back over the belt of trees to where the dogs're barking. I'd not ask him to come in at first though I knew he wanna just as he'd wanted all along. Then he began promising me things, not in words but by doing them."

He was interrupted by a word from the Professor, "How?"

"By making they happen just as he used to send in the flies when the sun's shining, great big fat ones with steel and sapphire on their wings and big moths in the night with skull and crossbones on their backs."

Van Helsing nodded to him as he whispered to me unconsciously, "The Acherontia Atropos of the Sphinges, what you call the Death's-head Moth?"

The patient went on without stopping. "Then he began to whisper. Rats, rats, rats, hundreds, thousands, millions of them, and everyone a life, and dogs to eat them, and cats too, all lives! All red blood with years of life in it and not merely buzzing flies! I laughed at him, for I wanna see what he'd do. Then the dogs howled away beyond the dark trees in his house. He beckoned me to the window. I got up, looked out, he raised his hands, and seemed to call out using no words. A dark mass spread over the grass coming on like the shape of a flame of fire. Then he moved the mist to the right and left and I'd see that there're thousands of rats with their eyes blazing red like his, only smaller. He held up his hand, they all stopped, and I thought he seemed to be saying; all lives I'll give you ay, many more and greater through countless ages if you'll fall down and worship me! And then a red cloud like the colour of blood seemed to close over my eyes and before I knew what I was doing, I found me opening the sash and saying to him, come in, Lord and Master! The rats're all gone but he slid into the room through the sash though it's only open an inch wide just as the moon's herself often come in through the tiniest crack and it's stood before me in all her size and splendour."

His voice was weaker, so I moistened his lips with the brandy again, and he continued but it seemed as though his memory had gone on working in the interval for his story was further advanced. I was about to call him back to the point but Van Helsing whispered to me, "Let him go on. Don't interrupt him. He can't go back, and maybe couldn't proceed at all if once he lost the thread of his thought."

He proceeded, "All day I waited to hear from him but he sent me nothing, not even a blowfly and when the moon got up I was pretty angry with him. When he slid in through the window though its shut and didn't even knock, I got mad with him. He sneered at me and his white face looked out of the mist with his red eyes

gleaming, and he went on as though he owned the whole place, and I was none. He didn't even smell the same as he went by me. I'd not hold him. I thought that somehow, Mrs. Harker'd come into the room." The two men sitting on the bed stood up and came over, standing behind him so that he could not see them but where they could hear better. They were both silent but the Professor started and quivered. His face, however, grew grimmer and sterner still. Renfield went on without noticing, "When Mrs. Harker came in to see me this afternoon she's not the same. It's like tea after the teapot's been watered." Here we all moved but none said a word. He went on, "I didn't know that she's here until she spoke and didn't look the same. I don't care for the pale people. I like them with lots of blood in them and hers all seemed to have run out I didn't think of it at the time but when she went away I began to think and it made me mad to know that he'd been taking the life out of her." I could feel that the rest quivered, as I did. But we remained otherwise still. "So when he came tonight I was ready for him. I saw the mist stealing in and I grabbed it tight. I'd heard that lunatics've unnatural strength. As I knew I was a lunatic at times anyhow, I resolved to use my power. Ay and he felt it too for he'd to come out of the mist to struggle with me. I held tight, and I thought I was gonna win, for I meant him to take no more of her life until I saw his eyes. They burned into me and my strength became like water. He slipped through it and when I tried to cling to him, he raised me up and flung me down. There's a red cloud before me, a noise like thunder, and the mist seemed to steal away under the door."

His voice was becoming fainter and his breath more torturous. Van Helsing stood up instinctively. "We know the worst now," he said. "He's here, and we know his purpose. It mayn't be too late. Let's be armed, the same as we're the other night but lose no time, there's not an instant to spare." There was no need to put our fear, nay our conviction, into words, we shared them in common. We all hurried and took from our rooms the same things that we had when we entered the Count's house. The Professor had his ready and as we met in the corridor he pointed to them significantly as he said, "They never leave me, and they'll not until this unhappy business's over. Be wise also, my friends. No common enemy we deal with. Alas! Alas! That dear Madam Mina'd suffer!"

He stopped, his voice was breaking, and I do not know if rage or terror predominated in my own heart. Outside the Harkers' door we paused. Art and Quincy held back, and the latter said, "We'd disturb her?"

"We must," said Van Helsing grimly. "If the door be locked, I'll break it in."

"Mayn't it frighten her terribly? It's unusual to break into a lady's room!"

Van Helsing said solemnly, "You're always right. But this's life and death. All chambers're alike to the doctor. Even they're not; they're all as one to me tonight. Friend John, when I turn the handle, if the door doesn't open, you put thy shoulder down, shove, and you too, my friends, now!" He turned the handle as he spoke but the door did not yield. We threw ourselves against it. With a crash it burst open, and we almost fell headlong into the room. The Professor did actually fall, and I saw across him as he gathered himself up from hands and knees. What I saw appalled me. I felt my hair rise like bristles on the back of my neck, and my heart seemed to stand still. The moonlight was so bright that through the thick yellow blind the room was light enough to see. On the bed beside the window lay Jonathan Harker, his face flushed and breathing heavily as though in a stupor. Kneeling on the near edge of the bed facing outwards was the white-clad figure of his wife, by her side stood a tall, thin man, clad in black. His face was turned from us but the instant we saw we all recognised the Count, in every way, even to the scar on his forehead. With his left hand, he held both Mrs. Harker's hands, keeping them away with her arms at full tension. His right hand gripped her by the back of the neck, forcing her face down on his bosom. Her white nightdress was smeared with blood, and a thin stream trickled down the man's bare chest that was shown by his torn-open dress. The attitude of the two had a terrible resemblance to a child forcing a kitten's nose into a saucer of milk to compel it to drink. As we burst into the room, the Count turned his face, and the hellish look that I had heard described seemed to leap into it. His eyes flamed red with devilish passion. The great nostrils of the white aquiline nose opened wide and quivered at the edge, and the white sharp teeth, behind the full lips of the blood dripping mouth, clamped together like those of a wild beast. With a wrench that threw his victim back upon the bed as though hurled from a height, he turned and sprang at us. But by this time the Professor had gained his feet, and was holding towards him the envelope that contained the Sacred Wafer. *Even then at that awful moment with such a tragedy before my eyes, the figure of Mephistopheles in the Opera cowering before Margaret's lifted cross swam up before me and for an instant, I wondered if I were mad.* The Count suddenly stopped just as poor Lucy had done outside the tomb, and cowered back. Further and further back he cowered, as we, lifting our crucifixes, advanced. The moonlight suddenly failed, as a great black cloud sailed across the sky. When the gaslight sprang up under Quincy's match, we saw nothing but a faint vapour. This, as we looked, trailed under the door that with the recoil from its bursting open had swung back to its old position. Van Helsing, Art, and I moved forward to Mrs. Harker, who by this time had drawn her breath and with it had given a scream so wild, so ear piercing, so despairing that it seems to me now that it will ring in my ears until my dying day. For a few seconds she lay in her helpless attitude and disarray. Her face was ghastly, with a pallor that was accentuated by the blood that smeared her lips and cheeks and chin. From her throat trickled a thin stream of blood. Her eyes were mad with terror. Then she put before her face her poor crushed hands that bore on their whiteness the red mark of the Count's terrible grip, and from behind them came a low desolate wail that made the terrible scream seem only the quick expression of an endless grief. Van Helsing stepped forward and drew the coverlet gently over her body, whilst Art, after looking at her face for an instant despairingly, ran out of the room. Van Helsing whispered to me, "Jonathan's in a stupor such as we know the Vampire can produce. We can do nothing with poor Madam Mina for a few moments until she recovers herself. I must wake him!"

He dipped the end of a towel in cold water and with it began to flick him on the face, his wife all the while holding her face between her hands and sobbing in a way that was heart breaking to hear. I raised the blind, and looked out of the window. There was much moonshine, and as I looked, I could see Quincy Morris run across the lawn and hide himself in the shadow of a great yew tree. It puzzled me to think why he was doing this. But at the instant, I heard Harker's quick exclamation as he woke to partial consciousness, and turned to the bed. On his face, as there might well be, was a look of wild amazement. He seemed dazed for a few seconds, then full consciousness seemed to burst upon him all at once, and he started up. His wife was aroused by the quick movement, and turned to him with her arms stretched out, as though to embrace him. Instantly, however, she drew them in again, and putting her elbows together, held her hands before her face, and shuddered until the bed beneath her shook. "In Lord's name what does this mean?" Harker cried out. "Dr. Seward, Dr. Van Helsing, what's it? What's happened? What's wrong? Mina, dear what's it? What does that blood mean? My Lord, my Lord! It's come to this!" And, raising himself to his knees, he beat his hands wildly together. "Good Lord helps us! Help her! Oh, help her!" With a quick movement, he jumped from bed, and began to pull on his clothes, all the man in him awake at the need for instant exertion. "What's happened? Tell me all about it!" he cried without pausing. "Dr. Van Helsing you love Mina, I know. Oh, do something to save her. It can't have gone too far yet. Guard her while I look for him!"

His wife, through her terror and horror and distress, saw some sure danger to him. Instantly forgetting her own grief, she seized hold of him and cried out. "No! No! Jonathan, you mustn't leave me. I've suffered enough tonight, Lord knows, without the dread of his harming you. You must stay with me. Stay with these friends who'll watch over you!"

Her expression became frantic as she spoke. And, he yielding to her, she pulled him down sitting on the bedside, and clung to him fiercely. Van Helsing and I tried to calm them both. The Professor held up his golden crucifix, and said with wonderful calmness, "Don't fear, my dear. We're here, and whilst this's close to you, no foul thing can approach. You're safe for tonight, and we must be calm and take counsel together."

She shuddered and was silent, holding down her head on her husband's breast. When she raised it, his white night robe was stained with blood where her lips had touched, and where the thin open wound in the neck had sent forth drops. The instant she saw it she drew back, with a low wail, and whispered, amidst choking sobs, "Unclean, unclean! I must touch him or kiss him no more. Oh, that it'd be that I'm now his worst enemy and whom he may've most cause to fear."

To this, he spoke out resolutely, "Nonsense, Mina. It's a shame to me to hear such a word. I'd not hear it of you. I'll not hear it from you. May Lord Judge me by my deserts and punish me with more bitter suffering than even this hour if by any act or will of mine anything ever comes between us!"

He put out his arms and folded her to his breast. for a while, she lay there sobbing. He looked at us over her bowed head, with eyes that blinked damply above his quivering nostrils. His mouth was set as steel. After a while, her sobs became less frequent and fainter, and then he said to me, speaking with a studied calmness that I felt tried his nervous power to the utmost. "And now, Dr. Seward, tell me all about it. Too well, I know the broad fact. Tell me all that's been."

I told him exactly what had happened and he listened with seeming impassiveness but his nostrils twitched and his eyes blazed as I told how the ruthless hands of the Count had held his wife in that terrible and horrid position, with her mouth to the open wound in his breast. It interested me, even at that moment, to see that

whilst the face of white set passion worked convulsively over the bowed head, the hands tenderly and lovingly stroked the ruffled hair. Just as I had finished, Quincy and Godalming knocked at the door. They entered in obedience to our summons. Van Helsing looked at me questioningly. I understood him to mean if we were to take advantage of their coming to divert if possible the thoughts of the unhappy husband and wife from each other and from themselves. So on nodding acquiescence to him he asked them what they had seen or done. To which Lord Godalming answered. "I'd not see him anywhere in the passage, or in any of our rooms. I looked in the study but though he'd been there, he'd gone. He'd, however..."

He stopped suddenly, looking at the poor drooping figure on the bed. Van Helsing said gravely, "Go on, friend Arthur. We want here no more concealment. Our hope now's in knowing all. Tell freely!"

So, Art went on, "He'd been there and though it'd only've been for a few seconds, he made rare hay of the place. All the manuscript had been burned and the blue flames're flickering amongst the white ashes. The cylinders of thy phonograph're too thrown on the fire and the wax'd helped the flames."

Here I interrupted. "Thank Lord there's the other copy in the safe!"

His face lit for a moment but fell again as he went on. "I ran downstairs then but I'd see no sign of him. I looked into Renfield's room but there's no trace there except..."

Again, he paused. "Go on," said Harker hoarsely.

So he bowed his head and moistening his lips with his tongue, added, "except that the poor fellow's dead."

Mrs. Harker raised her head, looking from one to the other of us she said solemnly, "Lord's will be done!"

I could not but feel that Art was keeping back something. But as I took it that, it was with a purpose, I said nothing. Van Helsing turned to Morris and asked, "And you, friend Quincy, you've any to tell?"

"A little," he answered. "It may be much eventually but at present I can't say. I thought it well to know if possible where the Count'd go when he left the house. I didn't see him but I saw a bat rise from Renfield's window and flap westward. I expected to see him in some shape go back to Carfax but he evidently sought some other lair. He'll not be back tonight for the sky's reddening in the east and the dawn's close. We must work tomorrow!"

He said the latter words through his shut teeth. For a space of perhaps a couple of minutes there was silence, and I could fancy that I could hear the sound of our hearts beating. Then Van Helsing said, placing his hand tenderly on Mrs. Harker's head, "And now, Madam Mina, poor dear, dear, Madam Mina, tell us exactly what happened. Lord knows that I don't want that you be pained but it's need that we know all. For now more than ever's all work to be done quick, sharp, and in deadly earnest. The day's close to us that must end all if it may be so and now's the chance that we may live and learn."

The poor dear woman shivered and I could see the tension of her nerves as she clasped her husband closer to her and bent her head lower and lower still on his breast. Then she raised her head proudly, and held out one hand to Van Helsing who took it in his, and after stooping and kissing it reverently, held it fast. The other hand was locked in that of her husband, who held his other arm thrown round her protecting. After a pause in which she was evidently ordering her thoughts, she began. "I took the sleeping draught that you'd so kindly given me but for a long time it didn't act. I seemed to become more wakeful and myriads of horrible fancies began to crowd in upon my mind. All of them connected with death, vampires, blood, pain, and trouble." Her husband involuntarily groaned as she turned to him and said lovingly, "Don't fret, dear. You must be brave, strong, and help me through the horrible task. If you only knew what an effort, it's to me to tell of this fearful thing at all, you'd understand how much I need thy help. Well, I saw I must try to help the medicine to its work with my will if it's to do me any good so I resolutely set me to sleep. Sure enough, sleep must've soon come to me for I recall no more. Jonathan coming in hadn't waked me, for he lay by my side when next I recall. There's in the room the same thin white mist that I'd before noticed. But I forget now if you know of this. You'll find it in my diary that I'll show you later. I felt the same vague terror that'd come to me before, and the same sense of some presence. I turned to wake Jonathan but found that he slept so soundly that it seemed as if he'd taken the sleeping draught and not I. I tried but I'd not wake him. This caused me a great fear and I looked around terrified. Then indeed, my heart sank within me. Beside the bed as if he'd stepped out of the mist or rather as if the mist'd turned into his figure for it'd entirely disappeared, stood a tall, thin man, all in black. I knew him at once from the description of the others. The waxen face, the high aquiline nose on which the light fell in a thin white line, the parted red lips with the sharp white teeth showing between, and the red eyes that I'd seemed to see in the sunset on the windows of St. Mary's Church at Whitby. I knew, too, the red scar on his forehead where Jonathan'd struck him. For an instant, my heart stood still and I'd have screamed out only that I was paralysed. In the pause, he spoke in a sort of keen, cutting whisper, pointing as he spoke to Jonathan, Silence! If you make a sound, I'll take him and dash his brains out before thy very eyes. I was appalled and too bewildered to do or say anything. With a mocking smile, he placed one hand upon my shoulder and holding me tight, bared my throat with the other, saying as he did so, first, a little refreshment to reward my exertions. You may as well be quiet. It isn't the first time or the second that thy veins've appeased my thirst! I was bewildered and strangely enough, I didn't wanna hinder him. I suppose a part of the horrible curse such's when his touch's on his victim. oh my Lord, my Lord, pity me! He placed his reeking lips upon my throat!" Her husband groaned again. She clasped his hand harder, looked at him pityingly, as if he were the injured one, and went on. "I felt my strength fading away and was in a half swoon. How long this horrible thing lasted, I know not but it seemed that a long time must've passed before he took his foul, awful, sneering mouth away. I saw it drip with the fresh blood!" The remembrance seemed for a while to overpower her, and she drooped and she would have sunk down but for her husband's sustaining arm. With a great effort, she recovered herself and went on. "Then he spoke to me mockingly, and so you'd like the others, play thy brains against mine. You'd help these men to hunt and frustrate me in my design! You know now and they know in part already and will know in full before long, what it's to cross my path. They'd have kept their energies for use closer to home. Whilst they played wits against me who commanded nations, intrigued and fought for them, centuries before they're born, I was countermining them. You're their best beloved one, now to me, flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, kin of my kin, my bountiful winepress for a while, and shall be later on my companion and helper. You'll be avenged in turn and not one of them but they'll minister to thy needs. But you're to be punished for what you've done. You've aided in thwarting me. Now you'll come to my call. When my brain says Come! To you, you'll cross-land or sea to do my bidding to that end this! With that, he pulled open his shirt and with his long sharp nails opened a vein in his chest. When the blood began to spurt out, he took my hands in one of his, holding them tight, and with the other seized my neck and pressed my mouth to the wound so that I must either suffocate or swallow some to the ... oh, my Lord, my Lord! What've I done? What've I done to deserve such a fate, I who've tried to walk in meekness and righteousness all my days? Lord Pities me! Look down on a poor soul in worse than mortal peril. in mercy pity those to whom she's dear!"

Then she began to rub her lips as though to cleanse them from pollution. As she was telling her terrible story, the eastern sky began to quicken, and everything became more and more clear. Harker was still and quiet. But over his face, as the awful narrative went on, came a grey look that deepened and deepened in the morning light, until when the first red streak of the coming dawn shot up, the flesh stood darkly out against the whitening hair. We have arranged that one of us is to stay within call of the unhappy pair until we can meet together and arrange about taking action. Of this, I am sure. The sun rises today on no more miserable house in all the great round of its daily course. The time seemed terribly long whilst we were waiting for the coming of Godalming and Quincy Morris. The Professor tried to keep our minds active by using them all the time. I could see his beneficent purpose, by the side-glances that he threw from time to time at Harker. The poor fellow is overwhelmed in a misery that is appalling to see. Last night he was a frank, happy-looking man, with strong, youthful face, full of energy, and with dark brown hair. Today he is a drawn, haggard old man, whose white hair matches well with the hollow burning eyes and grief-written lines of his face. His energy is still intact. In fact, he is like a living flame. This may yet be his salvation, for if all go well, it will tide him over the despairing period. He will then, in a kind of way, wake again to the realities of life. Poor fellow, I thought my own trouble was bad enough but his...! The Professor knows this well enough, and is doing his best to keep his mind active. What he has been saying was, under the circumstances, of absorbing interest. As well as I can recall, here it is: "I've studied repeatedly since they came into my hands, all the papers relating to this monster, and the more I've studied, the greater seems the necessity to utterly stamp him out. All through there're signs of his advance. Not only of his power but also of his knowledge of it as I learned from the researches of my friend Arminius of Budapest, he's in life a most wonderful man, soldier, diplomat, and alchemist. Which latter's the highest development of the science knowledge of his time. He'd a mighty brain, learning beyond compare, and a heart that knew no fear and remorse. He dared even to attend the Scholomance and no branch of

knowledge of his time he didn't essay. Well, in him the brain powers survived the physical death. Though it'd seem that memory's not all complete. In some faculties of mind he's been and is, only a child but he's growing, and some things that're childish at the first're now of man's stature. He's experimenting and doing it well. if it'd not been that we've crossed his path he'd be yet, he may be yet if we fail, the dad or furtherer of a new order of beings whose road must lead through Death not Life."

Harker groaned and said, "And this's all arrayed against my darling! But how's he experimenting? The knowledge may help us to defeat him!"

"He's all along, since his coming, been trying his power, slowly but surely. That big child brain of his is working. Well for us, it's yet a child-brain for he'd dared at the first to attempt certain things he'd long ago have been beyond our power. However, he means to succeed, and a man who's centuries before him can afford to wait and to go slow. *Festina lente* may well be his motto."

"I fail to understand," said Harker wearily. "Oh, do be plainer to me! Perhaps grief and trouble're dulling my brain."

The Professor lay his hand tenderly on his shoulder as he spoke, "Ah, my child, I'll be plain. Don't you see how, of late, this monster's been creeping into knowledge experimentally? How he's been making use of the zoophagous patient to effect his entry into friend John's home. For thy Vampire though in all afterwards he can come when and how he'll, must at the first make entry only when asked thereto by an inmate. But these aren't his most important experiments. Don't we see how at the first all these so great boxes're moved by others? He knew not then but that must be so. But all the time that so great child-brain of his was growing and he began to consider whether he mightn't himself move the box. So he began to help. Then, when he found that this's all right, he tried to move them all alone. so he progress, and he scatter these graves of him. None but he know where they're hidden. He may've intended to bury them deep in the ground. So that only he uses them in the night or when he can change his form, they do him equal well, and none may know these're his hiding place! But my child, don't despair, this knowledge came to him just too late! Already all of his lairs but one's sterilise as for him. Before the sunset, this'll be so. Then he's no place, where he can move and hide. I delayed this morning that so we might be sure. Isn't there more at stake for us than for him, then why not be more careful than him? By my clock, it's one hour and already, if all's well, friend Arthur and Quincy're on their way to us. Today's our day, we must go sure if slow, and lose no chance. See! There're five of us when those absent ones return."

Whilst we were speaking, we were startled by a knock at the hall door, the double mail carrier's knock of the telegraph boy. We all moved out to the hall with one impulse, and Van Helsing, holding up his hand to us to keep silence, stepped to the door, and opened it. The boy handed in a dispatch. The Professor closed the door again, and after looking at the direction, opened it and read aloud. There was a pause, broken by Jonathan Harker's voice, "Now, Lord be thanked, we'll soon meet!"

Van Helsing turned to him quickly, said, "Lord'll act in His Own Way and Time, don't fear or rejoice yet for what we wish for at the moment may be our own undoing."

"I care for nothing now," he answered hotly, "except to wipe out this brute from the face of creation. I'd sell my soul to do it!"

"Oh, hush, hush, my child!" said Van Helsing. "Lord doesn't purchase souls in this wise and the Devil though he may purchase, doesn't keep faith. But Lord's merciful, just, knows thy pain, and devotion to that dear Madam Mina. Think you, how her pain'd be doubled, did she but hear thy wild words. Do fear none of us; we're all devoted to this cause. today'll see the end. The time's coming for action. Today this Vampire's limit to the powers of man and until sunset, he mayn't change. It'll take him time to arrive here, see it is twenty minutes past one and there're yet some times before he can here come, be he never so quick. What we must hope for is that my Lord Arthur and Quincy arrive first."

About half an hour after we had received Mrs. Harker's telegram, there came a quiet, resolute knock at the hall door. It was just an ordinary knock, such as is given hourly by thousands of men but it made the Professor's heart and mine beat loudly. We looked at each other, and together moved out into the hall. We each held ready to use our various armaments, the spiritual in the left hand, and the mortal in the right. Van Helsing pulled back the latch, and holding the door half open, stood back, having both hands ready for action. The gladness of our hearts must have shown that upon our faces when on the step, close to the door, we saw Lord Godalming and Quincy Morris. They came quickly in and closed the door behind them, the former saying, as they moved along the hall. "It's all right. We found both places. Six boxes in each and we destroyed them all."

"Destroyed?" asked the Professor.

"For him!" we were silent for a minute, and then Quincy said, "There's nothing to do but to wait here. If, however, he doesn't turn up by five o'clock, we must start. For it won't do to leave Mrs. Harker alone after sunset."

"He'll be here before long now," said Van Helsing, who had been consulting his pocketbook. "Nota Bene in Madam's telegram he went south from Carfax. That means he went to cross the river and he'd only do so at slack of tide that'd be something before one o'clock. That he went south's a meaning for us. He's yet only suspicious and he went from Carfax first to the place where he'd suspect interference least. You must've been at Bermondsey only a short time before him. That he isn't here already shows that he went to Mile End next. This took him some time for he'd then have to be carried over the river in someway. Believe me, my friends, we'll not have long to wait now. We'd have ready some plan of attack so that we may throw away no chance. Hush, there's no time now. Have all thy arms! Be ready!"

He held up a warning hand as he spoke, for we all could hear a key softly inserted in the lock of the hall door. I could not but admire, even at such a moment, the way in which a dominant spirit asserted itself. In all our hunting parties and adventures in different parts of the world, Quincy Morris had always been the one to arrange the plan of action, and Arthur and I had been accustomed to obey him implicitly. Now, the old habit seemed to be renewed instinctively. With a swift glance around the room, he at once laid out our plan of attack, and without speaking, a word, with a gesture, placed us each in position. Van Helsing, Harker, and I were just behind the door, so that when it was opened the Professor could guard it whilst we two stepped between the incomer and the door. Godalming behind and Quincy in front stood just out of sight ready to move in front of the window. We waited in a suspense that made the seconds pass with nightmare slowness. The slow, careful steps came along the hall. The Count was evidently prepared for some surprise, at least he feared it. Suddenly with a single bound, he leaped into the room. Winning a way past us before any of us could raise a hand to stay him. There was something so panther-like in the movement, something so inhuman, that it seemed to sober us all from the shock of his coming. The first to act was Harker, who with a quick movement threw himself before the door leading into the room in the front of the house. As the Count saw us, a horrible sort of snarl passed over his face, showing the eyeteeth long and pointed. But the evil smile as quickly passed into a cold stare of lion-like disdain. His expression again changed as, with a single impulse, we all advanced upon him. It was a pity that we had not some better organized plan of attack, for even at the moment I wondered what we were to do. I did not myself know whether our lethal weapons would avail us anything. Harker evidently meant to try the matter, for he had ready his great Kukri knife and made a fierce and sudden cut at him. The blow was a powerful one. Only the diabolical quickness of the Count's leap back saved him. A second less and the trenchant blade had shorn through his coat, making a wide gap whence a bundle of bank notes and a stream of gold fell out. The expression of the Count's face was so hellish, that for a moment I feared for Harker, though I saw him throw the terrible knife aloft again for another stroke. Instinctively I moved forward with a protective impulse, holding the Crucifix and Wafer in my left hand. I felt a mighty power fly along my arm, and it was without surprise that I saw the monster cower back before a similar movement made spontaneously by each one of us. It would be impossible to describe the expression of hate and baffled malignity, of anger and hellish rage that came over the Count's face. His waxen hue became greenish-yellow by the contrast of his burning eyes, and the red scar on the forehead showed on the pallid skin like a palpitating wound. The next instant, with a sinuous dive he swept under Harker's arm, ere his blow could fall, and grasping a handful of the money from the floor, dashed across the room, threw him at the window. Amid the crash and glitter of the falling glass, he tumbled into the flagged area below. Through the sound of the shivering glass, I could hear the ting of the gold, as some of the sovereigns fell on the flagging. We ran over and saw him spring unhurt from the ground. He, rushing up the steps, crossed the flagged yard, and pushed opens the stable door. There he turned and spoke to us. "You think to baffle me with thy pale faces all in a row like sheep in a butcher's. You'll be sorry yet, each one of you! You think you've left me without a place to rest but I've more. My revenge's just begun! I spread it over centuries and time's on my side. Thy girls that you all love're mining already. Through them, you and others'll yet be mine, my creatures to do my bidding and to be my

jackals when I wanna feed. Bah!"

With a contemptuous sneer, he passed quickly through the door, and we heard the rusty bolt creak as he fastened it behind him. A door beyond opened and shut. The first of us to speak was the Professor. Realising the difficulty of following him through the stable, we moved toward the hall. "We've learnt something ... much! Notwithstanding his brave words, he fears us. He fears time; he fears want! For if not, why he hurries so? His very tone betrays him or my ears deceive. Why take that money? You follow quickly. You're hunters of the wild beast and understand it so. For me, I make sure that nothing here may be of use to him, if so that he returns." As he spoke, he put the money remaining in his pocket, took the title deeds in the bundle as Harker had left them, and swept the remaining things into the open fireplace, where he set fire to them with a match. Godalming and Morris had rushed out into the yard, and Harker had lowered himself from the window to follow the Count. He had, however, bolted the stable door, and by the time they had forced it open there was no sign of him. Van Helsing and I tried to make inquiry at the back of the house. But the mews was deserted and none had seen him depart. It was now late in the afternoon, and sunset was not far off. We had to recognise that our game was up. With heavy hearts, we agreed with the Professor when he said, "Let's go back to Madam Mina, poor, poor dear Madam Mina. All we can do just now's done and we can there at least, protect her. But we needn't despair. There's but one more earth box and we must try to find it. When that's done all may yet be well."

I could see that he spoke as bravely as he could to comfort Harker. The poor fellow was quite broken down; now and again, he gave a low groan that he could not suppress. He was thinking of his wife. With sad hearts, we came back to my house, where we found Mrs. Harker waiting us, with an appearance of cheerfulness that did honour to her bravery and unselfishness. When she saw our faces, her own became as pale as death. For a second or two her eyes were closed as if she were in secret prayer. then she said cheerfully, "I can never thank you all enough, oh, my poor darling!" As she spoke, she took her husband's grey head in her hands and kissed it. "Lay thy poor head here and rest it. All'll yet be well, dear! Lord'll Protect us if He so Wills it in His good intent." The poor fellow groaned. There was no place for words in his sublime misery. We had a sort of perfunctory supper together, and I think it cheered us all up somewhat. It was, perhaps, the mere animal heat of food to hungry people, for none of us had eaten anything since breakfast, or the sense of companionship may have helped us but anyhow we were all less miserable, and saw the morrow as not altogether without hope. True to our promise, we told Mrs. Harker everything that had passed. Although she grew snowy white at times when danger had seemed to threaten her husband, and red at others when his devotion to her was manifested she listened bravely and with calmness. When we came to the part where Harker had rushed at the Count so recklessly, she clung to her husband's arm, and held it tight as though her clinging could protect him from any harm that might come. She said nothing, however, until the narration was all done, and matters had been brought up to the present time. Then without letting go her husband's hand, she stood up amongst us and spoke. Oh, that I could give any idea of the scene. Of that sweet, sweet, good, good woman in all the radiant beauty of her youth and animation, with the red scar on her forehead, of which she was conscious, and which we saw with grinding of our teeth, recalling whence and how it came. Her loving kindness against our grim hate; her tender faith against all our fears, doubting, and we, knowing that so far as symbols went, she with all her goodness and purity and faith, was outcast from Lord. "Jonathan," she said, and the word sounded like music on her lips it was so full of love and tenderness, "Jonathan dear and you all my true, true friends, I want you to bear something in mind through all this dreadful time. I know that you must fight. That you must destroy even as you destroyed the false Lucy so that the true Lucy might live hereafter. But it isn't a work of hate. That poor soul who's wrought all this misery's the saddest case of all. Just think what'll be his joy when he's, too, destroyed in his worse part that his better part may've spiritual immortality. You must be pitiful to him, too, though it mayn't hold thy hands from his destruction."

As she spoke, I could see her husband's face darken and draw together, as though the passion in him were shrivelling his being to its core. Instinctively the clasp on his wife's hand grew closer, until his knuckles looked white. She did not flinch from the pain that I knew she must have suffered but looked at him with eyes that were more appealing than ever. As she stopped speaking, he leaped to his feet, almost tearing his hand from hers as he spoke. "May Lord give him into my hand just for long enough to destroy that earthly life of him which we're aiming at. If beyond it I'd send his soul forever and ever to burning hell I'd do it!"

"Oh, hush! Oh, hush in the Name of the good Lord. Don't say such things, Jonathan, my husband, or you'll crush me with fear and horror. Just think, my dear ... I've been thinking all this long, long day of it ... that ... perhaps ... someday ... I, too, may need such pity, that some other like you, and with equal cause for anger, may deny it to me! Oh, my husband! My husband, indeed I'd have spared you such a thought'd there been another way. But I pray that Lord mayn't have treasured thy wild words, except as the heart-broken wail of a very loving and sorely stricken man. Oh, Lord, let these poor white hairs go in evidence of what he's suffered who all his life's done no wrong and on whom so many sorrows have come." We men were all in tears now. There was no resisting them, and we wept openly. She wept, too, to see that her sweeter counsels had prevailed. Her husband flung himself on his knees beside her, and putting his arms round her, hid his face in the folds of her dress. Van Helsing beckoned to us and we stole out of the room, leaving the two loving hearts alone with their Lord. Before they retired the Professor fixed up the room against any coming of the Vampire, and assured Mrs. Harker that she might rest in peace. She tried to school herself to the belief, and manifestly for her husband's sake, tried to seem content. It was a brave struggle, and was; I think and believe, not without its reward. Van Helsing had placed at hand a bell that either of them was to sound in case of any emergency. When they had retired, Quincy, Godalming, and I arranged that, we should sit up, dividing the night between us, and watch over the safety of the poor stricken woman. The first watch falls to Quincy, so the rest of us shall be off to bed as soon as we can. Godalming has already turned in, for his is the second watch. Now that my work is done I, too shall go to bed.

CHAPTER XXC

LETTER FROM MINA HARKER TO JONATHAN HARKER AND VAN HELSING

3 October,

Look out for D. He's just now come from Carfax hurriedly at 12:45 and hastened towards the South. He seems to be going the round and may wanna see you. Mina.

CHAPTER XXCI

DR. SEWARD'S PHONOGRAPH DIARY SPOKEN BY VAN HELSING

This, to Jonathan Harker, you're to stay with thy dear Madam Mina. We'll go to make our search if I can call it so, for it isn't search but knowing and we seek confirmation only. But do you stay and take care of her today. This's thy best and holiest office. This day nothing can find him here. Lemme tell you that so you'll know what we four know already, for I've tell them. Our enemy's gone away. He's gone back to his Castle in Transylvania. I know it so well, as if a great hand of fire wrote it on the wall. He's prepared for this in someway, and that last earth box's ready to ship somewhere. For this, he took the money. For this he hurry at the last, lest we catch him before the sun go down. It's his last hope, save that he might hide in the tomb that he thinks poor Miss Lucy, being as he thought like him, and keep open to him. But there's no time. When that fails, he made straight for his last resource, his last earthwork I might say did I wish double entente. He's clever, oh so clever! He knows that his game here's finished. So he decides he go back home. He finds ship going by the route he came, and he goes in it. We go off now to find what ship, and where bound. When we've discovered that, we come back and tell you all. Then we'll comfort you and poor Madam Mina with new hope. For it'll be hope when you think it over, that all isn't lost. The very creature that we pursue, he takes centuries to get as far as London. yet in one day, when we know of the disposal of him we drive him out. He's finite, though he's powerful to do much harm and suffers not as we do but we're strong, each in our purpose, and we're all stronger to-get-her. Take heart afresh, dear husband of Madam Mina. This battle's but begun and in the end we'll win, so sure, that that Lord Sits on High to Watch over His children. Therefore, be of much comfort until we return – Van Helsing.

CHAPTER XXCII

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

3 October,

As I must do something or go mad, I write this diary. It is now six o'clock, and we are to meet in the study in half an hour and take something to eat, for Dr. Van

Helsing and Dr. Seward are agreed that if we do not eat we cannot work our best. Our best will be, Lord knows, required today. I must keep writing at every chance, for I dare not stop to think. All, big and little, must go down. Perhaps at the end the little things may teach us most. The teaching, big or little, could not have landed Mina or me anywhere worse than we are today. However, we must trust and hope. Poor Mina told me just now, with the tears running down her dear cheeks that it is in trouble and trial that our faith is tested. That we must keep on trusting, and that Lord will aid us up to the end, the end, oh my Lord! What end? To work, to work! When Dr. Van Helsing and Dr. Seward had come back from seeing poor Renfield, we went gravely into what was to be done. First, Dr. Seward told us that when he and Dr. Van Helsing had gone down to the room below, they had found Renfield lying on the floor, all in a heap. His face was all bruised and crushed in, and the bones of the neck were broken. Dr. Seward asked the attendant who was on duty in the passage if he had heard anything. He said that he had been sitting down, he confessed to half dozing, when he heard loud voices in the room, and then Renfield had called out loudly several times, "Lord, Lord, Lord!"

After that, there was a sound of falling, and when he entered the room, he found him lying on the floor, face down, just as the doctors had seen him. Van Helsing asked if he had heard voices or a voice, and he said he could not say. That at first it had seemed to him as if there were two but as there was none in the room it could have been only one. He could swear to it, if required, that the word Lord be spoken by the patient. Dr. Seward said to us, when we were alone, that he did not wish to go into the matter. The question of an inquest had to be considered, and it would never do to put forward the truth, as none would believe it. As it was, he thought that on the attendant's evidence he could give a certificate of death by misadventure in falling from bed. In case the coroner should demand it, there would be a formal inquest, necessarily to the same result. When the question began to be discussed as to what should be our next step, the very first thing we decided was that Mina should be in full confidence. That nothing of any sort, no matter how painful, should be kept from her. She herself agreed as to its wisdom, and it was pitiful to see her so brave and yet so sorrowful, and in such a depth of despair. "There must be no concealment," she said. "Alas! We've had too much already. Besides there's nothing in the entire world that can give me more pain than I've already endured, than I suffer now! Whatever may happen, it must be of new hope or of new courage to me!"

Van Helsing was looking at her fixedly as she spoke, and said, suddenly but quietly, "But dear Madam Mina, you're not afraid. Not for you but for others from you after what's happened?"

Her face grew set in its lines but her eyes shone with the devotion of a martyr as she answered, "Ah no, for my mind's made up!"

"To what?" he asked gently, whilst we were all very still, for each in our own way we had a sort of vague idea of what she meant.

Her answer came with direct simplicity, as though she was simply stating a fact, "Because if I find in me, and I'll watch keenly for it, a sign of harm to any that I love, I'll die!"

"You'd not kill yourself?" he asked, hoarsely.

"I'd if there're no friend who loved me who'd save me such a pain and so desperate an effort!"

She looked at him with meaning as she spoke. He was sitting down but now he rose and came close to her and put his hand on her head as he said solemnly. "My child, there's such a one if it's for thy good. For me I'd hold it in my account with Lord to find such euthanasia for you, even at this moment if it's best. Nay, it's safe! But my child..." for a moment, he seemed choked, and a great sob rose in his throat. He gulped it down and went on, "here some'd stand between you and death. You mustn't die. You must die by no hand but least of all thy own. Until the other who's fouled thy sweet life's true dead you mustn't die. For if he's still with the quick Un-Dead, thy death'd make you even as he's. No, you must live! You must struggle and strive to live though death'd seem a boon unspeakable. You must fight Death himself, though he comes to you in pain or in joy by the day or night in safety or peril! On thy living soul, I charge you: that you don't die, either ay, nor think of death until this great evil be past."

The poor dear grew white as death, and shook and shivered, as I have seen a quicksand shake and shiver at the incoming of the tide. We were all silent. We could do nothing. At length she grew more calm and turning to him said sweetly but oh so sorrowfully, as she held out her hand, "I promise you, my dear friend that if Lord'll let me live, I'll strive to do so until if it may be in His good time, this horror may've passed away from me."

She was so good and brave that we all felt that our hearts were strengthened to work and endure for her, and we began to discuss what we were to do. I told her that she was to have all the papers in the safe, and all the papers or diaries and phonographs we might hereafter use, and was to keep the record as she had done before. She was pleased with the prospect of anything to do, if pleased could be used in connection with so grim an interest. As usual, Van Helsing had thought ahead of everyone else, and was prepared with an exact ordering of our work. "It's perhaps well," he said, "that at our meeting after our visit to Carfax we decided to do nothing with the earth boxes that lay there. We'd done so; the Count must've guessed our purpose and would've doubtless taken measures in advance to frustrate such an effort with regard to the others. But now he doesn't know our intentions. Nay, more, in all probability, he doesn't know that such a power exists to us as can sterilise his lairs so that he can't use them as of old. We're now so much further advanced in our knowledge as to their disposition that when we've examined the house in Piccadilly, we may track the very last of them. Today's then ours and in it rests our hope. The sun that rose on our sorrow this morning guards us in its course. Until it sets, tonight that monster must retain whatever form he's now. He's confined within the limitations of his earthly envelope. He can't melt into thin air nor disappear through cracks, chinks, or crannies. If he goes through a doorway, he must open the door like a mortal. so we've this day to hunt out all his lairs and sterilise them. So we'll, if we've not yet caught, destroy, and drive him to bay in some place where the catching and the destroying'll be in time, sure." Here I started up for I could not contain myself at the thought that the minutes and seconds so precious laden with Mina's life and happiness were flying from us, since whilst we talked action was impossible. But Van Helsing held up his hand warningly. "Nay, friend Jonathan," he said, "in this, the quickest way home's the longest way, so thy proverb says. We'll all act with desperate quick when the time's come. But think in all probable the key of the situation's in that house in Piccadilly. The Count may've many houses that he's bought. Of them, he'll have deeds of purchase, keys, and other things. He'll have paper that he writes. He'll have his book of cheques. There're many belongings that he must've somewhere. Why not in this place so central, so quiet where he comes and goes by the front or the back at all hours when in the very vast of the traffic there's none to notice. We'll go there and search that house. when we learn what it holds, then we do what our friend Arthur calls in his phrases of hunt stop the earths and so we run down our old fox, so? Isn't it?"

"Then let's come at once," I cried, "we're wasting the precious, precious time!"

The Professor did not move but simply said, "And how're we to get into that house in Piccadilly?"

"Anyway!" cried I, "We'll break in if need be."

"And thy police, where'll they be, and what'll they say?"

I was staggered but I knew that if he wished to delay he had a good reason for it. So I said, as quietly as I could, "Don't wait more than need be. You know I'm sure, what torture I'm in."

"Ah, my child, that I do and indeed, there's no wish of me to add to thy anguish. But just think what we can do until the entire world's at movement. Then will come our time. I've thought and it seems to me that the simplest way's the best of all. Now we wish to get into the house but we've no key. Isn't it so?" I nodded. "Now suppose that you're in truth, the owner of that house, and couldn't still get in. think there's to you no conscience of the housebreaker what'd you do?"

"I'd get a respectable locksmith and set him to work to pick the lock for me."

"And thy police, they'd interfere, they'd not?"

"Oh no! Not if they knew the man's properly employed."

"Then," he looked at me as keenly as he spoke, "all that's in doubt's the conscience of the employer and the belief of thy policemen as to whether or not that employer's a good conscience or a bad one. thy police must indeed be zealous men and clever, oh so clever in reading the heart that they trouble themselves in such matter. No, my friend Jonathan, you go take the lock off a hundred empty houses in this thy London or of any city in the world. If you do it, as such, things're rightly done and at the time, such things're rightly done, none'll interfere. I've read of a man who owned a so fine house in London, when he went for months of summer to Switzerland, lock up his house, some burglar come, broke window at back, and got in. Then he went and made open the shutters in front, walk out, and

in through the door before the very eyes of the police. Then he's an auction in that house, advertises it, and put up big notice. when the day comes, he sells off by a great auctioneer all the goods of that other man who own them. Then he goes to a builder and he sells him that house, making an agreement that he pulls it down, takes all away within a certain time, thy police and other authority help him all they can, and when the owner comes back from his holiday in Switzerland, he finds only an empty hole where his house'd been. This's all done enregle and in our work, we'll be enregle too. We'll not go so early that the police officers, who've then little to think of, shall deem it strange. But we'll go after ten o'clock when there're many about and such things'd be done we're indeed owners of the house." I could not but see how right he was and the terrible despair of Mina's face became relaxed in thought. There was hope in such good counsel. Van Helsing went on, "When once within that house we may find more clues. At any rate some of us can remain there whilst the rest find the other places where there be more earth boxes at Bermond-sey and Mile End."

Lord Godalming stood up. "I can be of some use here," he said. "I'll wire to my people to have horses and carriages where they'll be most convenient."

"Look here, old fellow," said Morris, "it's a capital idea to have all ready in case we wanna go horse backing but don't you think that one of thy snappy carriages with its heraldic adornments in a byway of Walworth or Mile End'd attract too much attention for our purpose? It seems to me that we ought to take cabs when we go south or east. even leave them somewhere near the neighbourhood we're gonna."

"Friend Quincy's right!" said the Professor. "His head's what you call in plane with the horizon. It's a difficult thing that we go to do and want no people to watch us if so it may."

Mina took a growing interest in everything and I was rejoiced to see that the exigency of affairs was helping her to forget for a time the terrible experience of the night. She was very, very pale, almost ghastly, and so thin that her lips were drawn away, showing her teeth in somewhat of prominence. I did not mention this last, lest it should give her needless pain but it made my blood run cold in my veins to think of what had occurred with poor Lucy when the Count had sucked her blood. Yet there was no sign of the teeth growing sharper but the time yet was short, and there was time for fear. When we came to the discussion of the sequence of our efforts and of the disposition of our forces, there were new sources of doubt. It was finally agreed that before starting for Piccadilly we should destroy the Count's lair nearby. In case he should find it out too soon, we should thus be still ahead of him in our work of destruction. his presence in his purely material shape, and at his weakest, might give us some new clue. As to the disposal of forces, it was suggested by the Professor that, after our visit to Carfax, we should all enter the house in Piccadilly that the two doctors and I should remain there, whilst Lord Godalming and Quincy found the lairs at Walworth and Mile End and destroyed them. It was possible, if not likely, the Professor urged, that the Count might appear in Piccadilly during the day and that if so we might be able to cope with him immediately. At any rate, we might be able to follow him in force. To this plan I strenuously objected, and so far as my going was concerned, for I said that I intended to stay and protect Mina. I thought that my mind was made up on the subject but Mina would not listen to my objection. She said that some law matter in which I could be useful. That amongst the Count's papers might be some clue that I could understand out of my experience in Transylvania. that, as it was, all the strength we could muster was required to cope with the Count's extraordinary power. I had to give in, for Mina's resolution was fixed. She said that it was the last hope for her that we should all work together. "As for me," she said, "I've no fear. Things've been as bad as they can be. whatever may happen: must've in it some element of hope or comfort. Go, my husband! Lord can, if He Wishes it, guard me as well alone as with anyone present."

So I started up crying out, "Then in Lord's name let's come at once, for we're losing time. The Count may come to Piccadilly earlier than we think."

"Not so!" said Van Helsing, holding up his hand.

"But why?" asked I.

"Do you forget," he said, with actually a smile, "that last night he banqueted heavily, and will sleep late?"

Did I forget! I'll ever ... can I ever! Can any of us ever forget that terrible scene!

Mina struggled hard to keep her brave countenance but the pain overmastered her and she put her hands before her face, and shuddered whilst she moaned. Van Helsing had not intended to recall her frightful experience. He had simply lost sight of her and her part in the affair in his intellectual effort. When it struck him what he said, he was horrified at his thoughtlessness and tried to comfort her. "Oh, Madam Mina," he said, "dear, dear, Madam Mina, alas! That I of all who so reverence you'd have said anything so forgetful, these stupid old lips of mine and head don't deserve so but you'll forget it, won't you?"

He bent low beside her as he spoke. She took his hand, and looking at him through her tears, said hoarsely, "No, I'll not forget, for its well that I recall. with it, I've so much in memory of you that's sweet that I take it all together. Now, you must all be going soon. Breakfast's ready, and we must all eat that we may be strong." Breakfast was a strange meal to us all. We tried to be cheerful and encourage each other, and Mina was the brightest and most cheerful of us. When it was over, Van Helsing stood up and said, "Now, my dear friends, we go forth to our terrible enterprise. We're all armed, as we're on that night when first we visited our enemy's lair! Armed against ghostly as well as carnal attack?" We all assured him. "Then it's well. Now, Madam Mina, you're in any case quite safe here until the sunset. before then we'll return ... if ... we'll return! But before we go let me see you armed against personal attack. I've me, since you came down, prepared thy chamber by the placing of things of which we know so that he mayn't enter. Now let me guard you. On thy forehead I touch this piece of Sacred Wafer in the Name of the Lord..."

A fearful scream almost froze our hearts to hear. As he had placed the Wafer on Mina's forehead, it had seared it ... had burned into the flesh as though it had been a piece of white-hot metal. My poor darling's brain had told her the significance of the fact as quickly as her nerves received the pain of it, and the two so overwhelmed her that her overwrought nature had its voice in that dreadful scream. But the words to her thought came quickly. The echo of the scream had not ceased to ring on the air when there came the reaction, and she sank on her knees on the floor in an agony of abasement. Pulling her beautiful hair over her faces, as the leper of old his mantle, she wailed out. "Unclean! Unclean! Even the Almighty shuns my polluted flesh! I must bear this mark of shame upon my forehead until the Judgement Day."

They all paused. I had thrown myself beside her in an agony of helpless grief, and putting my arms around held her tight. For a few minutes, our sorrowful hearts beat together, whilst the friends around us turned away their eyes that ran tears silently. Then Van Helsing turned and said gravely. So gravely that I could not help feeling that he was in some way inspired, and was stating things outside himself. "It may be that you may've to bear that mark until Lord Himself Sees fit as He'll most surely on the Judgement Day to redress all wrongs of the earth and of His children that He's Placed thereon. oh, Madam Mina, my dear, may we who love you be there to see when that red scar, the sign of Lord's knowledge of what's been shall pass away and leave thy forehead as pure as the heart we know. For so surely as we live that scar'll pass away when Lord sees right to lift the burden that's hard upon us until then we bear our burden as His Prophet did in obedience to His Will. It may be that we're chosen instruments of His good pleasure and that we ascend to His bidding as that other through stripes and shame. Through tears, blood, doubts, fear, and all that make the difference between Lord and man."

There was hope in his words, and comfort. they made for resignation. Mina and I both felt so, and simultaneously we each took one of the old man's hands and bent over and kissed it. Then without a word, we all knelt down together, and all holding hands, swore to be true to each other. We men pledged ourselves to raise the veil of sorrow from the head of her whom, each in his own way, we loved. we prayed for help and guidance in the terrible task that lay before us. It was then time to start. So I said farewell to Mina, a parting that neither of us shall forget to our dying day, and we set out. To one thing, I have made up my mind. If we find out that Mina must be a vampire in the end, then she shall not go into that unknown and terrible land alone. I suppose it is thus that in old times one vampire meant many. Just as their hideous bodies could only rest in sacred earth, so the holiest love was the recruiting sergeant for their ghastly ranks. We entered Carfax without trouble and found all things the same as on the first occasion. It was hard to believe that amongst so prosaic surroundings of neglect and dust and decay there was any ground for such fear, as already we knew. Had not our minds been made up, and had there not been terrible memories to spur us on, we could hardly have proceeded with our task. We found no papers, or any sign of use in the house. in the old chapel the great boxes looked just as we had seen them last. Dr. Van Helsing said to us solemnly as we stood before him. "And now, my friends, we've a duty here to do. We must sterilise this earth so sacred of holy memories that he's brought from a far distant land for such fell use. He's chosen this earth because it's been holy. Thus, we defeat him with his own weapon for we make it holier still. It's sanctified to such use of man now we sanctify it to Lord."

As he spoke he took from his bag a screwdriver and a wrench, and very soon, the top of one of the cases was thrown open. The earth smelled musty and close but we did not somehow seem to mind, for our attention was concentrated on the Professor. Taking from his box a piece of the Sacred Wafer he laid it reverently on the earth, and then shutting down the lid began to screw it home, we aiding him as he worked. One by one, we treated in the same way each of the great boxes, and left them as we had found them to all appearance. But in each was a portion of the Host. When we closed the door behind us, the Professor said solemnly, "So much's already done. It may be that with all the others we can be so successful, then the sunset of this evening may shine of Madam Mina's forehead all white as ivory and with no stain!"

As we passed across the lawn on our way to the station to catch our train, we could see the front of the asylum. I looked eagerly, and in the window of my own room saw Mina. I waved my hand to her, and nodded to tell that our work there was successfully accomplished. She nodded in reply to show that she understood. The last I saw, she was waving her hand in farewell. It was with a heavy heart that we sought the station and just caught the train that was steaming in as we reached the platform. I have written this in the train, Piccadilly 12:30pm just before we reached Fenchurch Street Lord Godalming said to me, "Quincy and I'll find a locksmith. You'd better not come with us in case there'd be any difficulty. For under the circumstances it'd not seem so bad for us to break into an empty house. But you're a solicitor and the Incorporated Law Society might tell you that you'd have known better." I demurred as to my not sharing any danger even of odium but he went on, "Besides, it'll attract less attention if there aren't too many of us. My title'll make it all right with the locksmith and any police officer that may come along. You'd better go with Jack and the Professor and stay in the Green Park. Somewhere in sight of the house. when you see the door opened and the smith's gone away, you all come across? We'll be on the lookout for you and shall let you in."

"The advice's good!" said Van Helsing.

So we said no more. Godalming and Morris hurried off in a cab, we following in another. At the corner of Arlington Street, our contingent got out and strolled into the Green Park. My heart beat as I saw the house on which so much of our hope was centred, looming up grim and silent in its deserted condition amongst its more lively and spruce-looking neighbours. We sat down on a bench within good view, and began to smoke cigars to attract as little attention as possible. The minutes seemed to pass with leaden feet as we waited for the coming of the others. At length we saw a four-wheeler drive up. Out of it, in leisurely fashion, got Lord Godalming and Morris. down from the box descended a thickset worker with his rush-woven basket of tools. Morris paid the cabman, who touched his hat and drove away. Together the two ascended the steps, and Lord Godalming pointed out what he wanted done. The worker took off his coat leisurely and hung it on one of the spikes of the rail, saying something to a police officer who just then sauntered along. The police officer nodded acquiescence, and the man kneeling down placed his bag beside him. After searching through it, he took out a selection of tools that he proceeded to lay beside him in orderly fashion. Then he stood up, looked in the keyhole, blew into it, and turning to his employers, made some remark. Lord Godalming smiled, and the man lifted a good-sized bunch of keys. Selecting one of them, he began to probe the lock, as if feeling his way with it. After fumbling about for a bit he tried a second, and then a third. All at once, the door opened under a slight push from him, and he and the two others entered the hall. We sat still. My own cigar burnt furiously but Van Helsing's went cold altogether. We waited patiently as we saw the worker come out and bring his bag. Then he held the door partly open, steadying it with his knees, whilst he fitted a key to the lock. This he finally handed to Lord Godalming, who took out his purse and gave him something. The man touched his hat, took his bag, put on his coat, and departed. Not a soul took the slightest notice of the whole transaction. When the man had fairly gone, we three crossed the street and knocked at the door. It was immediately opened by Quincy Morris beside who stood Lord Godalming lighting a cigar. "The place smells so vilely," said the latter as we came in. It did indeed smell vilely. Like the old chapel at Carfax. with our previous experience, it was plain to us that the Count had been using the place freely. We moved to explore the house, all keeping together in case of attack, for we knew we had a strong and wily enemy to deal with, and yet we did not know whether the Count might not be in the house. In the dining room that lay at the back of the hall, we found eight boxes of earth. Eight boxes only out of the nine that we sought! Our work was not over, and would never be until we should have found the missing box. First, we opened the shutters of the window that looked out across a narrow stone-flagged yard at the blank face of a stable, pointed to look like the front of a miniature house. There were no windows in it, so we were not afraid of being overlooked. We did not lose any time in examining the chests. With the tools that we had brought with us we opened them, one by one, and treated them as we had treated those others in the old chapel. It was evident to us that the Count was not at present in the house, and we proceeded to search for any of his effects. After a cursory glance at the rest of the rooms, from basement to attic, we concluded that the dining room contained any effects that might belong to the Count. so we proceeded to minutely examine them. They lay in a sort of orderly disorder on the great dining room table. There were title deeds of the Piccadilly house in a great bundle, deeds of the purchase of the houses at Mile End and Bermondsey, notepaper, envelopes, and pens and ink. All were covered up in thin wrapping paper to keep them from the dust. There were also a clothes brush, a brush and comb, and a jug and basin, the latter containing dirty water that was reddened as if with blood. Last of all was a little heap of keys of all sorts and sizes, probably those belonging to the other houses. When we had examined this last find, Lord Godalming and Quincy Morris taking accurate notes of the various addresses of the houses in the East and the South, took with them the keys in a great bunch, and set out to destroy the boxes in these places. The rest of us are, with what patience we can, waiting their return, or the coming of the Count.

3-4 October,

Close to midnight, I thought yesterday would never end. There was over me a yearning for sleep, in some sort of blind belief that to wake would be to find things changed, and that any change must now be for the better. Before we parted, we discussed what our next step was to be but we could arrive at no result. All we knew was that one earth box remained, and that the Count alone knew where it was. If he chooses to lie hidden, he may baffle us for years. in the meantime, the thought is too horrible, I dare not think of it even now. This I know that if ever there was a woman who was all perfection, that one is my poor wronged darling. I loved her a thousand times more for her sweet pity of last night, a pity that made my own hate of the monster seem despicable. Surely, Lord will not permit the world to be the poorer by the loss of such a creature. This is hope to me. We are all drifting reef wards now and faith is our only anchor. Thank Lord! Mina is sleeping, and sleeping without dreams. I fear what her dreams might be like, with such terrible memories to ground them in. She has not been so calm, within my seeing, since the sunset. Then, for a while, over her face a repose came was like spring after the blasts of March. I thought at the time that it was the softness of the red sunset on her face but somehow now I think it has a deeper meaning. I am not sleepy myself; though I am weary ... weary to death. However, I must try to sleep. For there is tomorrow to think of, and there is no rest for me until ... later, I must have fallen asleep, for I was awakened by Mina, who was sitting up in bed, with a startled look on her face. I could see easily, for we did not leave the room in darkness. She had placed a warning hand over my mouth, and now she whispered in my ear, "Hush! There's someone in the corridor!"

I got up softly, and crossing the room, gently opened the door. Just outside, stretched on a mattress, lay Mr. Morris, wide-awake. He raised a warning hand for silence as he whispered to me, "Hush! Go back to bed. It's all right. One of us'll be here all night. We mean to take no chances!"

His look and gesture forbade discussion, so I came back and told Mina. She sighed and positively a shadow of a smile stole over her poor, pale face as she put her arms round me and said softly, "Oh, thank Lord for good brave men!" With a sigh, she sank back again to sleep. I write this now, as I am not sleepy, though I must try again.

4 October,

In the morning, once again, during the night I was wakened by Mina. This time we had all had a good sleep, for the grey of the coming dawn was making the windows into sharp oblongs, and the gas flame was like a speck rather than a disc of light. She said to me hurriedly, "Go, call the Professor. I wanna see him at once."

"Why?" I asked.

"I've an idea. I suppose it must've come in the night and it matured without my knowing it. He must hypnotise me before the dawn, and then I'll be able to speak. Go quick, dearest, the time's getting close."

I went to the door. Dr. Seward was resting on the mattress, and seeing me, he sprang to his feet. "Anything's wrong?" he asked in alarm.

"No," I replied. "But Mina wanna see Dr. Van Helsing at once."

"I'll go," he said and hurried into the Professor's room. Two or three minutes later Van Helsing was in the room in his dressing gown, and Mr. Morris and Lord Godalming were with Dr. Seward at the door asking questions. When the Professor saw Mina a smile, a positive smile ousted the anxiety of his face. He rubbed his hands as he said, "Oh, my dear Madam Mina, this's indeed a change. See! Friend Jonathan, we've got our dear Madam Mina as of old back to us today!" Then turning to her, he said cheerfully, "And what I'm to do for you? For at this hour you don't want me for nothing."

"I want you to hypnotise me!" she said. "Do it before the dawn for I feel that then I can speak freely. Be quick for the time's short!"

Without a word, he motioned her to sit up in bed. Looking fixedly at her, he commenced to make passes in front of her from over the top of her head downward with each hand in turn. Mina gazed at him fixedly for a few minutes, during which my own heart beat like a trip hammer; for I felt that, some crisis was at hand. Gradually her eyes closed, and she sat, stock-still. Only by the gentle heaving of her bosom could one know that she was alive. The Professor made a few more passes and then stopped, and I could see that his forehead was covered with great beads of perspiration. Mina opened her eyes but she did not seem the same woman. There was a far-away look in her eyes, and her voice had a sad dreaminess that was new to me. Raising his hand to impose silence, the Professor motioned to me to bring the others in. They came on tiptoe, closing the door behind them, and stood at the foot of the bed, looking on. Mina appeared not to see them. The stillness was broken by Van Helsing's voice speaking in a low level tone which would not break the current of her thoughts. "Where're you?"

The answer came in a neutral way. "I don't know. Sleep's no place it can call its own."

For several minutes, there was silence. Mina sat rigid, and the Professor stood staring at her fixedly. The rest of us hardly dared to breathe. The room was growing lighter. Without taking his eyes from Mina's face, Dr. Van Helsing motioned me to pull up the blind. I did so, and the day seemed just upon us. A red streak shot up, and a rosy light seemed to diffuse itself through the room. On the instant, the Professor spoke again. "Where're you now?"

The answer came dreamily but with intention. It was as though she were interpreting something. I have heard her use the same tone when reading her shorthand notes. "I don't know. It's all strange to me!"

"What do you see?"

"I can see nothing. It's all dark."

"What do you hear?"

I could detect the strain in the Professor's patient voice, "The lapping of water. It's gurgling by and little waves leap. I can hear them on the outside."

"Then you're on a ship?"

We all looked at each other, trying to glean something each from the other. We were afraid to think. The answer came quick, "Oh, yes!"

"What else do you hear?"

"The sound of men stamping overhead as they run about, there's the creaking of a chain and the loud tinkle as the check of the capstan falls into the ratchet."

"What're you doing?"

"I'm still, oh so still. It's like death!" the voice faded away into a deep breathes as of one sleeping and the open eyes closed again. By this time, the sun had risen and we were all in the full light of day. Dr. Van Helsing placed his hands on Mina's shoulders, and laid her head down softly on her pillow. She lay like a sleeping child for a few moments, and then, with a long sigh, awoke and stared in wonder to see us all around her. "I've been talking in my sleep?" was all she said. She seemed, however, to know the situation without telling, though she was eager to know what she had told. The Professor repeated the conversation and she said, "Then there isn't a moment to lose. It mayn't be yet too late!"

Mr. Morris and Lord Godalming started for the door but the Professor's calm voice called them back. "Stay, my friends. That ship's weighing anchor now in thy so great Port of London. Which of them it's that you seek? Lord be thanked that we've once again a clue though where it may lead us we know not. We've been blind somewhat. Blind after the manner of men since we can look back we see what we might've seen looking forward if we'd been able to see what we might've seen! Alas but that sentence's a puddle, isn't it? We can know now what's in the Count's mind when he seize that money though Jonathan's so fierce knife put him in the danger that even he dread. He meant escape. Hear me; escape! He saw that with but one earth box left and a pack of men following like dogs after a fox, this London's no place for him. He's taken his last earth box on board a ship and he leaves the land. He thinks to escape but no! We follow him. Tally Ho! As friend, Arthur'd say when he put on his red frock! Our old fox's wily. Oh! So wily, and we must follow with wile. I'm, too, wily and I think his mind in a little while. In meantime, we may rest and in peace for there're between us that he doesn't wanna pass and that he'd not if he'd unless the ship's to touch the land and then only at full or slack tide. See and the sun's just rose and all day to sunset's we. Let's bath, dress, have breakfast that we all need, and that we can eat comfortably since he isn't in the same land with us."

Mina looked at him appealingly as she asked, "But why need we seek him further when he's gone away from us?"

He took her hand and patted it as he replied, "Ask me nothing as yet. When we've breakfast, then I answer all questions." He would say no more, and we separated to dress. After breakfast, Mina repeated her question. He looked at her gravely for a minute and then said sorrowfully, "Because my dear, dear Madam Mina, now more than ever must we find him even if we've to follow him to the jaws of Hell!"

She grew paler as she asked faintly, "Why?"

"Because," he answered solemnly, "he can live for centuries and you're but mortal woman. Time's now to be dreaded since once he put that mark upon thy throat."

I was just in time to catch her as she fell forward in a faint. When I read to Mina, Van Helsing's message in the phonograph, the poor girl brightened up considerably. Already the certainty that the Count is out of the country has given her comfort. Comfort is strength to her. For my own part, now that his horrible danger is not face to face with us, it seems almost impossible to believe in it. Even my own terrible experiences in Castle Dracula seem like a long forgotten dream. Here in the crisp autumn air in the bright sunlight, alas! How can I disbelieve! In the midst of my thought, my eye fell on the red scar on my poor darling's white forehead. Whilst that lasts, there can be no disbelief. Mina and I fear to be idle, so we have been over all the diaries repeatedly. Somehow, although the reality seems greater each time, the pain and the fear seem less. Something of a guiding purpose manifest throughout is comforting. Mina says that perhaps we are the instruments of ultimate good. It may be! I shall try to think as she does. We have never spoken to each other yet of the future. It is better to wait until we see the Professor and the others after their investigations. The day is running by more quickly than I ever thought a day could run for me again. It is now three o'clock.

5 October,

In the afternoon, for some time after our meeting this morning I could not think. The new phases of things leave my mind in a state of wonder that allows no room for active thought. Mina's determination not to take any part in the discussion set me thinking. As I could not argue the matter with her, I could only guess. I am as far as ever from a solution now. The way the others received it, too puzzled me. The last time we talked of the subject we agreed that there was to be no more concealment of anything amongst us. Mina is sleeping now, calmly and sweetly like a little child. Her lips are curved and her face beams with happiness. Thank Lord, there are such moments still for her. Later, how strange it all is. I sat watching Mina's happy sleep, and I came, as near to being happy myself as I suppose I shall ever be. As the evening drew on, and the earth took its shadows from the sun sinking lower, the silence of the room grew more and more solemn to me. All at once Mina opened her eyes and looking at me tenderly said, "Jonathan, I want you to promise me something on thy word of honour. A promise made to me but made holily in Lord's Hearing, not to be broken though I'd go down on my knees, and implore you with bitter tears. Quick, you must make it to me at once."

"Mina," I said, "a promise like that, I can't make at once. I may've no right to make it."

"But, dear one," she said, with such spiritual intensity that her eyes were like pole stars, "I wish it. it isn't for me. You can ask Dr. Van Helsing if I'm not right. If he disagrees, you may do as you'll. Nay, more if you all agree, later you're absolved from the promise."

"I promise!" I said.

And for a moment, she looked supremely happy though to me all happiness for her was denied by the red scar on her forehead. She said, "Promise me that you'll

not tell me anything of the plans formed for the campaign against the Count. Not by word, inference, or implication, not at any time whilst this remains to me!" And she solemnly pointed to the scar. I saw that she was in earnest, and said solemnly, "I promise!" and as I said it I felt that from that instant a door had been shut between us. Later at midnight, Mina has been bright and cheerful all the evening. So much so that all the rest seemed to take courage, as if infected somewhat with her gaiety. As a result even I felt as if the pall of gloom that weighs us down were somewhat lifted. We all retired early. Mina is now sleeping like a little child. It is wonderful thing that her faculty of sleep remains to her in the midst of her terrible trouble. Thank Lord for it for then at least she can forget her care. Perhaps her example may affect me as her gaiety did tonight. I'll try for a dreamless sleep, oh!

CHAPTER XXCI MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

5 October,

At 5PM, our meeting for report, present: Professor Van Helsing, Lord Godalming, Dr. Seward, Mr. Quincy Morris, Jonathan Harker, and Mina Harker. Dr. Van Helsing described what steps were taken during the day to discover on what boat and where bound Count Dracula made his escape. "As I knew that he wanna get back to Transylvania, I felt sure that he must go by the Danube mouth or by somewhere in the Black Sea since by that way he comes. A dreary blank's before us: *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. so with heavy hearts we start to find what ships leave for the Black Sea last night. He's in sailing ship since Madam Mina tells of sails being set. These not so important as to go in thy list of the shipping in the Times and so we go by suggestion of Lord Godalming to thy Lloyd's where're note of all ships that sail, however so small, there we find that only one Black Sea bound ship go out with the tide. She's the Czarina Catherine, and she sails from Doolittle's Wharf for Verna and thence to other ports and up the Danube: So! I said, this's the ship whereon the Count's. So off, we go to Doolittle's Wharf and there we find a man in an office. From him we inquire of the goings of the Czarina Catherine. He swear much and he red face and loud of voice but he's a good fellow all the same. when Quincy gave him something from his pocket that crackle as he roll it up and put it in a so small bag that he'd hid deep in his clothing, he's still better fellow and humble servant to us. He comes with us, ask many men who're rough and hot. These be better fellows too when they've been no thirstier. They say much of blood, bloom, and of others that I comprehend not though I guess what they mean. But they tell us all things that we wanna know. They make known to us among them, how last afternoon at about five o'clock comes a man so hurry, a tall man, thin, pale with high nose and teeth so white, and eyes that seem to be burning. That he's all in black except that he's a hat of straw that suits not him or the time. That he scatters his money in making quick inquiry as to what ship sails for the Black Sea and for where. Some took him to the office and then to the ship where he'll not go aboard but halt at shore end of gangplank, and ask that the captain came to him. The captain came when told that he'll be pay well and though he swear much at the first he agree to term. Then the thin man goes and some one tells him where horse and cart can be hired. He goes there and soon he come again, himself driving cart on which's a great box. This he himself lift down though it takes several to put it on truck for the ship. He gives much talk to captain as to how and where his box's to be placed. But the captain likes it not and swears at him in many tongues, and tells him that if he likes, he can come and see where it'll be. But he says no, that he comes not yet for that, he's much to do. Whereupon the captain tells him that he'd better be quick with blood for that, his ship'll leave the place of blood before the turn of the tide with blood. Then the thin man smiles and says that of course he must go when he thinks fit but he'll be surprised if he goes quite so soon. The captain swear again, polyglot, and the thin man makes him bow, thanks him, and says that he'll so far intrude on his kindness as to come aboard before the sailing, final the captain, redder than ever. in more tongues, tells him that he wants no Frenchmen with bloom upon them and blood in his ship and on her. so, after asking where he might purchase ship forms, he departed. None knew where he went or blooming well cared as they said, for they had something else to think of well with blood again. For it soon became apparent to all that the Czarina Catherine'd not sail as's expected. A thin mist began to creep up from the river and it grew until soon a dense fog enveloped the ship and all around her. The captain swore polyglot with bloom and blood but he'd do nothing. The water rose and he began to fear that he'd lose the tide altogether. He's in no friendly mood when just at full tide; the thin man came up the gangplank again and asked to see where his box'd been stowed. Then the captain replied that he wished that he and his box, old and with much bloom and blood, were in hell. But the thin man's un-offended, went down with the mate, saw where its place, came up, and stood awhile on deck in fog. He must've come off by himself for none notices him. Indeed, they thought not of him for soon the fog begins to melt away and all's clear again. My friends of the thirst and the language that's of bloom and blood laughed as they told how the captain's swears exceeded even his usual polyglot and was more than ever full of picturesque when on questioning other mariners who're on movement up and down the river that hour, he found that few of them'd seen any of fog at all except where it lay round the wharf. However, the ship went out on the ebb tide and was doubtless by morning far down the river mouth. She's then when they told us, well out to sea, so, my dear Madam Mina, it's that we've to rest for a time for our enemy's on the sea with the fog at his command on his way to the Danube mouth. To sail a ship takes time, go she never so quick. When we start to go on land quicker and meet him there. Our best hope's to come on him when in the box between sunrise and sunset. For then he can make no struggle, and we may deal with him as we'd. There're days for us in which we can make ready our plan. We know all about where he goes. For we've seen the owner of the ship who'd shown us invoices and all papers that can be. The box we seek's to be landed in Verna and to be given to an agent, one Ristics who'll there present his credentials. so our merchant friend'll have done his part. When he asks if there're any wrong for that so, he can telegraph and have inquiry made at Verna, we say no, for what's to be done isn't for police or of the customs. It must be done by us alone and in our own way." When Dr. Van Helsing had done speaking, I asked him if he were certain that the Count had remained on board the ship. He replied, "We've the best proof of that, thy own evidence, when in the hypnotic trance this morn-ing." I asked him again if it were necessary that they should pursue the Count, for oh, I dread Jonathan leaving me and I know that he would surely go if the others went. He answered in growing passion, at first quietly. As he went on, however, he grew angrier and more forceful; until in the end we could not but see wherein was at least some of that personal dominance which made him so long a master amongst men. "Yes, it's necessary, necessary, necessary! For thy sake in the first, and then for the sake of humanity, this monster's done much harm already in the narrow scope where he finds himself and in the short time when as yet he's only as a body groping his so small measure in darkness and not knowing. This entire I've told the others. You'll, my dear Madam Mina, learn it in the phonograph of my friend John or in that of thy husband. I've told them how the measure of leaving his own barren land, barren of peoples, and coming to a new land where life of man teems until they're like the multitude of standing corn's the work of centuries. Were another of the Un-Dead like him to try to do what he's done perhaps not all the centuries of the world that'd been or that'll be, it'd aid him. With this one, all the forces of nature that're occult, deep, and strong must've worked together in some wondrous way. The very place where he's been alive, Un-Dead for all these centuries, is full of strangeness of the geologic and chemical world. There're deep caverns and fissures that reach none know where. There'd been volcanoes, some of whose openings still send out waters of strange properties and gases that kill or make to vivify. Doubtless, there's something magnetic or electric in some of these combinations of occult forces that work for physical life in strange way and in him were from the first some great qualities. In a hard and warlike time, he's celebrated that he'd more iron nerve, more subtle brain, braver heart than any man'd. In him, some vital principle's in strange way found their utmost. as his body keeps strong, grow, and thrive, so his brain grows too. All this without that diabolic aid which is surely to him for it'd to yield to the powers that come from and are symbolic of good. now this's what he's to us. He's infected you, oh forgive me, my dear that I must say such but it's for good of you that I speak. He infects you in such wise that even if he does no more, you've only to live, live in thy own old, sweet way, and so in time, death that's of man's common lot, with Lord's sanction'll make you like to him: this mustn't be! We've sworn together that it mustn't. Thus, we're ministers of Lord's Own wishing! That the world and men for whom His Prophets died, won't be given over to monsters, who's very existence'd defame Him. He's allowed us to redeem one soul already and we go out as the old knights of the Cross-to redeem more. Like them, we'll travel towards the sunrise. like them, if we fall, we fall in good cause."

He paused and I said, "But won't the Count take his rebuff wisely? Since he's been driven from England, won't he avoid it as a tiger does the village from which he's been hunted?"

"Aha!" he said, "your simile of the tiger good for me and I'll adopt him. thy cannibals as they of India call the tiger who's once tasted blood of the human, care no more for the other prey but prowl unceasing until he get him. This that we hunt from our village's a tiger, too, a man-eater, and he never cease to prowl. Nay, in

himself he's not one to retire and stay afar. In living life, he goes over the Turkey frontier and attacks his enemy on his own ground. He be beaten back but did he stay? No! He comes repeatedly. Look at his persistence and endurance. With the child-brain that's to him, he's long since conceived the idea of coming to a great city. What does he do? He finds out the place of the entire world most of promise for him. Then he deliberately set himself down to prepare for the task. He finds in patience just how his strength's and what his powers're. He studies new tongues. He learn new social life, new environment of old ways, the politics, the law, the finance, the science, the habit of a new land and a new people who'd come to be since he's. His glimpse that he'd had, whetted his appetite only and he keens his desire. Nay, it helps him to grow as to his brain. For it, all proves to him how right he's at the first in his surmises. He's done this alone, all alone! From a ruin tomb in a forgotten land, what more mayn't he do when the greater world of thought's open to him. He can smile at death, as we know him. Who can flourish in the midst of diseases that kill off whole people? Oh! If such a one's to come from Lord and not the Devil, what a force for good mightn't he be in the old world of ours? But we're pledged to set the world free. Our toil must be in silence and efforts all in secret. For in this enlightened age, when men believe not even what they see the doubting of wise men'd be his greatest strength. It'd be at once his sheath, armour, and weapons to destroy us, his enemies who're willing to peril even our own souls for the safety of one we love for the good of humankind, and for the honour and glory of Lord." After a general discussion it was determined that for tonight, nothing is definitely settled that we should all sleep on the facts, and try to think out the proper conclusions. Tomorrow, at breakfast, we're to meet again, and after making our conclusions known to one another, we shall decide on some definite cause of action...

Scene-75

I feel a wonderful peace and rest tonight. It is as if some haunting presence were removed from me. Perhaps ... my surmise is unfinished, could not be for I sighted in the mirror of the red mark upon my forehead and I knew that I was still unclean.

CHAPTER XVIC DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

5 October,

We all arose early, and I think that sleep did much for each and all of us. When we met at early breakfast, there was more general cheerfulness than any of us had ever expected to experience again. It is wonderful how much resilience there is in human nature. Let any obstructing cause, no matter what, be removed in any way, even by death, and we fly back to first principles of hope and enjoyment. More than once, as we sat around the table, my eyes opened in wonder whether the whole of the past days had not been a dream. Only when I caught sight of the red blotch on Mrs. Harker's forehead, I was brought back to reality. Even now, when I am gravely revolving the matter, it is almost impossible to realise that the cause of all our trouble is still existent. Even Mrs. Harker seems to lose sight of her trouble for whole spells. It is only now and again, when something recalls it to her mind that she thinks of her terrible scar. We are to meet here in my study in half an hour and decide on our course of action. I see only one immediate difficulty; I know it by instinct rather than reason. We shall all have to speak frankly. yet I fear that in some mysterious way poor Mrs. Harker's tongue is tied. I know that she forms conclusions of her own, and from all that has been I can guess how brilliant and how true they must be. But she will not, or cannot, give them utterance. I have mentioned this to Van Helsing, and he and I are to talk it over when we are alone. I suppose some of that horrid poison has into her veins beginning to work. The Count had his own purposes when he gave her what Van Helsing called the Vampire's baptism of blood. Well, maybe a poison distils itself out of good things. In an age when the existence of ptomaine is a mystery, we should not wonder at anything! One thing I know, that if my instinct be true regarding poor Mrs. Harker's silences, then there is a terrible difficulty, an unknown danger, in the work before us. The same power that compels her silence may compel her speech. I dare not think further, for so I should in my thoughts dishonour a noble woman! Later, when the Professor came in, we talked over the state of things. I could see that he had something on his mind that he wanted to say but felt some hesitancy about broaching the subject. After beating about the bush a little, he said, "Friend John, there's something that you and I must talk of alone just at the first at any rate. Later, we may've to take the others into our confidence." Then he stopped, so I waited. He went on, "Madam Mina, our poor, dear Madam Mina's changing." A cold shiver ran through me to find my worst fears thus endorsed. Van Helsing continued. "With the sad experience of Miss Lucy, we must this time be warned before things go too far. Our task's now in reality more difficult than ever and this new trouble makes every hour of the direst importance. I can see the characteristics of the vampire coming in her face. It's now but very slight. But it's to be seen if we've eyes to notice without prejudice. Her teeth're sharper and at times, her eyes're harder. But these aren't all, there's to her the silence now often as so it's with Miss Lucy. She didn't speak even when she wrote that which she wished to be known later. Now my fear's this. If it's that she can by our hypnotic trance, tell what the Count sees and hears, isn't it truer that he who'd hypnotised her first and who'd drunk of her very blood and made her drink his'd if he'll, compel her mind to disclose to him that which she knows?" I nodded acquiescence. He went on, "Then what we must do's to prevent this. We must keep her ignorant of our intent, and so she can't tell what she knows not. This's a painful task! Oh, so painful that it heartbreak me to think of it but it must be. When today we meet, I must tell her that for reason that we'll not to speak she mustn't more be of our council but we simply guard." He wiped his forehead that had broken out in profuse perspiration at the thought of the pain that he might have to inflict upon the poor soul already so tortured. I knew that it would be some sort of comfort to him if I told him that I also had come to the same conclusion. For at any rate it would take away the pain of doubt. I told him, and the effect was as I expected. It is now close to the time of our general gathering. Van Helsing has gone away to prepare for the meeting, and his painful part of it. I really believe his purpose is to be able to pray alone. Later, at the very outset of our meeting a great personal relief was experienced by both Van Helsing and me. Mrs. Harker had sent a message by her husband to say that she would not join us at present, as she thought it better that we should be free to discuss our movements without her presence to embarrass us. The Professor and I looked at each other for an instant, and somehow we both seemed relieved. For my own part, I thought that if Mrs. Harker realised the danger herself, it was much pain as well as much danger averted. Under the circumstances, we agreed, by a questioning look and answer, with finger on lip, to preserve silence in our suspicions, until we should have been able to confer alone again. We went at once into our Plan of Campaign. Van Helsing roughly put the facts before us first, "The Czarina Catherine left the Thames yesterday morning it'll take her at the quickest speed she's ever made at least three weeks to reach Verna. But we can travel overland to the same place in three days. Now, if we allow for two days less for the ship's voyage owing to such weather influences as we know that the Count can bring to bear and if we allow a whole day and night for any delays that may occur to us, then we've a margin of nearly two weeks. Thus, in order to be quite safe, we must leave here on 17th at latest. Then we'll at any rate be in Verna a day before the ship arrives and able to make such preparations as may be necessary. Of course we'll all go armed against evil things, spiritual as well as physical."

Here Quincy Morris added, "I understand that the Count comes from a wolf country, and it may be that he'll get there before us. I propose that we add Winchester's to our armament. I've a kind of belief in a Winchester when there's any trouble of that sort around. Do you recall, Art, when we'd the pack after us at Tobolsk? What'd not we've given then for a repeater apiece?"

"Good!" said Van Helsing, "Winchester's it'll be Quincy's head's level at times but most so when there's to hunt, metaphor's more dishonour to science than wolves're of danger to man. In the meantime, we can do nothing here. as I think that Verna's unfamiliar to any of us, why not go there sooner? It's as long to wait here as there tonight, tomorrow we can get ready, and then if all's well, we four can set out on our journey."

"We four?" said Harker interrogatively, looking from one to another of us.

"Of course!" answered the Professor quickly. "You must remain to take care of thy so sweet wife!"

Harker was silent for a while and then said in a hollow voice, "Let's talk of that part of it in the morning I wanna consult with Mina." I thought that now is the time for Van Helsing to warn him not to disclose our plan to her but he took no notice. I looked at him significantly and coughed. For answer, he put his finger to his lips and turned away.

CHAPTER XVC JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

6 October,

In the morning, another surprise, Mina woke me early about the same time as yesterday, and asked me to bring Dr. Van Helsing. I thought that it was another occasion for hypnotism and without question went for the Professor. He had evidently expected some such call, for I found him dressed in his room. His door was ajar, so that he could hear the opening of the door of our room. He came at once. As he passed into the room, he asked Mina if the others might come, too. "No," she said quite simply, "it'll be unnecessary. You can tell them just as well. I must go with you on thy journey."

Dr. Van Helsing was as startled as I was. After a moment's pause he asked, "But why?"

"You must take me with you. I'm safer with you, and you'll be safer, too."

"But why, dear Madam Mina? You know that thy safety's our solemnest duty. We go into danger, to which you're, or may be, more liable than any of us from ... circumstances ... things that'd been."

He paused embarrassed. As she replied, she raised her finger and pointed to her forehead. "I know. That's why I must go. I can tell you now, whilst the sun's coming up. I mayn't be able again. I know that when the Count wills me I must go. I know that if he tells me to come in secret, I must by will or any device to hoodwink even Jonathan." Lord saw the look that she turned on me as she spoke, and if there be indeed a Recording Angel that look is noted to her ever-lasting honour. I could only clasp her hand. I could not speak. My emotion was too great for even the relief of tears. She went on. "You men're brave and strong. You're strong in thy numbers for you can defy that which'd break down the human endurance of one who'd to guard alone. Besides, I may be of service since you can hypnotise me and so learn that which even I myself don't know."

Dr. Van Helsing said gravely, "Madam Mina, you're as always, wisest. You'll come with us. Together we'll do that which we go forth to achieve."

When he had spoken, Mina's long spell of silence made me look at her. She had fallen back on her pillow asleep. She did not even wake when I had pulled up the blind and let in the sunlight that flooded the room. Van Helsing motioned to me to come with him quietly. We went to his room, and within a minute Lord Godalming, Dr. Seward, and Mr. Morris were with us. He told them what Mina had said, and went on. "In the morning we'll leave for Verna. We've now to deal with a new factor, Madam Mina. Oh but her soul's true. It's to her an agony to tell us so much as she's done. But it's most right, and we're warned in time. There must be no chance lost and in Verna we must be ready to act the instant when that ship arrives."

"What'll we do exactly?" asked Mr. Morris laconically.

The Professor paused before replying, "We'll at the first board that ship. Then, when we've identified the box, we'll place a branch of the wild rose on it. This we'll fasten for when it's there none can emerge so that at least says the superstition. to superstition must we trust at the first. Its man's faith in the early and it's its root in faith still. Then, when we get the opportunity that we seek, when none's near to see, we'll open the box ... and all'll be well."

"I'll wait for no opportunity," said Morris. "When I see the box, I'll open it and destroy the monster though there're a thousand men looking on and if I'm to be wiped out for it the next moment!"

I grasped his hand instinctively and found it as firm as a piece of steel. I think he understood my look. I hope he did. "Good boy," said Dr. Van Helsing, "Brave boy. Quincy's all man. Lord Bless him for it. My child, believe me none of us'll lag behind or pause from any fear. I do but say what we may do ... what we must do. But indeed, we can't say what we may do. So many things may happen and their ways and ends're so various that until the moment we mayn't say. We'll all be armed in all ways. when the time for the end's come, our effort'll not lack. Now let's today put all our affairs in order. Let all things that touch on others dear to us and who on us depend, be complete. For none of us can tell what, when, or how the end may be. As for me, my own affairs're regulating and as I've nothing else to do, I'll go arrange for the travel. I'll have all tickets and so forth for our journey." There was nothing further to be said, and we parted. I shall now settle all my affairs of earth, and be ready for whatever may come. Later, it is done. My will is made, and all complete. Mina if she survives is my sole heir. If it should not be so, then the others who have been so good to us shall have remainder. It is now drawing towards the sunset. Mina's uneasiness calls my attention to it. I am sure that something on her mind the time of exact sunset will reveal. These occasions are becoming harrowing times for us all. For each sunrise and sunset opens up some new danger, some new pain that however; in Lord's Will maybe means to a good end. I write no things in the diary since my darling must hear them now. But if it may be that she can see them again, they shall be ready. She is calling to me.

CHAPTER XVCI DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

11 October,

In the evening, Jonathan Harker has asked me to note this, as he says he is hardly equal to the task, and he wants an exact record kept. I think that none of us was surprised when we were asked to see Mrs. Harker a little before the time of sunset. We have of late come to understand that sunrise and sunset are to her times of peculiar freedom. When her old self can be manifest without any controlling force subduing or restraining her, or inciting her to action. This mood or condition begins some half hour or more before actual sunrise or sunset, and lasts either until the sun is high, or whilst the clouds are still aglow with the rays streaming above the horizon. At first, there is a sort of negative condition, as if some tie was loosened, and then the absolute freedom quickly follows. When, however, the freedom ceases the change back or relapses comes quickly, preceded only by a spell of warning silence. Tonight, when we met, she was somewhat constrained, and bore all the signs of an internal struggle. I put it down myself to her making a violent effort at the earliest instant she could do so. A very few minutes, however, gave her complete control of herself. Then, motioning her husband to sit beside her on the sofa where she was half reclining, she made the rest of us bring chairs up close. Taking her husband's hand in hers, she began, "We're all here together in freedom for perhaps the last time! I know that you'll always be with me to the end." This was to her husband whose hand had tightened upon her as we could see "In the morning we go out upon our task and Lord alone knows what maybe in store for any of us. You're gonna be so good to me to take me with you. I know that all that brave earnest men can do for a poor weak woman whose soul's perhaps lost no, no, not yet but is at any rate at stake, you'll do. But you must recall that I'm not as you're. A poison in my blood in my soul may destroy me that must destroy me unless some relief comes to us. Oh my friends, you know as well as I do that my soul's at stake. Though I know there's one way out for me, you mustn't and I mustn't take it!"

She looked appealingly to us all in turn, beginning and ending with her husband. "What's that way?" asked Van Helsing in a hoarse voice. "What's that way that we mustn't and mayn't, take?"

"That I may die now either by my own hand or that of another before the greater evil's entirely wrought. You and I know that're I once dead you'd and would set free my immortal spirit even as you did my poor Lucy's one. Were death or the fear of death, the only thing that stood in the way I'd not shrink to die here now amidst the friends who love me. But death isn't all. I can't believe that to die in such a case when there's hope before us and a bitter task to be done, is Lord's Will. Therefore, I on my part give up here the certainty of eternal rest and go out into the dark where may be the blackest things that no world holds!" We were all silent, for we knew instinctively that this was only a prelude. The faces of the others were set, and Harker's grew ashen grey. Perhaps, he guessed better than any of us did what was coming. She continued, "This's what I can give into the hotchpotch." I could not but note the quaint legal phrase that she used in such a place, and with all seriousness. "What'll each of you give? Thy lives I know," she went on quickly, "that's easy for brave men. Thy lives're Lord's, and you can give them back to Him but what'll you give me?" She looked again questioningly but this time avoided her husband's face. Quincy seemed to understand, he nodded, and her face lit up. "Then I'll tell you plainly what I want for there must be no doubtful matter in this connection between us now. You must promise me, one and all, even you, my beloved husband that'd the time come, you'll kill me."

"What's that time?"

The voice was Quincy's but it was low and strained. "When you'll be convinced that I'm so changed that it's better that I die that I may live. When I'm thus dead in the flesh, then you'll without a moment's delay drive a stake through me and cut off my head or do whatever else may be wanting to give me rest!"

Quincy was the first to rise after the pause. He knelt down before her and taking her hand in his said solemnly, "I'm only a rough fellow who's not perhaps, lived as a man'd to win such a distinction but I swear to you by all that I hold sacred and dear that if the time ever come, I'll not flinch from the duty that you've set us. I

promise you, too, that I'll make all certain for if I'm only doubtful I'll take it that the time's come!"

"My true friend!" was all she could say amid her fast-falling tears, as bending over, she kissed his hand.

"I swear the same, my dear Madam Mina!" said Van Helsing.

"And I!" said Lord Godalming, each of them in turn kneeling to her to take the oath.

I followed myself. Then her husband turned to her wan-eyed and with a greenish pallor that subdued the snowy whiteness of his hair, and asked, "And must I, too, make such a promise, oh my wife?"

"You too, my dearest," she said, with infinite yearning of pity in her voice and eyes. "You mustn't shrink. You're nearest and dearest and the entire world to me. Our souls're knit into one for all life and all time. Think, dear, that there'd been times when brave men'd killed their wives and their womankind to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Their hands faltered none the more because those that they loved implored them to slay them, men's duty towards those whom they love, in such times of sore trial! And oh, my dear, if it's to be that I must meet death at any hand, let it be at the hand of him that loves me best. Dr. Van Helsing, I've not forgotten thy mercy in poor Lucy's case to him who loved." She stopped with a flying blush, and changed her phrase, "to him who'd best right to give her peace. If that time'll come again, I look to you to make it a happy memory of my husband's life that it's his loving hand that set me free from the awful thrall upon me."

"Again I swear!" the Professor's resonant voice came.

Mrs. Harker smiled positively as with a sigh of relief, she leaned back and said, "And now one word of warning that you must never forget. This time, if it ever comes, may come quickly, unexpectedly, and in such case, you must lose no time in using thy opportunity. At such a time, I myself might be ... nay! If the time ever comes, shall be leagued with thy enemy against you. One more request," she became very solemn as she said this, "it isn't vital and necessary like the other but I want you to do one thing for me if you'll." We all acquiesced but none spoke. There was no need to speak. "I want you to read the Burial Service." She was interrupted by a deep groan from her husband. Taking his hand in hers, she held it over her heart, and continued. "You must read it over me someday. Whatever may be the issue of all this fearful state of things, it'll be a sweet thought to all or some of us. You'll, my dearest, I hope read it for then it'll be in thy voice in my memory forever, come what may!"

"But oh my dear one," he pleaded, "Death's afar off from you."

"Nay," she said, holding up a warning hand. "I'm deeper in death now than if the weight of an earthly grave lay heavy upon me!"

"Oh, my wife, must I read it?" he said, before he began.

"It'd comfort me, my husband!" was all she said, and he began to read when she had the book ready. How can I, how could anyone, tell of that strange scene, its solemnity, its gloom, its sadness, its horror, and withal, its sweetness. Even a sceptic, who can see nothing but a travesty of bitter truth in anything holy or emotional, would have been melted to the heart had he seen that little group of loving and devoted friends kneeling round that stricken and sorrowing woman. Or heard the tender passion of her husband's voice, as in tones so broken and emotional that often he had to pause, he read the simple and beautiful service from the Burial of the Dead. I cannot go on ... words ... and v-voices ... f-fail m-me! She was right in her instinct. Strange as it was, bizarre, as it may hereafter seem even to us who felt its potent influence at the time, it comforted us much. The silence that showed Mrs. Harker's coming relapse from her freedom of soul did not seem as full of despair to any of us as we had dreaded.

CHAPTER XIII JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

Verna:

15 October,

We left Charing Cross on the morning of the 12th, got to Paris the same night, and took the places secured for us in the Orient Express. We travelled night and day, arriving here at about five o'clock. Lord Godalming went to the Consulate to see if any telegram had arrived for him, whilst the rest of us came on to this hotel, the Odysseus. The journey may have had incidents. I was, however, too eager to get on, to care for them. Until the Czarina Catherine comes into port, there will be no interest for me in anything in the wide world. Thank Lord! Mina is well, and looks to be getting stronger. Her colour is coming back. She sleeps a great deal. Throughout the journey, she slept nearly all the time. Before sunrise and sunset, however, she is very wakeful and alert. It has become a habit for Van Helsing to hypnotize her at such times. At first, some effort was needed, and he had to make many passes. But now, she seems to yield at once, as if by habit, and scarcely any action is needed. He seems to have power at these particular moments to will simply, and her thoughts obey him. He always asks her what she can see and hear. She answers to the first, "Nothing, all's dark."

And to the second, "I can hear the waves lapping against the ship, and the water rushing by. Canvas and cordage strain and masts and yards creak. The wind's high, I can hear it in the shrouds, and the bow throws back the foam." It is evident that the Czarina Catherine is still at sea, hastening on her way to Verna. Lord Godalming has just returned. He had four telegrams, one each day since we started, and all to the same effect. That the Czarina Catherine had not been reported to Lloyd's from anywhere, he had arranged before leaving London that his agent should send him every day a telegram saying if the ship had been reported. He was to have a message even if she were not reported, so that he might be sure that there was a watch being kept at the other end of the wire. We had dinner and went to bed early. Tomorrow we are to see the Vice Consul, and to arrange, if we can, about getting on board the ship as soon as she arrives. Van Helsing says that our chance will be to get on the boat between sunrise and sunset. The Count, even if he takes the form of a bat, cannot cross the running water of his own volition, and so cannot leave the ship. As he dare not change to man's form without suspicion that he evidently wishes to avoid, he must remain in the box. If, then, we can come on board after sunrise, he is at our mercy, for we can open the box and make sure of him, as we did of poor Lucy, before he wakes. What mercy he shall get from us all will not count for much. We think that we shall not have much trouble with officials or the seamen. Thank Lord! The country where bribery can do anything, and we are well supplied with money. We have only to make sure that the ship cannot come into port between sunset and sunrise without our being warned, and we shall be safe. Judge Moneybag will settle this case, I think!

16 October,

Mina's report stills the same, lapping waves, rushing water, darkness, and favouring winds. We are evidently in good time, and when we hear of the Czarina Catherine, we shall be ready. As she must pass the Dardanelles, we are sure to have some report.

17 October,

Everything is pretty well fixed now, I think, to welcome the Count on his return from his tour. Godalming told the shippers that he fancied that the box sent aboard might contain something stolen from a friend of his, and got a half consent that he might open it at his own risk. The owner gave him a paper telling the Captain to give him every facility in doing whatever he chose on board the ship and a similar authorization to his agent at Verna. We have seen the agent, who was much impressed with Godalming's kindly manner to him, and we are all satisfied that whatever he can do to aid our wishes will be done. We have already arranged what to do in case we get the box open. If the Count is there, Van Helsing and Seward will cut off his head at once and drive a stake through his heart. Morris, Godalming, and I shall prevent interference, even if we have to use the arms that we shall have ready. The Professor says that if we can so treat the Count's body, it will soon after fall into dust. In such case there would be no evidence against us, in case any suspicion of murder were aroused. But even if it were not, we should stand or fall by our act, and perhaps some day this very script may be evidence to come between some of us and a rope. For myself, I should take the chance very thankfully if it were to come. We mean to leave no stone unturned to carry out our intent. We have arranged with certain officials that the instant the Czarina Catherine be seen, we are to be informed by a special messenger.

24 October,

A whole week of waiting, daily telegrams to Godalming but only the same story, "Not yet reported." Mina's morning and evening hypnotic answer is unvaried, lapping waves, rushing water, and creaking masts.

CHAPTER XIIC
TELEGRAM FROM RUFUS SMITH, LLOYD'S, LONDON, TO LORD GODALMING, CARE OF H. B. M. VICE CONSUL, VERNA

24 October,
Czarina Catherine reported this morning from Dardanelles.

CHAPTER XIC
DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

25 October,
How I miss my phonograph! To write a diary with a pen's irksome to me! But Van Helsing says I must. We were all wild with excitement yesterday when Godalming got his telegram from Lloyd. I know now what men feel in battle when the call to action is heard. Mrs. Harker, alone of our party, did not show any signs of emotion. After all, it is not strange that she did not, for we took special care not to let her know anything about it, and we all tried not to show any excitement when we were in her presence. In old days she would, I am sure, have noticed, no matter how we might have tried to conceal it. But in this way, she is greatly changed during the past three weeks. The lethargy grows upon her, and though she seems strong and well, and is getting back some of her colour, Van Helsing and I are not satisfied. We talk of her often. However, we have not said a word to the others. It would break poor Harker's heart, certainly his nerve, if he knew that we had even a suspicion on the subject. Van Helsing examines, he tells me, her teeth very carefully, whilst she is in the hypnotic condition, for he says that so long as they do not begin to sharpen there is no active danger of a change in her. If this change should come, it would be necessary to take steps! We both know what those steps would have to be, though we do not mention our thoughts to each other. We should neither of us shrink from the task, awful though it is to contemplate. Euthanasia is an excellent and a comforting word! I am grateful to whoever invented it. Only about 24 hours' sail from the Dardanelles to here, at the rate the Czarina Catherine has come from London. She should therefore arrive some time in the morning but as she cannot possibly get in before noon, we are all about to retire early. We shall get up at one o'clock, to be ready. At noon, no news yet of the ship's arrival, Mrs. Harker's hypnotic report this morning was the same as usual, so it is possible that we will get news at any moment. We men are all in a fever of excitement, except Harker, who is calm. His hands are cold as ice, and an hour ago, I found him whetting the edge of the great Ghurkha knife that he now always carries with him. It will be a bad lookout for the Count if the edge of that Kukri ever touches his throat, driven by that stern, ice-cold hand! Van Helsing and I were a little alarmed about Mrs. Harker today. About noon, she got into a sort of lethargy that we did not like. Although we kept silence to the others, we were neither of us happy about it. She had been restless all the morning, so that we were at first glad to know that she was sleeping. When, however, her husband mentioned casually that she was sleeping so soundly that he could not wake her, we went to her room to see for ourselves. She was breathing naturally and she looked so well and peaceful that we agreed that the sleep was better for her than anything else was. Poor girl, she has so much to forget that it is no wonder that sleep, if it brings oblivion to her, does her good. Later, our opinion was justified, for when after a refreshing sleep of some hours she woke up, she seemed brighter and better than she had been for days. At sunset, she made the usual hypnotic report. Wherever he may be in the Black Sea, the Count is hurrying to his destination. To his doom, I trust!

26 October,
Another day and no tidings of the Czarina Catherine, she ought to be here by now. That she is still journeying somewhere is apparent, for Mrs. Harker's hypnotic report at sunrise was still the same. It is possible that the vessel will be lying by, at times, for fog. Some of the steamers that came in last evening reported patches of fog both to north and south of the port. We must continue our watching, as the ship may now be signalled any moment.

27 October,
At noon, most strange: no news yet of the ship we wait for. Mrs. Harker reported last night and this morning as usual. "Lapping waves and rushing water," though she added, "the waves're very faint." The telegrams from London have been the same, "no further report."

Van Helsing is terribly anxious, and told me just now that he fears the Count is escaping us. He added significantly, "I didn't like that lethargy of Madam Mina's. Souls and memories can do strange things during trance." I was about to ask him more but Harker just then came in, and he held up a warning hand. We must try tonight at sunset to make her speak more fully when in her hypnotic state.

28 October,
When the telegram came announcing the arrival in Galatz I do not think it was such a shock to any of us as might have been expected. True, we did not know whence, or how, or when, the bolt would come. But I think we all expected that something strange would happen. The day of arrival at Verna made us individually satisfied that things would not be just as we had expected. We only waited to learn where the change would occur. None the less, however, it was a surprise. I suppose that nature works on such a hopeful basis that we believe against ourselves that things will be, as they ought to be, not as we should know that they would be. Transcendentalism is a beacon to the angels, even if it be a will-o'-the-wisp to man. Van Helsing raised his hand over his head for a moment, as though in remonstrance with the Almighty. But he said not a word, and in a few seconds stood up with his face sternly set. Lord Godalming grew very pale, and sat breathing heavily. I was myself half stunned and looked in wonder at one after another. Quincy Morris tightened his belt with that quick movement which I knew so well. In our old wandering days, it meant action. Mrs. Harker grew ghastly white, so that the scar on her forehead seemed to burn but she folded her hands meekly and looked up in prayer. Harker smiled, actually smiled, the dark, bitter smile of one who is without hope but at the same time his action belied his words, for his hands instinctively sought the hilt of the great Kukri knife and rested there. "When does the next train start for Galatz?" said Van Helsing to us generally.

"At six-thirty AM tomorrow!"

We all started, for the answer came from Mrs. Harker. "How on earth do you know?" said Art.

"You forget, or perhaps you don't know though Jonathan does and so does Dr. Van Helsing that I'm the train fiend. At home in Exeter, I always used to make up the timetables to be helpful to my husband. I found it so useful sometimes that I always make a study of the timetables now. I knew that if anything's to take us to Castle Dracula we'd go by Galatz or at any rate through Bucharest so I learned the times very carefully. Unhappily there aren't many to learn as the only train tomorrow leaves as I say."

"Wonderful woman!" murmured the Professor.

"Can't we get a special?" asked Lord Godalming.

Van Helsing shook his head, "I fear not. This land's very different from thine or mine. Even if we'd a special, it'd probably not arrive as soon as our regular train. Moreover, we've something to prepare. We must think. Now let's organise. You friend Arthur, go to the train, get the tickets, and arrange that all be ready for us to go in the morning. You friend John, go to the agent of the ship and get from him letters to the agent in Galatz with authority to make a search of the ship just as it's here. Friend Quincy Morris, you see the Vice Consul and get his aid with his fellow in Galatz and all he can do to make our way smooth so that no times be lost when over the Danube. Jonathan'll stay with Madam Mina, me, and we'll consult for so if time be long you may be delayed, and it'll not matter when the sunset since I'm here with Madam to make report."

"And I'll," said Mrs. Harker brightly, and more like her old self than she had been for many a long day, "try to be of use in always, think, and write for you as I used to do something's shifting from me in some strange way and I feel freer than I've been of late!"

The three younger men looked happier now, as they seemed to realise the significance of her words. But Van Helsing and I, turning to each other, met each a grave and troubled glance. We said nothing at the time, however. When the three men had gone out to their tasks Van Helsing asked Mrs. Harker to look up the copy of the diaries and find him the part of Harker's journal at the Castle. She went away to get it. When the door was shut upon her, he said to me, "We mean the same! Speak out!"

"Here's some change. It's a hope that makes me sick for it may deceive us."

"Quite so, do you know why I asked her to get the manuscript?"

"No!" said I, "unless it's to get an opportunity of seeing me alone."

"You're in part right friend John but only in part. I wanna tell you something. Oh my friend, I'm taking a great, a terrible, risk. But I believe it's right. In the moment when Madam Mina said those words that arrest both our understanding, an inspiration came to me. In the trance of three days ago, the Count sent her his spirit to read her mind. Or more like he took her to see him in his earth box in the ship with water rushing just as it go free at rise and set of sun. He learn then that we're here for she'd more to tell in her open life with eyes to see ears to hear than he, shut as he's in his coffin box. Now he makes his most effort to escape us. At present, he wants her not. He's sure with his so great knowledge that she'll come at his call. But he cut her off, take her as he can do out of his own power that so she comes not to him. Ah! There I've hope that our man brains that'd been of man so long and that'd not lost the grace of Lord, will come higher than his child-brain that lies in his tomb for centuries, grows not yet to our stature, and do only work selfish and therefore small. Here comes Madam Mina, not a word to her of her trance! She knows it not, and it'd overwhelm her and make despair just when we want all her hope and courage when most we want all her great brain that's trained like man's brain but is of sweet woman and has a special power that the Count gave her and that he mayn't take away altogether though he thinks not so. Hush! Let me speak and you'll learn. Oh, John my friend, we're in awful straits. I fear as I never feared before. We can only trust the good Lord, silence! Here she comes!" I thought that the Professor was going to break down and have hysterics, just as he had when Lucy died but with a great effort he controlled himself and was at perfect nervous poise when Mrs. Harker tripped into the room, bright and happy looking and, in the doing of work, seemingly forgetful of her misery. As she came in, she handed a number of sheets of typewriting to Van Helsing. He looked over them gravely, his face brightening up as he read. Then holding the pages between his finger and thumb he said, "Friend John, to you with so much experience already and you too, dear Madam Mina, that're young, here's a lesson. Don't fear ever to think. A half thought's been buzzing often in my brain but I fear to let him loose his wings. Here now, with more knowledge, I go back to where that half thought come from and I find that he be no half thought at all. That's a whole thought though so young that he isn't yet strong to use his little wings. Nay, like the Ugly Duck of my friend Hans Andersen, he's no duck thought at all but a big swan thought that sail nobly on big wings when the time come for him to try them. See I read here what John's written. That other of his race who in a later age repeatedly brought his forces over The Great River into Turkey Land who when he's beaten back, came repeatedly though he'd to come alone from the bloody field where his troops're being slaughtered since he knew that he alone'd ultimately triumph what does this tell us, not much? No! The Count's child thought sees nothing so he speaks so free. thy man thought sees nothing. My man thought saw nothing until just now. No! But there comes another word from someone who speaks without thought because she, too, knows not what it means, what it might mean. Just as there're elements that rest yet when in nature's course they move on their way and they touch, the pouf! And comes a flash of light, heaven wide blind, kill, and destroy some. But that shows up all earth below for leagues and leagues. Isn't it so? Well, I'll explain. To begin, you've ever study the philosophy of crime! Yes and no, you, John, yes, for it's a study of insanity, you, no, Madam Mina, for crime touches you not, not but once, still, thy mind works true and argues not a particulari ad universal. There's this peculiarity in criminals. It's so constant in all countries and at all times that even police who know not much from philosophy, come to know it empirically, that it's. That's to be empiric. The criminal always work at one crime that's the true criminal who seems predestinate to crime and who'll of none other, this criminal's not full man brain. He's clever, cunning, and resourceful but he isn't of man stature as to brain. He's of child brain in much. Now this criminal of ours's predestinate to crime also. He's child brain too and it's of the child to do what he's done. The little bird, fish, animal learn not by principle but empirically. When he learns to do, then there's to him the ground to start from to do more. Dos pou sto, said Archimedes. Give me a fulcrum, and I'll move the world! To do once, is the fulcrum whereby child brain becomes man brain until he's the purpose to do more, he continues to do the same again every time just as he's done before! Oh, my dear, I see that thy eyes're opened and that to you the lightning flash shows all the leagues," for Mrs. Harker began to clap her hands and her eyes sparkled. He went on, "Now you'll speak. Tell us two dry men of science what you see with those so bright eyes."

He took her hand and held it whilst he spoke. His finger and thumb closed on her pulse, as I thought instinctively and unconsciously as she spoke. "The Count's a criminal and of criminal type. Nordau and Lombroso'd so classify him and qua criminal, he's of an imperfectly formed mind. Thus, in a difficulty he has to seek resource in habit. His past's a clue, the one page of it that we know, and that from his own lips, tells that once before when in what Mr. Morris'd call a tight place, he went back to his own country from the land he'd tried to invade and thence without losing purpose, prepared himself for a new effort. He came again better equipped for his work and won. So he came to London to invade a new land. He's beaten when all hope of success's lost and his existence in danger, he fled back over the sea to his home. Just as formerly he'd fled back over the Danube from Turkey Land."

"Good, good! Oh, you so clever lady!" said Van Helsing, enthusiastically, as he stooped and kissed her hand. A moment later he said to me, as calmly as though we had been having a sick room consultation, "Seventy-two only and in all this excitement. I've hope." Turning to her again, he said with keen expectation, "But go on. Go on! There's more to tell if you'll. Be not afraid. John and I know. I do in any case and I'll tell you if you're right. Speak without fear!"

"I'll try to. But you'll forgive me if I seem too egotistical."

"No! Fear not, you must be egotist, for it's of you that we think."

"Then, as he's criminal he's selfish. as his intellect's small and his action's based on selfishness, he confines himself to one purpose. That purpose's remorseless. As he fled back over the Danube, leaving his forces to be cut to pieces so now he's intent on being safe, careless of all. So his own selfishness frees my soul somewhat from the terrible power that he acquired over me on that dreadful night. I felt it! Oh, I felt it! Thank Lord, for His great mercy! My soul's freer than it's been since that awful hour. all that haunts me is a fear lest in some trance or dream he may've used my knowledge for his ends."

The Professor stood up, "He's so used thy mind, and by it he's left us here in Verna whilst the ship that carried him rushed through enveloping fog up to Galatz where doubtless, he'd made preparation for escaping from us. But his child mind only saw so far. it may be that as ever is in Lord's Providence, the very thing that the evildoer most reckoned on for his selfish well turns out to be his most chief harm. The hunter's taken in his own snare as the great Psalmist says. For now that he think he's free from every trace of us all and that he's escaped us with so many hours to him, then his selfish child brain'll whisper him to sleep. He thinks, too that as he cut himself off from knowing thy mind, there can be no knowledge of him to you. There's where he fails! That terrible baptism of blood that he give you makes you free to go to him in spirit as you've as yet done in thy times of freedom when the sunrise and set. At such times, you go by my volition and not by his. this power to good of you and others, you've won from thy suffering at his hands. This's now all more precious that he knows it not and to guard himself have even cut himself off from his knowledge of our where. We're, however, selfless, and we believe that Lord's with us through all this blackness and these many dark hours. We'll follow him and not flinch. Even if we peril us that we become like him, friend John, this's been a great hour, and it's done much to advance us on our way. You must be scribe and write him all down so that when the others return from their work you can give it to them, then they'll know as we do." And so I have written it whilst we wait their return, and Mrs. Harker has written with the typewriter all since she brought the MS to us.

CHAPTER XC

TELEGRAM FROM RUFUS SMITH, LONDON, TO LORD GODALMING, CARE HBM VICE CONSUL, VERNA

28 October,
Czarina Catherine reported entering Galatz at 01:00_{PM} today.

CHAPTER XCI DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

29 October,

This is written in the train from Verna to Galatz. Last night we all assembled a little before the time of sunset. Each of us had done his work as well as he could, so far as thought, and endeavour, and opportunity go, we are prepared for the whole of our journey and for our work when we get to Galatz. When the usual time came round Mrs. Harker prepared herself for her hypnotic effort, and after a longer and more serious effort on the part of Van Helsing than has been usually necessary, she sank into the trance. Usually she speaks on a hint but this time the Professor had to ask her questions, and to ask them resolutely, before we could learn anything. At last her answer came. "I can see nothing. We're still. There're no waves lapping but only a steady swirl of water softly running against the hawser. I can hear men's voices calling, near, far, the roll, and creak of oars in the rowlocks. A gun's fired somewhere; the echo of it seems far away. There's

tramping of feet overhead, and ropes and chains're dragged along. What's this? There's a gleam of light. I can feel the air blowing upon me." Here she stopped. She had risen, as if impulsively, from where she lay on the sofa, and raised both her hands, palms upwards, as if lifting a weight. Van Helsing and I looked at each other with understanding. Quincy raised his eyebrows slightly and looked at her intently, whilst Harker's hand instinctively closed round the hilt of his Kukri. There was a long pause. We all knew that the time when she could speak was passing but we felt that it was useless to say anything. Suddenly she sat up, and as she opened, her eyes said sweetly, "None of you'd like a cup of tea? You must all be so tired!"

We could only make her happy, and so acquiesced. She bustled off to get tea. When she had gone Van Helsing said, "You see my friends. He's close to land. He's left his earth chest but he's yet to get on shore. In the night, he may lie hidden somewhere but if he weren't carried on shore or if the ship doesn't touch it, he can't achieve the land. In such case he can, if it's in the night, change his form and jump or fly on shore then, unless he's carried he can't escape. if he's carried, then the customs may discover what the box contains. Thus, in fine if he escapes not on shore tonight or before dawn, there'll be the whole day lost to him. We may then arrive in time. For if he escapes not at night we'll come on him in daytime boxed up and at our mercy for he daren't be his true self, awake and visible lest he's discovered."

There was no more to be said, so we waited in patience until the dawn, at which time we might learn more from Mrs. Harker. Early this morning we listened, with breathless anxiety, for her response in her trance. The hypnotic stage was even longer in coming than before, and when it came the time remaining until full sunrise was so short that we began to despair. Van Helsing seemed to throw his whole soul into the effort. At last, in obedience to his will she made reply. "All is dark. I hear lapping water, level with me, and some creaking as of wood on wood."

She paused, and the red sun shot up. We must wait until tonight. So it is that we are travelling towards Galatz in an agony of expectation. We are due to arrive between two and three in the morning. But already, at Bucharest, we are three hours late, so we cannot possibly get in until well after sunup. Thus, we'll have two more hypnotic messages from Mrs. Harker! Either or both may possibly throw more light on what is happening. Later, sunset has come and gone. Fortunately, it came at a time when there was no distraction for had it occurred whilst we were at a station, we might not have secured the necessary calm and isolation. Mrs. Harker yielded to the hypnotic influence even less readily than this morning. I am in fear that her power of reading the Count's sensations may die away, just when we want it most. It seems to me that her imagination is beginning to work. Whilst she has been in the trance hereto, she has confined herself to the simplest of facts. If this goes on it may ultimately mislead us. If I thought that the Count's power over her would die away equally with her power of knowledge it would be a happy thought. But I am afraid that it may not be so. When she did speak, her words were enigmatical, "Something's going out. I can feel it pass me like a cold wind. I can hear far off, confused sounds as of men talking in strange tongues, fierce falling water, and the howling of wolves." She stopped and a shudder ran through her, increasing in intensity for a few seconds, until at the end, she shook as though in a palsy. She said no more, even in answer to the Professor's imperative questioning. When she woke from the trance, she was cold, and exhausted, and languid but her mind was all-alert. She could not recall anything but asked what she had said. When she was told, she pondered over it deeply for a long time and in silence.

30 October,

At 7AM, we are near Galatz now, and I may not have time to write later. Sunrise this morning was anxiously looked for by us all. Knowing of the increasing difficulty of procuring the hypnotic trance, Van Helsing began his passes earlier than usual. They produced no effect, however, until the regular time, when she yielded with a still greater difficulty, only a minute before the sun rose. The Professor lost no time in his questioning. Her answer came with equal quickness, "All's dark. I hear water swirling by level with my ears, and the creaking of wood on wood. Cattle low far off. There's another sound, a queer one like..."

She stopped and grew white and whiter still. "Go on, go on! Speak, I command you!" said Van Helsing in an agonised voice.

At the same time, there was despair in his eyes, for the risen sun was reddening even Mrs. Harker's pale face. She opened her eyes, and we all started as she said sweetly and seemingly with the utmost unconcern. "Oh, Professor, why ask me to do what you know I can't? I recall nothing." Then, seeing the look of amazement on our faces, she said, turning from one to the other with a troubled look, "What've I said? What've I done? I know nothing only that I was laying here, half asleep, and heard you say go on! Speak, I command you! It seemed so funny to hear you order me about as if I were a bad child!"

"Oh, Madam Mina," he said, sadly, "it's proof if proof be needed of how I love and honour you when a word for thy good, spoken more earnest than ever, can seem so strange because it's to order her whom I'm proud to obey!" The whistles are sounding. We are nearing Galatz. We are on fire with anxiety and eagerness.

CHAPTER XCII MINA HARKER'S MEMORANDUM & JOURNAL

30 October,

Ground of inquiry: Count Dracula's problem's to get back to his own place.

(a) He must be brought back by someone. This's evident. For he'd power to move himself as he wished he'd go either as man, wolf, bat, or in some other way. He evidently fears discovery or interference, in the state of helplessness in which he must be, confined as he's between dawn and sunset in his wooden box.

(b) How's he to be taken? Here, a process of exclusions may help us. By road, by rail, by water? By:

1. Road. – There are endless difficulties, especially in leaving the city.

(a) There're people. people're curious, and investigate. A hint, surmise, doubt as to what might be in the box'd destroy him.

(b) There're, or there may be, customs and octroi officers to pass.

(c) His pursuers might follow. This's his highest fear. in order to prevent his being betrayed he has repelled, as far as he can, even his victim, me!

2. Rail – There's none in charge of the box. It'd have to take its chance of being delayed, and delay'd be fatal, with enemies on the track. True, he might escape at night. But what'd he be, if left in a strange place with no refuge that he'd fly to? This isn't what he intends, and he doesn't mean to risk it.

3. Water – Here's the safest way, in one respect but with most danger in another. On the water, he's powerless except at night. Even then, he can only summon fog, storm, snow, and his wolves. But if he's wrecked, the living water'd engulf him, helpless, and he'd indeed be lost. He'd have the vessel drive to land but if it's unfriendly land, wherein he's un-free to move, his position'd still be desperate.

We know from the record that he's on the water, so what we've to do is to ascertain what water. The first thing's to realise exactly what he's done yet. Then we may get a light on what his task's to be. Firstly, we must differentiate between what he did in London as part of his general plan of action, when he's pressed for moments and he'd to arrange as best he'd. Secondly we must see, as well as we can surmise it from the facts we know of, what he's done here. As to the first, he evidently intended to arrive at Galatz, and sent invoice to Verna to deceive us lest we'd ascertain his means of exit from England. His immediate and sole purpose then was to escape. The proof of this's the letter of instructions sent to Immanuel Hildesheim to clear and take away the box before sunrise. There's also the instruction to Petrov Skinsky. These we must only guess at but there must've been some letter or message, since Skinsky came to Hildesheim. That, so far, his plans were successful we know. The Czarina Catherine made a phenomenally quick journey. So much so that Captain Donelson's suspicions were aroused. But his superstition united with his canniness played the Count's game for him, and he ran with his favouring wind through fogs and all until he brought up blindfold at Galatz. That the Count's arrangements were well made has been proved. Hildesheim cleared the box, took it off, and gave it to Skinsky. Skinsky took it, and here we lose the trail. We only know that the box's somewhere on the water, moving along. The customs and the octroi, if there're any, have been avoided. Now we come to what the Count must've done after his arrival, on land, at Galatz. The box's given to Skinsky before sunrise. At sunrise, the Count'd appear in his own form. Here, we ask why Skinsky's chosen at all to aid in the work. In my husband's diary, Skinsky's mentioned as dealing with the Slovaks who trade down the river to the port. the man's remark, that the murder's the work of a Slovak, showed the general feeling against his class. The Count wanted isolation. My surmise's this, that in London the Count decided to get back to his castle by water, as the most safe and secret way. He's brought from the castle by Szgany, and probably they delivered their cargo to Slovaks who took the boxes to Verna, for there they're shipped to London. Thus, the Count'd knowledge of the persons who'd arrange this service. When the box's on land, before sunrise or after sunset, he came out from his box, met Skinsky, and instructed him what to do so to arranging the

carriage of the box up some river. When this's done, and he knew all that's in train, he blotted out his traces, as he thought, by murdering his agent. I've examined the map and I find that the river most suitable for the Slovaks to have ascended's either the Pruth or the Sereth. I read in the typescript that in my trance I heard cows low and water swirling level with my ears and the creaking of wood. The Count in his box's, then, on a river in an open boat, propelled probably either by oars or poles, for the banks are near and it's working against stream. There'd be no such if floating down stream. Of course, it mayn't be either the Sereth or the Pruth but we may possibly investigate further. Now of these two, the Pruth's the more easily navigated but the Sereth's, at Fundu, joined by the Bistritz that runs up round the Borgo Pass, The loop it makes is manifestly as close to Dracula's castle as can be got by water.

JOURNAL:

30 October,

Mr. Morris took me to the hotel where our rooms had been ordered by telegraph, he being the one who could best be spared, since he does not speak any foreign language. The forces were distributed much as they had been at Verna, except that Lord Godalming went to the Vice Consul, as his rank might serve as an immediate guarantee of some sort to the official, we being in extreme hurry. Jonathan and the two doctors went to the shipping agent to learn particulars of the arrival of the Czarina Catherine. Later, Lord Godalming has returned. The Consul is away, and the Vice Consul sick. So the routine work has been attended to by a clerk. He was very obliging, and offered to do anything in his power. In the evening, they were so tired and worn out and dispirited that there was nothing to be done until they had some rest so I asked them all to lie down for half an hour whilst I should enter everything up to the moment. I feel so grateful to the man who invented the Traveller's typewriter and to Mr. Morris for getting this one for me. I should have felt astray doing the work if I had to write with a pen ... that it is all done. Poor dear, dear Jonathan, what he must have suffered, what he must be suffering now. He lies on the sofa hardly seeming to breathe, and his whole body appears in collapse. His brows are knit. His face is drawn with pain. Poor fellow, maybe he is thinking, and I can see his face all wrinkled up with the concentration of his thoughts. Oh!

If I could only help at all, I shall do what I can. I have asked Dr. Van Helsing, and he has me all the papers that I have not yet seen. Whilst they are resting, I shall go over all carefully, and perhaps I may arrive at some conclusion. I shall try to follow the Professor's example, and think without prejudice on the facts before me ... I do believe that under Lord's providence I have made a discovery. I shall get the maps and look over them. I am more than ever sure that I am right. My new conclusion is ready, so I shall get our party together and read it. They can judge it. It is well to be accurate, and every minute is precious. When I had done reading, Jonathan took me in his arms and kissed me. The others kept shaking me by both hands and Dr. Van Helsing said, "Our dear Madam Mina's once more our teacher. Her eyes'd been where we're blinded. Now we're on the track once again and this time we may succeed. Our enemy's at his most helpless. if we can come on him by day on the water, our task'll be over. He's a start but he's powerless to hasten, as he mayn't leave this box lest those who carry him may suspect. For them to suspect'd be to prompt them to throw him in the stream where he perishes. This he knows, and won't. Now men, to our Council of War for here and now, we must plan what each and all'll do."

"I'll get a steam launch and follow him," said Lord Godalming.

"And I, horses to follow on the bank lest by chance he land," said Mr. Morris.

"Good!" said the Professor, "both good. But neither must go alone. There must be force to overcome force if need be. The Slovak's strong, rough, and he carries rude arms."

All the men smiled, for amongst them they carried a small arsenal, said Mr. Morris, "I've brought some Winchesters. They're handy in a crowd, and there maybe wolves. The Count if you recall, took some other precautions. He made some requisitions on others that Mrs. Harker'd not quite hear or understand. We must be ready at all points."

Dr. Seward said, "I think I'd better go with Quincy. We've been accustomed to hunt together and we two'll, well armed, be a match for whatever may come along. You mustn't be alone, Art. It may be necessary to fight the Slovaks, and a chance thrust for I don't suppose these fellows carry guns'd undo all our plans. There must be no chances this time. We'll not rest until the Count's head and body's been separated and we're sure that he can't reincarnate."

He looked at Jonathan as he spoke, and Jonathan looked at me. I could see that the poor dear was torn about in his mind. Of course, he wanted to be with me. But then the boat service would, most likely, be the one which would destroy the ... the ... Vampire. Why did I hesitate to write the word?

He was silent awhile, and during his silence, Dr. Van Helsing spoke, "Friend Jonathan, this's to you for twice reasons. First because you're young, brave, can fight, all energies may be needed at the last, and again that it's thy right to destroy him that that's wrought such woe to you and thine. Be not afraid for Madam Mina. She'll be my care if I may. I'm old. My legs aren't as quick to run as once. I'm not used to ride so long, to pursue as need be, or fight with lethal weapons. But I can be of other service. I can fight in other way. I can die if need be as well as younger men. Now let me say that what I'd is this. While you, my Lord Godalming and friend Jonathan go in thy so swift little steamboat up the river and whilst John and Quincy guard the bank, where perchance he might be landed, I'll take Madam Mina right into the heart of the enemy's country. Whilst the old fox's tied in his box floating on the running stream whence he can't escape to land where he daren't raise the lid of his coffin box lest his Slovak carriers'd in fear leave him to perish, we'll go in the track where Jonathan went from Bistritz over the Borgo and find our way to the Castle of Dracula. Here, Madam Mina's hypnotic power will surely help, and we'll find our way, all dark, and unknown otherwise after the first sunrise when we're near that fateful place. There's much to be done, and other places to be made sanctify so that that nest of vipers be obliterated."

Here Jonathan interrupted him hotly, "Do you mean to say, Professor Van Helsing that you'd bring Mina in her sad case and tainted as she's with that devil's illness right into the jaws of his death-trap? Not for the world, not for Heaven or Hell!"

He became almost speechless for a minute, and then went on, "Do you know what the place's? You've seen that awful den of hellish infamy with the very moonlight alive with grisly shapes and every speck of dust that whirls in the wind a devouring monster in embryo; you've felt the Vampire's lips upon thy throat?"

Here he turned to me, and as his eyes lit on my forehead, he threw up his arms with a cry, "Oh, my Lord, what've we done to have this terror upon us?"

And he sank down on the sofa in a collapse of misery. The Professor's voice, as he spoke in clear, sweet tones that seemed to vibrate in the air, calmed us all. "Oh my friend, it's because I'd save Madam Mina from that awful place that I'd go, Lord Forbids that I'd take her into that place. There's wild work to be done before that place can be purify. Recall that we're in terrible straits. If the Count escapes us this time, he's strong, subtle, and cunning, he may choose to sleep him for a century, and then in time our dear one'd," he took my hand, "come to him to keep him company, and would be as those others that you, Jonathan saw. You've told us of their gloating lips. You heard their ribald laugh as they clutched the moving bag that the Count threw to them. You shudder and well May it be. Forgive me that I make you so much pain but it's necessary. My friend isn't it a dire need for that which I'm giving, possibly my life? If it were that anyone went into that place to stay, I'd have to go to keep them company."

"Do as you'll," said Jonathan, with a sob that shook him all over, "we're in the Hands of Lord!"

Later, oh, it did me good to see the way that these brave men worked. How can women help loving men when they're so earnest, true, and brave! And too, it made me think of the wonderful power of money! What can't it do when basely used? I felt so thankful that Lord Godalming is rich, and both he and Mr. Morris who also has plenty of money, are willing to spend it so freely. For if they did not, our little expedition could not start, either so promptly or so well equipped, as it will within another hour. Not three hours since it was arranged what part each of us was to do. now Lord Godalming and Jonathan have a lovely steam launch, with steam up ready to start at a moment's notice. Dr. Seward and Mr. Morris have half a dozen good horses, well appointed. We have all the maps and appliances of various kinds that can be had. Professor Van Helsing and I are to leave by the 11:40 train tonight for Veresti, where we are to get a carriage to drive to the Borgo Pass. We are bringing a good deal of ready money, as we are to buy a carriage and horses. We shall drive ourselves, for we have none whom we can trust in the matter. The Professor knows something of a great many languages, so we shall get on all right. We have all got arms, even for me a large bore revolver. Jonathan would not be happy unless I was armed like the rest. Alas! I cannot carry one arm that the rest do, the scar on my forehead forbids that. Dear Dr. Van Helsing comforts me by telling me that I am fully armed, as there may be wolves. The weather is getting colder every hour, and there are snow flurries that come and go

as warnings. Later, it took all my courage to say goodbye to my darling. We may never meet again. Courage, Mina! The Professor is looking at you keenly. His look is a warning. There must be no tears now, unless it may be that Lord will let them fall in gladness.

CHAPTER XCIII JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

30 October,

At nine o'clock Dr. Van Helsing, Dr. Seward, and I called on Messrs. Mackenzie & Steinkoff, the agents of the London firm of Hapgood. They had received a wire from London, in answer to Lord Godalming's telegraphed request, asking them to show us any civility in their power. They were more than kind and courteous, and took us at once on board the Czarina Catherine that lay at anchor out in the river harbour. There we saw the Captain, Donnellson by name, who told us of his voyage. He said that in all his life he had never had so favourable a run. "Man!" he said, "but it made us afraid for we expect it that we'd have to pay for it with some rare piece of ill luck to keep up the average. It's no canny to run frae London to the Black Sea with a wind hint you as though the Devil himself were blowing on thy sail for his purpose and at the time we'd no spare a thing. Gin we're nigh a ship, port, or a headland, a fog fell on us and travelled with us until when after it'd lifted and we looked out, the devil a thing we'd see. We ran by Gibraltar being unable to signal and until we came to the Dardanelles and had to wait to get our permit to pass, we're never within hail of aught. At first, I inclined to slack off sail and beat about until the fog was lifted. But while I thought that if the Devil's minded to get us into the Black Sea quick, he's like to do it whether we'd or not. If we'd a quick voyage, it'd be no to our discredit with the owners or no hurt to our traffic and the old man who'd served his purpose's decently grateful to us for no hindering him."

This mixture of simplicity and cunning, of superstition and commercial reasoning, aroused Van Helsing, who said, "My friend, that Devil's cleverer than he's thought by some and he knows when he meets his match!"

The skipper was pleased with the compliment, and went on, "When we got past the Bosphorus the men began to grumble. Some of them, the Romanians, came and asked me to heave overboard a big box that'd been put on board by a queer looking old man just before we'd started frae London. I'd seen them spear at the fellow and put out their two fingers when they saw him to guard them against the evil eye. Man! But the superstition of foreigners's perfectly ridiculous! I sent them about their business quick but as just after a fog closed in on us I felt a wee bit as they did anent something, though I'd not say it's again the big box. Well on we went and as the fog didn't let up for five days I just let the wind carry us for if the Devil wanted to get somewhere well, he'd fetch it up alright and if he didn't well, we'd keep a sharp lookout anyhow. Sure enough, we'd a fair way and deep water all the time. Two days ago, when the morning sun came through the fog, we found us just in the river opposite Galatz. The Romanians're wild, and wanted me right or wrong to take out the box and fling it in the river. I'd to argue with them about it with a handspike and when the last of them rose off the deck with his head in his hand, I'd convinced them that evil eye or no evil eye, the property and the trust of my owners're better in my hands than in the river Danube. They'd, mind you, taken the box on the deck ready to fling in and as it's marked Galatz via Verna, I thought I'd let it lie until we discharged in the port and get rid of it altogether. We didn't do much clearing that day and had to remain the niche at anchor. But in the morning, braw and airily, an hour before sun-up, a man came aboard with an order, written to him from England to receive a box marked for one Count Dracula. Sure enough the matter's one ready to his hand. He'd his papers alright, and glad I was to be rid of the damn thing for I was beginning to feel uneasy at it. If the Devil'd any luggage aboard the ship, I'm thinking it's none either than that same!"

"What's the name of the man who took it?" asked Dr. Van Helsing with restrained eagerness.

"I'll be telling you quickly!" he answered, and stepping down to his cabin, produced a receipt signed Immanuel Hildesheim.

Burgenstrasse 16 was the address. We found out that this was all the Captain knew, so with thanks we came away. We found Hildesheim in his office, a Hebrew of rather the Adelphi Theatre type, with a nose like a sheep, and a fez. His arguments were pointed with specie, we doing the punctuation, and with a little bargaining, he told us what he knew. This turned out to be simple but important. He had received a letter from Mr. de Ville of London, telling him to receive, if possible before sunrise to avoid customs, a box that would arrive at Galatz in the Czarina Catherine. This he was to give in charge to a certain Petrov Skinsky, who dealt with the Slovaks who traded down the river to the port. He had been paid for his work by an English bank note that had been duly cashed for gold at the Danube International Bank. When Skinsky had come to him, he had taken him to the ship and handed over the box, to save porter age. That was all he knew. We then sought for Skinsky but were unable to find him. One of his neighbours, who did not seem to bear him any affection, said that he had gone away two days before, none knew where. This was corroborated by his proprietor, who had received by messenger the key of the house together with the rent due, in English money. This had been between ten and eleven o'clock last night. We were at a standstill again. Whilst we were talking one came running and breathlessly gasped out that the body of Skinsky had been found inside the wall of the churchyard of St. Peter, and that the throat had been torn open as if by some wild animal. Those we had been speaking with ran off to see the horror, the women crying out. "This's the work of a Slovak!" We hurried away lest we should have been in some way drawn into the affair, and so detained. As we came home, we could arrive at no definite conclusion. We were all convinced that the box was on its way, by water, to somewhere but where that might be we would have to discover. With heavy hearts, we came home to the hotel to Mina. When we met together, the first thing was to consult as to taking Mina again into our confidence. Things are getting desperate, and it is at least a chance, though a hazardous one. As a preliminary step, I was released from my promise to her. At night, I am writing this in the light from the furnace door of the steam launch. Lord Godalming is firing up. He is an experienced hand at the work, as he has had for years a launch of his own on the Thames, and another on the Norfolk Broads. Regarding our plans, we finally decided that Mina's guess was correct, and that if any waterway was chosen for the Count's escape back to his Castle, the Sereth and then the Bistritz at its junction, would be the one. We took it, that somewhere about the 47th degree, north latitude, would be the place chosen for crossing the country between the river and the Carpathians. We have no fear in running at good speed up the river at night. There is plenty of water, and the banks are wide enough apart to make steaming, even in the dark, easy enough. Lord Godalming tells me to sleep for a while, as it is enough for the present for one to be on watch. But I cannot sleep, how can I with the terrible danger hanging over my darling, and her going out into that awful place ... my only comfort is that we are in the hands of Lord. Only for that faith, it would be easier to die than to live, and so be quit of all the trouble. Mr. Morris and Dr. Seward were off on their long ride before we started. They are to keep up the right bank, far enough off getting on higher lands where they can see a good stretch of river and avoid the following of its curves. They have, for the first stages, two men to ride and lead their spare horses, four in all, so as not to excite curiosity. When they dismiss the men that shall be shortly, they shall themselves look after the horses. It may be necessary for us to join forces. If so they can mount our whole party. One of the saddles has a moveable horn, and can be easily adapted for Mina, if required. We are on a wild adventure. Here, as we are rushing along through the darkness, with the cold from the river seeming to rise up and strike us, with all the mysterious voices of the night around us, it all comes home. We seem to be drifting into unknown places and unknown ways. Into a whole world of dark and dreadful things, Godalming is shutting the furnace door...

31 October,

Still hurrying along, the day has come, and Godalming is sleeping. I am on watch. The morning is bitterly cold, the furnace heat is grateful, though we have heavy fur coats. Yet we have passed only a few open boats but none of them had on board any box or package of anything like the size of the one we seek. The men were scared every time we turned our electric lamp on them, and fell on their knees and prayed.

CHAPTER VIC MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

31 October,

Arrived at Veresti at noon, the Professor tells me that this morning at dawn he could hardly hypnotize me at all, and that all I could say was dark and quiet. He is off now buying a carriage and horses. He says that he will later on try to buy additional horses, so that we may be able to change them on the way. We have something more than 70 miles before us. The country is lovely, and most interesting. If only we were under different conditions, how delightful it would be to see it

all. If Jonathan and I were driving through it alone what a pleasure, it would be, to stop and see people, and learn something of their life, and to fill our minds and memories with all the colour and picturesque-ness of the completely wild, beautiful country and the quaint people but, alas! Later, Dr. Van Helsing has returned. He has the carriage and horses. We are to have some dinner, and to start in an hour. The proprietor is putting us up a huge basket of provisions. It seems enough for a company of soldiers. The Professor encourages her, and whispers to me that it may be a week before we can get any food again. He has been shopping too, and has sent home such a wonderful lot of fur coats and wraps, and all sorts of warm things. There will be no chance of our being cold.

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We shall soon be off. I am afraid to think what may happen to us. We are truly in the hands of Lord. He alone knows what may be, and I pray Him, with all the strength of my sad and humble soul, that He will watch over my beloved husband. That whatever may happen, Jonathan may know that I loved him and honoured him more than I can say, and that my latest and truest thought will be always for him.

1 November,

All daylong we have travelled, and at a good speed. The horses seem to know that they are being kindly treated, for they go willingly their full stage at best speed. We have now had so many changes and find the same thing so constantly that we are encouraged to think that the journey will be an easy one. Dr. Van Helsing is laconic, he tells the farmers that he is hurrying to Bistritz, and pays them well to make the exchange of horses. We get hot soup, or coffee, or tea, and off we go. It is a lovely country. Full of beauties of all imaginable kinds, and the people are brave, and strong, and simple, and seem full of nice qualities. They are very, very superstitious. In the first house where we stopped, when the woman who served us saw the scar on my forehead, she crossed herself and put out two fingers towards me, to keep off the evil eye. I believe they went to the trouble of putting an extra amount of garlic into our food, and I can't abide garlic. Ever since then I have taken care not to take off my hat or veil, and so have escaped their suspicions. We are travelling fast, and as we have no driver with us to carry tales, we go ahead of scandal. But I daresay that fear of the evil eye will follow hard behind us all the way. The Professor seems tireless. All day he would not take any rest, though he made me sleep for a long spell. At sunset time, he hypnotised me and he says I answered as usual, "Darkness, lapping water and creaking wood." So our enemy is still on the river. I am afraid to think of Jonathan but somehow I have now no fear for him, or for myself. I write this whilst we wait in a farmhouse for the horses to be ready. Dr. Van Helsing is sleeping. Poor dear, he looks very tired, old, and grey but his mouth is set as firmly as a conqueror's. Even in his sleep, he is intense with resolution. When we have well started, I must make him rest whilst I drive. I shall tell him that we have days before us, and he must not break down when most of all his strength will be needed ... all is ready. We are off shortly.

CHAPTER VC JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

1 November,

In the evening, no news all day, we have found nothing of the kind we seek. We have now passed into the Bistritz, and if we are wrong in our surmise, our chance is gone. We have overhauled every boat, big and little. Early this morning, one crew took us for a Government boat, and treated us accordingly. We saw in this a way of smoothing matters, so at Fundu, where the Bistritz runs into the Sereth, we got a Romanian flag which we now fly conspicuously. With every boat, that we have overhauled since then this trick has succeeded. We have had every deference shown to us, and not once any objection to whatever we chose to ask or do. Some of the Slovaks tell us that a big boat passed them, going at more than usual speed as she had a double crew on-board. This was before they came to Fundu, so they could not tell us whether the boat turned into the Bistritz or continued up the Sereth. At Fundu, we could not hear of any such boat, so she must have passed there in the night. I am feeling very sleepy. The cold is perhaps beginning to tell upon me, and nature must have rest some time. Godalming insists that he shall keep the first watch. Lord Bless him for all his goodness to poor dear Mina and me.

2 November,

In the morning, it is broad daylight. That good fellow would not wake me. He says it would have been a sin to, for I slept peacefully and was forgetting my trouble. It seems brutally selfish to me to have slept so long, and let him watch all night but he was quite right. I am a new man this morning. And, as I sit here and watch him sleeping, I can do all that is necessary both as to minding the engine, steering, and keeping watch. I can feel that my strength and energy are coming back to me. I wonder where Mina and Van Helsing are now. They should have got to Veresti about noon on Wednesday. It would take them some time to get the carriage and horses. So if they had started and travelled hard, they would be about now at the Borgo Pass. Lord guide and help them! I am afraid to think what may happen. If we could only go faster but we cannot; the engines are throbbing and doing their utmost. I wonder how Dr. Seward and Mr. Morris are getting on. There seem to be endless streams running down the mountains into this river but as none of them are very large, at present, at all events, though they are doubtless terrible in winter and when the snow melts, the horsemen may not have met much obstruction. I hope that before we get to Strasba we may see them. For if by that time we have not overtaken the Count, it may be necessary to take counsel together what to do next.

CHAPTER VCI MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

2 November,

In the morning, I was successful, and we took turns driving all night. Now the day is on us, bright though cold. There is a strange heaviness in the air. I say heaviness for want of a better word. I mean that it oppresses us both. It is very cold, and only our warm furs keep us comfortable. At dawn Van Helsing hypnotized me. He says I answered, "Darkness, creaking wood, and roaring water," so the river is changing as they ascend. I do hope that my darling will not run any chance of danger, more than need be but we are in Lord's hands. At night, all day long driving, the country gets wilder as we go, and the great spurs of the Carpathians that at Veresti seemed so far from us and so low on the horizon, now seem to gather round us, and tower in front. We both seem in good spirits. I think we make an effort each to cheer the other, in the doing so we cheer ourselves. Dr. Van Helsing says that by morning we shall reach the Borgo Pass. The houses are very few here now, and the Professor says that the last horse we got will have to go on with us, as we may not be able to change. He got two in addition to the two we changed, so that now we have a rude four-in-hand. The dear horses are patient and good, and they give us no trouble. We are not worried with other travellers and so, even I can drive. We shall get to the Pass in daylight. We do not want to arrive before. So we take it easy, and have each a long rest in turn. Oh, what'll tomorrow bring to us? We go to seek the place where my poor darling suffered so much. Lord grant that we may be guided aright, and that He will deign to watch over my husband and those dear to us both, and who are in such deadly peril. As for me, I am unworthy in His sight. Alas! I am unclean to His eyes, and shall be until He may deign to let me stand forth in His sight as one of those who have not incurred His wrath.

CHAPTER IIIC DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

2 November,

Three days on the road, no news, and no time to write it if there had been, for every moment is precious, we have had only the rest needful for the horses. But we are both bearing it wonderfully. Those adventurous days of ours are turning up useful. We must push on. We shall never feel happy until we get the launch in sight again.

3 November,

We heard at Fundu that the launch had gone up the Bistritz. I wish it wasn't so cold. There are signs of snow coming. if it falls heavy, it will stop us. In such case, we must get a sledge and go on, Russian fashion.

4 November,

Today we heard of the launch having been detained by an accident when trying to force a way up the rapids. The Slovak boats get up all right, by aid of a rope and steering with knowledge. Some went up only a few hours before. Godalming is an amateur fitter himself, and evidently, he put the launch in trim again. Finally, they got up the rapids all right, with local help, and they are off on the chase afresh. I fear that the boat is not any better for the accident, the peasantry tell us that after she got upon smooth water again, she kept stopping every now and again so long as she was in sight. We must push on harder than ever. Our help may be wanted soon.

CHAPTER IIC JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

4 November,

In the evening, the accident to the launch has been a terrible thing for us. Only for it we should have overtaken the boat long ago, and by now my dear Mina would have been free. I fear to think of her, off on the worlds near that horrid place. We have horses, and we follow on the track. I note this whilst Godalming is getting ready. We have our arms. The Szgany must look out if they mean to fight. Oh, if only Morris and Seward were with us. We must only hope, if I write no more Goodbye Mina! Lord Bless and Keep you.

CHAPTER IC MEMORANDUM BY ABRAHAM VAN HELSING

4 November,

This, to my old and true friend John Seward, MD, of Purfleet, London, in case I mayn't see him, it may explain. It's morning, and I write by a fire that all the night I've kept alive, Madam Mina aiding me. It's very cold. So cold that the grey heavy sky's full of snow that when it falls will settle for all winter as the ground's hardening to receive it. It seems to have affected Madam Mina. She's been so heavy of head all day that she's unlike herself. She sleeps, sleeps, and sleeps! She who's usual so alert, has done literally nothing all the day. She's even lost her appetite. She makes no entry into her little diary, she who writes so faithful at every pause. Something whispers to me that not all's well. However, tonight she's more vif. Her long sleep all day have refresh and restore her, for now she's all sweet and bright as ever. At sunset I try to hypnotize her but alas! With no effect, the power's grown less and less with each day, and tonight it fail me altogether. Well, Lord's will be done whatever it may be, and wheresoever it may lead! Now to the historical, for as Madam Mina write not in her stenography, I must, in my cumbrous old fashion, that so each day of us may go recorded. We gotta the Borgo Pass just after sunrise yesterday morning. When I saw the signs of the dawn, I got ready for the hypnotism. We stopped our carriage, and got down so that there might be no disturbance. I made a couch with furs, and Madam Mina, lying down, yield herself as usual but more slow and more short time than ever, to the hypnotic sleep. As before, the answer came, darkness, and the swirling of water. Then she woke, bright and radiant and we go on our way and soon reach the Pass. At this time and place, she become all on fire with zeal. Some new guiding power be in her manifested, for she point to a road and say, "This's the way."

"How know you it?"

I ask. "Of course I know it," she answers, and with a pause, add, "Haven't my Jonathan travelled it and wrote of his travel?" At first I think somewhat strange but soon I see that there be only one such byroad. It's used but little, and very different from the coach road from the Bukovina to Bistritz that's more wide, hard, and more of use. So we came down this road. When we meet other ways, not always we're sure that they're roads at all, for they be neglect and light snow have fallen, the horses know and they only. I give rein to them, and they go on so patient. By and by we find all the things that Jonathan's note in that wonderful diary of him. Then we go on for long, long hours and hours. At the first, I tell Madam Mina to sleep. She try, and she succeed. She sleep all the time, until at the last, I feel myself to suspicious grow, and attempt to wake her. But she sleeps on, and I may not wake her though I try. I don't wish to try too hard lest I harm her for I know that she's suffer much, and sleep at times be overall to her. I think I drowse myself, for all of sudden I feel guilt, as though I've done something. I find me bolt up, with the reins in my hand, and the good horses go along jog, jog, just as ever. I look down and find Madam Mina still asleep. It's now not far off sunset time, and over the snow the light of the sun flow in big yellow flood, so that we throw great long shadow on where the mountain rise so steep. For we are going up, and up, and all is oh, so wild and rocky, as though it were the end of the world. Then I arouse Madam Mina. This time she wakes with not much trouble, and then I try to put her to hypnotic sleep. But she sleeps not, being as though I were not. Still I try and try, until all at once I find her and myself in dark, so I look round, and find that the sun have gone down. Madam Mina laugh, and I turn and look at her. She is now quite awake, and look so well as I never saw her since that night at Carfax when we first enter the Count's house. I am amaze, and not at ease then. But she is so bright, tender, and thoughtful for me that I forget all fear. I light a fire, for we have brought supply of wood with us, and she prepare food while I undo the horses and set them, tethered in shelter, to feed. Then when I return to the fire, she have my supper ready. I go to help her but she smile, and tell me that she have eat already. That she was so hungry that she would not wait. I like it not, and I have grave doubts. But I fear to affright her, and so I am silent of it. She helps me and I eat alone, and then we wrap in fur and lie beside the fire, and I tell her to sleep while I watch. But presently I forget all of watching. When I sudden recall that I watch, I find her lying quiet but awake and looking at me with so bright eyes. Once, twice more the same occur, and I get much sleep until before morning. When I wake I try to hypnotize her but alas! Though she shut her eyes obedient, she may not sleep. The sun rise up, and up, and up, and then sleep come to her too late but so heavy that she will not wake. I have to lift her up, and place her sleeping in the carriage when I have harnessed the horses and made all ready. Madam still sleep and she look in her sleep healthier and redder than before. I like it not. I am afraid, afraid, and afraid! I am afraid of all things, even to think but I must go on my way. The stake we play for is life and death, or more than these are, and we must not flinch.

5 November,

In the morning, let me be accurate in everything, for though you and I have seen some strange things together, you may at the first think that I, Van Helsing, am mad that the many horrors and the so long strain on nerves have turned my brain at the last. All yesterday we travel, always getting closer to the mountains, and moving into a more and more wild and desert land. There are great, frowning precipices and much falling water, and Nature seem to have held sometime her carnival. Madam Mina still sleep and sleep though I did have hunger and appeased it, I could not waken her, even for food. I began to fear that the fatal spell of the place was upon her, tainted as she is with that Vampire baptism. "Well," said I to me, "if it be that she sleeps all the day, it'll also be that I do not sleep at night." As we travel on the rough road, for a road of an ancient and imperfect kind there was, I held down my head and slept. Again, I waked with a sense of guilt and of time passed, and found Madam Mina still sleeping and the sun low down. But all was indeed changed. The frowning mountains seemed further away, and we were near the top of a steep rising hill, on summit of which was such a castle as Jonathan tell of in his diary. At once, I exulted and feared. For now, for good or ill, the end was near. I woke Madam Mina, and again tried to hypnotize her but alas! Unavailing until too late, then, ere the great dark came upon us, for even after down sun the heavens reflected the gone sun on the snow, and all was for a time in a great twilight. I took out the horses and fed them in what shelter I could. Then I make a fire, and near it I make Madam Mina, now awake and more charming than ever, sit comfortable amid her rugs. I got ready food but she would not eat, simply saying that she had not hunger. I did not press her, knowing her unavailing ness. But I myself eat, for I must need to be strong for all now. Then, with the fear on me of what might be, I drew a ring so big for her comfort, round where Madam Mina sat. Over the ring, I passed some of the wafer, and I broke it fine so that all was well guarded. She sat still all the time, so still as one dead. She grew whiter and even whiter until the snow was not paler, and no word she said. But when I drew near, she clung to me, and I could know that the poor soul shook her from head to feet with a tremor that was pain to feel. I said to her presently, when she had grown quieter, "Will you not come over to the fire?" for I wished to make a test of what she could. She rose obedient but when she have made a step she stopped, and stood as one stricken.

"Why not go on?" I asked.

She shook her head, and coming back, sat down in her place. Then, looking at me with open eyes, as of one waked from sleep, she said simply, "I can't!" and remained silent. I rejoiced, for I knew that what she could not, none of those that we dreaded could. Though there might be danger to her body, yet her soul was

safe! Presently the horses began to scream, and tore at their tethers until I came to them and quieted them. When they did feel my hands on them, they whinnied low as in joy, and licked at my hands and were quiet for a time. Many times through the night, did I come to them, until it arrives to the cold hour when all nature is at lowest, and every time my coming was with quiet of them? In the cold hour the fire began to die, and I was about stepping forth to replenish it, for now the snow came in flying sweeps and with it a chill mist. Even in the dark, there was a light of some kind, as there ever is over snow, and it seemed as though the snow flurries and the wreaths of mist took shape as of women with trailing garments. All was in dead, grim silence only that the horses whinnied and cowered, as if in terror of the worst. I began to fear, horrible fears. But then came to me the sense of safety in that ring wherein I stood. I began too, to think that my imaginings were of the night, and the gloom, and the unrest that I have gone through, and all the terrible anxiety. It was as though my memories of all Jonathan's horrid experience were befooling me. For the snow flakes and the mist began to wheel and circle round, until I could get as though a shadowy glimpse of those women that would have kissed him. Then the horses cowered lower and lower, and moaned in terror as men do in pain. Even the madness of fright was not to them, so that they could break away. I feared for my dear Madam Mina when these weird figures drew near and circled round. I looked at her but she sat calm, and smiled at me. When I would have stepped to the fire to replenish it, she caught me and held me back, and whispered, like a voice that one hears in a dream, so low it was. "No! No! Do not go without. Here you are safe!"

I turned to her, and looking in her eyes said, "But you? It is for you that I fear!"

Whereat she laughed, a laugh low and unreal, and said, "Fear for me! Why fear for me? None safer in the entire world from them than I am,"

And as I wondered at the meaning of her words, a puff of wind made the flame leap up, and I see the red scar on her forehead, then, alas! I knew. Did I not, I would soon have learned, for the wheeling figures of mist and snow come closer but keeping ever without the Holy circle. Then they began to materialize until, if Lord have not taken away my reason, for I saw it through my eyes. There were before me in actual flesh the same three women that Jonathan saw in the room, when they would have kissed his throat. I knew the swaying round forms, the bright hard eyes, the white teeth, the ruddy colour, and the voluptuous lips. They smiled ever at poor dear Madam Mina. as their laugh came through the silence of the night, they twined their arms and pointed to her, and said in those so sweet tingling tones that Jonathan said were of the intolerable sweetness of the water glasses, "Come, sis. Come to us. Come!"

In fear, I turned to my poor Madam Mina, and my heart with gladness leapt like flame, for oh! The terror in her sweet eyes, the repulsion, the horror, told a story to my heart that was all of hope. Lord be thanked she was not, yet of them. I seized some of the firewood that was by me, and holding out some of the Wafer, advanced on them towards the fire. They drew back before me, and laughed their low horrid laugh. I fed the fire, and feared them not, for I knew that we were safe within the ring that she could not leave anymore than they could enter. The horses had ceased to moan, and lay still on the ground. The snow fell on them softly, and they grew whiter. I knew that there was for the poor beasts no more of terror. so we remained until the red of the dawn began to fall through the snow gloom. I was desolate and afraid, and full of woe and terror. But when that beautiful sun began to climb the horizon life was to me again. At the first coming of the dawn, the horrid figures melted in the whirling mist and snow. The wreaths of transparent gloom moved away towards the castle, and were lost. Instinctively, with the dawn coming, I turned to Madam Mina, intending to hypnotize her. But she lay in a deep and sudden sleep, from which I could not wake her. I tried to hypnotize through her sleep but she made no response, none at all, and the day broke. I fear yet to stir. I have made my fire and have seen the horses; they are all dead. Today I have much to do here, and I keep waiting until the sun is up high, for there may be places where I must go, where that sunlight, though snow and mist obscure it, will be to me a safety. I will strengthen me with breakfast, and then I will do my terrible work. Madam Mina still sleeps and Lord be thanked! She is calm in her sleep ... in the afternoon; I am at least sane. Thank Lord for that mercy at all events, though the proving it has been dreadful. When I left Madam Mina sleeping within the Holy circle, I took my way to the castle. The blacksmith hammer which I took in the carriage from Veresti was useful, though the doors were all open I broke them off the rusty hinges, lest some ill intent or ill chance should close them, so that being entered I might not get out. Jonathan's bitter experience served me here. By memory of his diary I found my way to the old chapel, for I knew that here my work lay. The air was oppressive. It seemed as if some sulphurous fume at times made me dizzy. Either there was a roaring in my ears or I heard afar off the howl of wolves. Then I bethought me of my dear Madam Mina, and I was in terrible plight. The dilemma had me between his horns. Her, I had not dare to take into this place but left safe from the Vampire in that Holy circle. yet even there would be the wolf! I resolve me that my work laid here, and that as to the wolves we must submit, if it were Lord's will. At any rate, it was only death and freedom beyond. So did I choose for her? Had it but been for myself the choice had been easy, the maw of the wolf were better to rest in than the grave of the Vampire! So I make my choice to go on with my work. I knew that there were at least three graves to find, graves that are inhabit. So I search, and search and I find one of them. She lay in her Vampire sleep, so full of life and voluptuous beauty that I shudder as though I have come to do murder. Ah, I doubt not that in the old time, when such things were, many a man who set forth to do such a task as mine, found at the last his heart fail him, and then his nerve. So he delay, and delay, and delay, until the mere beauty and the fascination of the wanton Un-Dead have hypnotize him. he remains on and on, until sunset come, and the Vampire sleep is over. Then the beautiful eyes of the fair woman open and look love, and the voluptuous mouth present to a kiss, and the man is weak. there remain one more victim in the Vampire fold, one more to swell the grim and grisly ranks of the Un-Dead! There is some fascination, surely, when I am moved by the mere presence of such an one, even lying as she lay in a tomb fretted with age and heavy with the dust of centuries, though there be that horrid odour such as the lairs of the Count have had. Yes, I was moved. I, Van Helsing, with all my purpose and with my motive for hate, I was moved to a yearning for delay which seemed to paralyze my faculties and to clog my very soul. It may have been that the need of natural sleep and the strange oppression of the air were beginning to overcome me. Certain it was that I was lapsing into sleep, the open-eyed sleep of one who yields to a sweet fascination, when there came through the snow stilled air a long, low wail, so full of woe and pity that it woke me like the sound of a clarion, for it was the voice of my dear Madam Mina that I heard. Then I braced myself again to my horrid task, and found by wrenching away tomb tops one other of the sisters, the other dark one. I dared not pause to look on her as I had on her sis, lest once more I should begin to be enthralled. But I go on searching until, presently, I find in a high great tomb as if made to one much beloved that other fair sis that, like Jonathan I had seen to gather her out of the atoms of the mist. She was so fair to look on, so radiantly beautiful, so exquisitely voluptuous, that the very instinct of man in me that calls some of my sex to love and to protect one of hers, made my head whirl with new emotion. But Lord be thanked, that soul wail of my dear Madam Mina had not died out of my ears. And, before the spell could be wrought further upon me, I had nerved myself to my wild work. By this time, I had searched all the tombs in the chapel, as far as I could tell. as there had been only three of these Un-Dead phantoms around us in the night, I took it that there were no more of active Un-Dead existent. There was one great tomb lordlier than all the rest. Huge it was, and nobly proportioned. On it was but one word:

Dracula

This then was the Un-dead home of the King Vampire, to whom so many more were due. Its emptiness spoke eloquent to make certain what I knew. Before I began to restore these women to their dead selves through my awful work, I laid in Dracula's tomb some of the Wafer, and so banished him from it, Un-dead, forever. Then began my terrible task, and I dreaded it. Had it been but one, it had been easy, comparative but three! To begin twice more after I had been through a deed of horror; for it was terrible with the sweet Miss Lucy, what would it not be with these strange ones who had survived through centuries, and who had been strengthened by the passing of the years. Who would, if they could, have fought for their foul lives ... oh, my friend John but it was butcher work. Had I not been nerved by thoughts of other dead, and of the living over who hung such a pall of fear, I could not have gone on. I tremble and tremble even yet, though until all was over, Lord be thanked, my nerve did stand. Had I not seen the repose in the first place, and the gladness that stole over it just ere the final dissolution came, as realisation that the soul had been won, I could not have gone further with my butchery. I could not have endured the horrid screeching as the stake drove home, the plunging of writhing form, and lips of bloody foam. I should have fled in terror and left my work undone. But it is over! And the poor souls, I can pity them now and weep, as I think of them placid each in her full sleep of death for a short moment ere fading. For, friend John, hardly had my knife severed the head of each, before the whole body began to melt away and crumble into its native dust, as though the death that should have come centuries ago had at last assert himself and say at once and loud, "I'm here!"

Before I left the castle, I so fixed its entrances that never more can the Count enter there Un-dead. When I stepped into the circle where Madam Mina slept, she

woke from her sleep and, seeing me, cried out in pain that I had endured too much. "Come!" she said, "come away from this awful place! Let us go to meet my husband who is, I know, coming towards us." She was looking thin, pale, and weak. But her eyes were pure and glowed with fervour. I was glad to see her paleness and her illness, for my mind was full of the fresh horror of that ruddy vampire sleep. so with trust and hope, and yet full of fear, we go eastward to meet our friends, and him, whom Madam Mina tell me that she know are coming to meet us.

CHAPTER C DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

5 November,

With the dawn, we saw the body of Szgany before us dashing away from the river with their litter wagon. They surrounded it in a clustre, and hurried along as though beset. The snow is falling lightly and there is a strange excitement in the air. It may be our own feelings but the depression is strange. Far off I hear the howling of wolves. The snow brings them down from the mountains, and there are dangers to all of us, and from all sides. The horses are nearly ready, and we are soon off. We ride to death of some one. Lord alone knows who, or where, or what, or when, or how it maybe...

CHAPTER CI MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

6 November,

It was late in the afternoon when the Professor and I took our way towards the east whence I knew Jonathan was coming. We did not go fast, though the way was steeply downhill, for we had to take heavy rugs and wraps with us. We dared not face the possibility of being left without warmth in the cold and the snow. We had to take some of our provisions too, for we were in a perfect desolation and as far as we could see through the snowfall, there was not even the sign of habitation. When we had gone about a mile, I was tired with the heavy walking and sat down to rest. Then we looked back and saw where the clear line of Dracula's castle cut the sky. For we were so deep under the hill whereon it was set that the angle of perspective of the Carpathian mountains was far below it. We saw it in all its grandeur, perched a thousand feet on the summit of a sheer precipice, and with seemingly a great gap between it and the steep of the adjacent mountain on any side. There was something wild and uncanny about the place. We could hear the distant howling of wolves. They were far off but the sound, even though coming muffled through the deadening snowfall, was full of terror. I knew from the way Dr. Van Helsing was searching about that he was trying to seek some strategic point, where we would be less exposed in case of attack. The rough roadway still led downwards. We could trace it through the drifted snow. In a little while, the Professor signalled to me, so I got up and joined him. He had found a wonderful spot, a sort of natural hollow in a rock, with an entrance like a doorway between two boulders. He took me by the hand and drew me in. "See!" he said, "Here you'll be in shelter. if the wolves do come I can meet them one by one." He brought in our furs, and made a snug nest for me, and got out some provisions and forced them upon me. But I could not eat, even to try to do so was repulsive to me, and much as I would have liked to please him, I could not bring myself to the attempt. He looked very sad but did not reproach me. Taking his field glasses from the case, he stood on the top of the rock, and began to search the horizon. Suddenly he called out, "*Look, Madam Mina!*" I sprang up and stood beside him on the rock. He handed me his glasses and pointed. The snow was now falling more heavily, and swirled about fiercely, for a high wind was beginning to blow. However, there were times when there were pauses between the snow flurries and I could see a long way round. From the height where we were it was possible to see a great distance. far off, beyond the white waste of snow, I could see the river lying like a black ribbon in kinks and curls as it wound its way. Straight in front of us and not far off, in fact, so near that I wondered we had not noticed before, a group of mounted men came hurrying along. In the midst of them was a cart, a long litter wagon that swept from side to side, like a dog's tail wagging, with each stern inequality of the road. Outlined against the snow as they were, I could see from the men's clothes that they were peasants or gypsies of some kind. On the cart was a great square chest. My heart leaped as I saw it, for I felt that the end was coming. The evening was now drawing close, and well I knew that at sunset the Thing that was until then imprisoned there, would take new freedom and could elude pursuit in any of many forms. In fear, I turned to the Professor. To my consternation, however, he was not there. An instant later, I saw him below me round the rock, he had drawn a circle such as we had found shelter in last night, when he had completed it, and he stood beside me again saying, "At least you'll be safe here from him!" He took the glasses from me, and at the next lull of the snow swept the whole space below us. "See," he said, "they come quickly. They're flogging the horses, and galloping as hard as they can." He paused and went on in a hollow voice, "They're racing for the sunset. We may be too late. Lord's Will be done!" Down came another blinding rush of driving snow, and the whole landscape was blotted out. It soon passed, however, and once more, his glasses were fixed on the plain. Then a sudden cry came, "Look! Look! Look! See, two equestrians follow fast, coming up from the south. It must be Quincy and John. Take the glass. Look before the snow blots it all out!" I took it and looked. The two men might be Dr. Seward and Mr. Morris. I knew at all events that neither of them was Jonathan. At the same time, I knew that Jonathan was not far off. Looking around I saw on the north side of the coming party two other men, riding at breakneck speed. One of them I knew was Jonathan, and the other I took, of course, to be Lord Godalming. They too, were pursuing the party with the cart. When I told the Professor, he shouted in glee like a pupil and after looking intently until a snowfall made sight impossible, he laid his Winchester rifle ready for use against the boulder at the opening of our shelter. "They're all converging," he said. "When the time comes we'll have gypsies on all sides."

I got out my revolver ready to hand, for whilst we were speaking the howling of wolves came louder and closer. When the snowstorm abated a moment, we looked again. It was strange to see the snow falling in such heavy flakes close to us, and beyond, the sun shining more and more brightly as it sank down towards the far mountaintops. Sweeping the glass all around us I could see here and there dots moving singly and in twos and threes and larger numbers. The wolves were gathering for their prey. Every instant seemed an age whilst we waited. The wind came now in fierce bursts, and the snow was driven with fury as it swept upon us in circling eddies. At times, we could not see an arm's length before us. But at others, as the hollow sounding wind swept by us, it seemed to clear the air space around us so that we could see afar off. We had of late been so accustomed to watch for sunrise and sunset that we knew with fair accuracy when it would be. we knew that before long the sun would set. It was hard to believe that by our watches it was less than an hour that we waited in that rocky shelter before the various bodies began to converge close upon us. The wind came now with fiercer and bitterer sweeps, and more steadily from the north. It seemingly had driven the snow clouds from us, for with only occasional bursts; the snow fell. We could distinguish clearly the individuals of each party, the pursued, and the pursuers. Strangely enough, those pursued did not seem to realise, or at least to care, that they were pursued. They seemed however, to hasten with redoubled speed as the sun dropped lower and lower on the mountaintops. Closer and closer they drew. The Professor and I crouched down behind our rock, and held our weapons ready. I could see that he was determined that they should not pass. Everyone was quite unaware of our presence. All at once, two voices shouted out, "Halt!" One was my Jonathan's, raised in a high key of passion, the other Mr. Morris' strong resolute tone of quiet command. The gypsies may not have known the language but there was no mistaking the tone, in whatever tongue the words were spoken. Instinctively they reined in, and at the instant, Lord Godalming and Jonathan dashed up at one side and Dr. Seward and Mr. Morris on the other. The leader of the gypsies, a splendid looking fellow who sat his horse like a centaur, waved them back, and in a fierce voice gave to his companions some word to proceed. They lashed the horses that sprang forward. But the four men raised their Winchester rifles, and in an unmistakable way commanded them to stop. At the same moment, Dr. Van Helsing and I rose behind the rock and pointed our weapons at them. Seeing that they were surrounded the men tightened their reins and drew up. The leader turned to them and gave a word at which every man of the gypsy party drew what weapon he carried: knife or pistol, and held him in readiness to attack. Issue was joined in an instant. The leader, with a quick movement of his rein, threw his horse out in front, and pointed first to the sun, now closes down on the hilltops, and then to the castle, said something that I did not understand. For answer, all four men of our party threw themselves from their horses and dashed towards the cart. I should have felt terrible fear at seeing Jonathan in such danger but that the ardour of battle must have been upon me as well as the rest of them. I felt no fear but only a wild, surging desire to do something. Seeing the quick movement of our parties, the leader of the gypsies gave a command. His men instantly formed round the cart in a sort of undisciplined endeavour, each one shouldering, and pushing the other in his eagerness to carry out the order. In the midst of this, I could see that Jonathan on

one side of the ring of men, and Quincy on the other, was forcing a way to the cart. It was evident that they were bent on finishing their task before the sun should set. Nothing seemed to stop or even to hinder them. Neither the levelled weapons nor the flashing knives of the gypsies in front, nor the howling of the wolves behind, even appeared to attract their attention. Jonathan's impetuosity, and the manifest singleness of his purpose, seemed to overawe those in front of him. Instinctively they cowered aside and let him pass. In an instant, he had jumped upon the cart, and with a strength that seemed incredible, raised the great box, and flung it over the wheel to the ground. In the meantime, Mr. Morris had had to use force to pass through his side of the ring of Szgany. All the time I had been breathlessly watching Jonathan I had, with the tail of my eye, seen him pressing desperately forward, and had seen the knives of the gypsies flash as he won a way through them, and they cut at him. He had parried with his great bowie knife, and at first, I thought that he too had come through in safety. But as he sprang beside Jonathan, who had jumped from the cart by now, I could see that with his left hand he was clutching at his side, and that the blood was spurting through his fingers. He did not delay notwithstanding this, for as Jonathan, with desperate energy, attacked one end of the chest, attempting to prize off the lid with his great Kukri knife, he attacked the other frantically with his Bowie. Under the efforts of both men, the lid began to yield. The nails drew with a screeching sound, and the top of the box was thrown back. By this, time the gypsies, seeing themselves covered by the Winchesters and at the mercy of Lord Godalming and Dr. Seward, had given in and made no further resistance. The sun was almost down on the mountaintops, and the shadows of the whole group fell upon the snow. I saw the Count lying within the box upon the earth, some of which the rude falling from the cart had scattered over him. He was deathly pale, just like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible vindictive look that I knew so well. As I looked, the eyes saw the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph. But, on the instant, came the sweep and flash of Jonathan's great knife. I shrieked as I saw it shear through the throat. Whilst at the same moment Mr. Morris's bowie knife plunged into the heart. It was like a miracle but before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight. I shall be glad as long as I live that even in that moment of final dissolution, there was in the face a look of peace, such as I never could have imagined might have rested there. The Castle of Dracula now stood out against the red sky and every stone of its broken battlements was articulated against the light of the setting sun. *As we looked, there came a terrible convulsion of the earth so that we seemed to rock back and forth and fell to our knees. At the same moment with a roar which seemed to shake the very heavens the whole castle and the rock and even the hill on which it stood seemed to rise into the air and scatter in fragments while a mighty cloud of black and yellow smoke volume on volume in rolling grandeur was shot upwards with inconceivable rapidity. Then there was stillness in nature as the echoes of that thunderous report seemed to come as with the hollow boom of a thunderclap – the long reverberating roll that seems as though the floors of heaven shook. Wild whirling figures of women on tower—obliterated by lightning. Then down in a mighty ruin falling whence they rose came the fragments that had been tossed skywards in the cataclysm. From where we stood, it seemed as though the one fierce volcano burst had satisfied the need of nature and that the castle and the structure of the hill had sunk again into the void. We were so appalled with the suddenness and the grandeur that we forgot to think of ourselves.* The gypsies, taking us as in some way the cause of the extraordinary disappearance of the dead man, turned, without a word, and rode away as if for their lives. Those who were un-mounted jumped upon the litter wagon and shouted to the equestrians not to desert them. The wolves that had withdrawn to a safe distance, followed in their wake, leaving us alone. Mr. Morris, who had sunk to the ground, leaned on his elbow, holding his hand pressed to his side. The blood still gushed through his fingers. I flew to him, for the Holy circle did not now keep me back, so did the two doctors. Jonathan knelt behind him and the wounded man laid back his head on his shoulder. With a sigh, he took, with a feeble effort, my hand in that of his own which was unstained. He must have seen the anguish of my heart in my face, for he smiled at me and said, "I'm only too happy to have been of service! Oh, Lord!" he cried suddenly, struggling to a sitting posture and pointing to me. "It's worth for this to die! Look! Look!"

The sun was now right down upon the mountaintop, and the red gleams fell upon my face, so that it was bathed in rosy light. With one impulse, the men sank on their knees and a deep and earnest "Amen!" broke from all as their eyes followed the pointing of his finger.

The dying man spoke, "Now Lord be thanked that all's not been in vain! See the snow's as stainless as her forehead! The curse's passed away!" and to our bitter grief, he died with a smile and in silence, a gallant man.

EPILOGUE NOTE BY JONATHAN HARKER

1900

7 years ago, we all went through the flames. The happiness of some of us since then is, we think, well worth the pain we endured. It's an added joy to Mina and to me that our boy's birthday's the same day as that on which Quincy Morris died. His mom holds, I know, the secret belief that some of our brave friend's spirit's passed into him. His bundle of names links all our little band of men together. But we call him Quincy. In the summer of this year, we made a journey to Transylvania, and went over the old ground that's, and is, to us so full of vivid and terrible memories. It's almost impossible to believe that the things that we'd seen with our own eyes and heard with our own ears were living truths. Every trace of all that'd been was blotted out. The castle stood as before, reared high above a waste of desolation. When we got home, we're talking of the old time that we'd all look back on without despair for Godalming and Seward're both happily married. I took the papers from the safe where they'd been ever since our return so long ago. We're struck with the fact that in all the mass of material of which the record's composed, there's hardly one authentic document nothing but a mass of typewriting except the later notebooks of Mina, Seward, me, and Van Helsing's memorandum. We'd hardly ask anyone; even did we wish to accept these as proofs of so wild a story. Van Helsing summed it all up, as he said, with our boy on his knee. "We want no proofs. We ask none to believe us! This boy'll someday know what a brave and gallant woman his mom's; already he knows her sweetness and loving care. Later on he'll understand how some men so loved her, that they did dare much for her sake."

Jonathan Harker

DISCARDED CHARACTERS

Unnamed

1. A philosophic historian
2. An undertaker
3. An undertaker's man
4. A lawyer's shrewd, sceptical sister
5. A crank
6. A maid who is engaged to the undertaker's man
7. An auctioneer
8. A silent man, Count's servant in London
9. A deaf mute woman, Count's servant in London
10. A doctor at Dover custom house

Named:

1. Francis Aytown, a painter
2. Cofford, a detective inspector
3. Alfred Singleton, a psychical research agent
4. William Young, a lawyer
5. Kate Reed, friend and former schoolfellow of Lucy and Mina
6. Trollope, receives visit from Dracula
7. Pickford, to whom Dracula writes a letter

Changed:

1. Lawyer, Abraham Aaronson = Arthur Abbott = John = Peter Hawkins
2. Lawyer's clerk who goes to "<Ge> [Germany]" Styria = a trustworthy lawyer who does not
3. Speak German = young man = Jonathan Harker
4. Mad doctor who loves girl = Doctor of madhouse = Seward
5. His beloved = Lucy Westenra
6. Mad patient, with theory of perpetual life = fly patient = Flyman
7. German professor (of history) = Max Windshoeffel = Professor Abraham Van Helsing
8. Old dead man made alive = Old Count = Count Wampyr = Count Dracula
9. girls; one tries to kiss young man not on lips but throat = woman = women
10. A Texan, Brutus M. Marix = Quincey P. Adams = Quincey P. Morris
11. Hon. Arthur Holmwood—son of Viscount Godalming

DISCARDED PLOTS:

A series of letters are exchanged between a foreign Count and his lawyers about the purchase of an estate in London. Consequently, Jonathan Harker was sent to Styria. In Munich, Harker travels from London to Munich via Paris, attends the opera, the *Flying Dutchman*, visits the Pinakothek Museum, and a Dead House where he thinks old man on bier is dead but he is not. A corpse vanishes. He saw the corpse but does not take part in a discussion about it. At Castle Dracula, he encounters a *werewolf*, shrieks from a grave, sights of terror, and falling senseless with someone or something being found by the Count.

Count Dracula despises death and the dead, can tell if bodies are dead or alive, banish good thoughts, create evil thoughts and destroy will, is affected only by relics that are older than he is, cannot be painted [à la Dorian Gray], any portrait looks like someone else, cannot be photographed, photographs come out black or like a skeleton corpse, is insensitive to music, stumbles on the thresholds of the homes he tries to enter, can determine and prove if people are sane, leeches are attracted to him, then repulsed, & can pick out murderers. In England, Dracula lands at Dover. Coffins are selected to be taken over but the wrong one is brought. At the zoological gardens, Dracula enrages eagles and lions but intimidates wolves and hyenas. He throws a dinner party where 13 guests tell a series of *strange* stories is joined by Count but then the Count disappears, i.e., cannot be found.

Seward and Lucy are engaged. The men find a secret, blood-red room in Dracula's house. Quincey Morris goes to Transylvania, to act as a scout. The doctor sees a man in coffin and restores him to life. Mina is married in London. Lucy attends the wedding. Lucy visits the asylum and affects the mad patient. Lucy is curious about the neighbouring estate, Seward promises he will get permission to show it to her. The Count is suspected and they pay a visit to the Count.

Count Dracula returns. He gets angry about the intrusion that however, is *explained* by the capture of the fly patient, it sheds a new light on Dracula. Harker sees the Count who he realises is the man in the Munich dead house.

In Whitby, Lucy finds strange brooch on shore and puts it on, leading to wound in throat & brooch covered with blood. Seward visits Whitby. Lucy attends Mina's wedding. Count Dracula tries to get into Lucy's room in various forms, he finally covers her window with a mass of blood but she is guarded by some spell. A wolf is captured near Lucy's house. Lucy tries to bite Seward.

In Transylvania, one of the vampire hunters is killed by a *werewolf*. There is volcano. The flyman and the Texan is there with someone. At the castle, some figures vanish in the river. Quincey comes to the rescue with a maxim gun. The wild whirling figures of the women on the tower of the castle are obliterated by lightning. The German professor, Max Windshoeffel confronts Count Wampyr from Styria.

CHAPTER I LUCY WESTENRA

While Jonathan Harker hovered between hope and horror in the castle of Count Dracula, his beloved fiancée, Mina, spent her time at the bathing resort at Whitby, on the east coast of England. Mina was a teacher at one of the larger board schools, and this year she was staying with her old school friend Lucy Westenra during her summer holiday. It was Mina's habit to keep a diary, just like her fiancé, and most of what is told in the second part of this story is taken from her journal. Mina's friend Lucy was a delightful girl and everyone loved her, not least of all the members of the male sex. She had a very kind and amusing manner, but there was also a vain side to her, and she particularly wanted *men* to fancy her. Her mother was a widow and wealthy, but she was in poor health, suffering from a serious heart condition, which meant that she had to avoid all strong emotion and turbulence. Lucy was also of a rather frail constitution, as she had unusually sensitive feelings and, ever since she was a child, tended to walk in her sleep, which was blamed on her father being promiscuous. A few weeks earlier Lucy had been engaged to a young man named Arthur Holmwood, the eldest son and heir of Lord Godalming. Before this, his friends John Seward – a famous physician and director of an asylum in Parfleet, one of the suburbs of London – and Quincey Morris, a millionaire from America,²⁸⁷ had also proposed to her; they were both madly in love with the girl, but she hadn't accepted either proposal. Nevertheless they were still fond of her and remained afterwards close friends with Arthur as before. The girls read together, worked together and walked together to entertain themselves. Most often they went to the churchyard together. It was on a hill and offered the best view of the sea, so they would often sit there around sunset to enjoy the beautiful panorama. Mina was, however, often anxious and agitated; she was worried about Jonathan. She had received but one letter from him after his arrival at Count Dracula's castle. She'd written to Jonathan's employer, Mr. Hawkins, asking him to enquire about Jonathan with the Consuls in Vienna and Budapest.

CHAPTER II THE STORM IN WHITBY

On 4 August, there was a violent windstorm in Whitby, so furious that no one could remember ever having witnessed such weather. The gale struck at midnight and the sea became like a boiling geyser. Amid the shaft of light from the Whitby lighthouse, a large schooner was observed with all its sails up. People assumed it was the same ship that had been spotted some days before; it had been watched with curiosity because of its strange steering. Along its route into the harbor there were rocks that had already damaged many vessels, and as the wind blew the ship directly towards these cliffs, it became apparent the schooner was doomed to crash. But suddenly the squall settled, and the ship slipped into the harbour – as if it had suddenly regained control – and ran onto dry land. Crowds gathered down by the seaside. And then, in the flash from the lighthouse, they saw that a dead man was tied to the steering wheel, his head rolling to and fro with the rocking of the ship.

CHAPTER III FROM THE LOGBOOK

When the schooner was examined, it was found to be a Russian vessel from Varna, baptised *Demeter*. It was loaded with boxes, each filled with earth – according to the freight bill they were being shipped for engineering experiments. Nobody was found on board, except for the dead man at the steering wheel. Both his hands were tied and a rosary was wrapped around them. In his pocket was a bottle containing a slip of paper that proved to be an addendum to the ship's logbook; the logbook reported:

The moment the ship set sail, the crew had been unusually sullen. The Captain and the first mate tried to find out the reason, but the men wouldn't answer. They did, however, intimate that there was something foul aboard, and they crossed themselves. The ship hadn't sailed very far when one night the watchman disappeared. The next day one of the crewmembers told the Captain that a stranger was onboard the ship, and some other deckhands also believed they'd noticed a stowaway. The Captain ordered his men to inspect the whole ship carefully, but they didn't find a clue. The ship passed by Gibraltar and for a few days the stars were merciful – but then another sailor disappeared one night during his watch. The following day the ship entered the English Channel and two more crew members went missing. One night the Captain was awakened by an awful sound. He ran up on deck and found the steersman there, who had also heard the noise. The guard was gone. The following night the vessel entered the North Sea, and there, yet another crew member went missing. The Captain called on the steersman who came up on deck, deathly pale with fear. He whispered to the Captain, "The Devil himself is on board. I have seen him; he is tall and very thin, pale as a corpse but very dark around the eyes. He stood looking out over the sea. I snuck up on him from behind and ran a knife through his body but hit nothing but air." The steersman said he wouldn't give up until he found him and then went with his light and tools into the freight hold to examine the boxes. Suddenly the Captain heard a terrible sound coming from belowdecks. The steersman came up again, his face disfigured with fear. "I know how things stand now but the sea shall deliver me – I've no other way out." Thereon he threw himself overboard, before the Captain could get ahold of him. The Captain had also written:

I've seen him – the steersman was right to throw himself into the sea – but the Captain can't leave his ship. Instead, I've decided to tie myself to the steering wheel.

CHAPTER IV BARON SZEKELY

The morning after the ghost ship stranded itself on the sands, an old skipper was found dead on a bench in the cemetery. Judging from the expression on his face, he'd died of fright. He used to talk with the two young ladies, and it was a real blow for Lucy. She grew even more apprehensive than before and started sleepwalking again. One evening Mina walked with Lucy along the sea and up to the cemetery, as they often did. There they met Lucy's uncle, named Morton, who was accompanied by a middle-aged foreigner of very peculiar appearance. Morton introduced him as Baron Székely. He was a tall brawny man, with greying black hair, a black moustache, and black peering eyes. He started up a conversation with Lucy straight off and seemed to enjoy talking to her. The following night, Mina was awakened when Lucy climbed from her bed and stepped to the window. She pulled the curtain aside and stood in front of the window in her undergarments, her hair blowing in the wind, saying, "I come but the door is locked." At that moment, she tried to throw herself out of the window, but Mina had arrived by her side just in time and put her arms around her friend, pulling her back to bed. Lucy didn't calm down for a long time. She couldn't sleep and muttered time and again, "I wonder what he wanted from me."

Mina gave her a small glass of wine, after which she nodded off and slept well for what remained of the night. The next day the girls found Baron Székely in the cemetery. He appeared to be in a very talkative mood. A group of Tatars (Gypsies) had just arrived in town and the Baron told the girls several things about the habits of these wandering people in his home country. He said that there are countless natural forces and laws known only to a few, and that the Tatars were familiar with a variety of such secret ways. He told them that women are endowed with the greatest and most valuable powers of all, and that the Tatar women know how to wield them. "I am convinced," he said to Lucy, "that you've those talents as well, and it's up to you to use them." Mina noticed that Lucy was completely distraught by this remark.

CHAPTER V THE TATARS

Many thoughts came to the girls' minds, and they became very curious after their conversation with the Baron. The next day they visited the group of vagrants, who had pitched their tents outside of town. Mina suspected that the Tatars had expected them, as they were welcomed with much hospitality.²⁸⁸ But Lucy was treated with the most distinction – the leader of the group even kissed the hem of her dress.²⁸⁹ He then instructed his interpreter to ask her whether she would like her humble servant to do anything for her. She answered, saying, "I've been told that your people are more knowledgeable in certain fields than people of other nations; it would be my pleasure to learn more about this." The chief went into his tent and returned with a young girl. She was wrapped in a gold-seamed, yellow silk shawl. She handed Lucy a crystal ball and asked her to look into it. Lucy did so, and she saw her fiancé, Arthur, kissing a young woman sitting beside him. The next day Lucy received a letter from Arthur, in which he told her that his sister, Mary, had come to visit him the night before. Mary had just been married to a

Romanian man, an assistant to Prince Koromezzo, the Austrian ambassador to London. Mary's relatives had done everything in their power to prevent this marriage from happening, as the Prince had a ruinous reputation. Mary and her husband had left for Constantinople immediately after their wedding.

CHAPTER VI THE ILLNESS & THE DEATH OF LUCY

After this visit with the Tatars, Lucy's condition worsened more and more; she lost her interest in other people and mainly kept to herself. She then travelled to London and began preparations for her wedding. Baron Székely had also arrived in London and visited her often for conversation. She couldn't sleep at night and became paler with each passing day. When Arthur came to visit her he was shocked at her appearance. He sent for Dr. Seward, but the physician found himself unable to help her. And so Dr. Seward wrote to a professor in Amsterdam, named Van Helsing, who was world-renowned for his research on nervous diseases. The Dutch specialist gave Lucy medical advice, and for a while her health indeed seemed to improve. But it wasn't long before it deteriorated again, and the professor was called on once more. He said that Lucy must be suffering from anemia and that she wouldn't recover unless they could transfuse blood from a healthy person into her veins. The doctors did so, and with this treatment Lucy recuperated somewhat. Unfortunately, the Dutch professor then had to return home. The following day Dr. Seward drove to Lucy's house and found both the front and back doors shut tightly – even though it was past midday. Suddenly, he heard someone running from the garden side of the house. It was the gardener and one of his workers. They were breathless with terror and hardly able to utter a word. Finally, the doctor could make out from their stammering that the housemaid had been killed and that her blood-soaked body lay outside, in the garden.³⁰⁴ Upon further investigation, he saw that the window to Lucy's bedroom had been broken, and he assumed something terrible awaited him. He looked through the window and saw that everything looked as it had before – except for the bed, where he saw Lucy and her mother, both seemingly lifeless. He reached his hand through the broken window, opened it, and wriggled in, but he told the men to wait for him outside. When he came to the bed he saw that Lucy's mother was deceased – she seemed to have died from sheer terror – and Lucy lay motionless over her; he couldn't tell whether or not she was alive. He didn't know what to do, but just then he heard a carriage pull up to the house. He asked the men outside to welcome their visitor: Professor Van Helsing had arrived. Both doctors examined Lucy and discovered she was still alive. The professor ordered that she be given a warm bath, so they went looking for a maidservant, but all of them were fast asleep and couldn't be wakened, no matter what the men tried. They then sent for the gardener's wife and daughter, who came to prepare a bath for Lucy. After several attempts, the physicians finally managed to resuscitate her. They wanted to give her another transfusion but were faced with a new dilemma: from whom should they draw the blood?

Both Seward and Van Helsing had been subject to massive blood loss during the previous procedures. Just then, Quincey Morris, the young American who had asked for Lucy's hand, happened to arrive. He brought greetings from Arthur and happily volunteered his blood for Lucy's sake. At last they succeeded in fully reviving Lucy. Her heart and lungs began working again. When the doctors thought it safe to leave the patient alone for a moment, they tended to the other people in the house. The police had started to look for the murderer. The servant girls had just woken up, reporting that they had gone to bed around the same time as usual but didn't understand why they had slept so long. They knew nothing about the murder of the house cleaner but said she was used to going her own way and liked to take evening walks. The detectives suspected that the murder had been planned and that the house cleaner may have colluded with the trespassers, giving the other house cleaners a sleeping draught. Afterward, the criminals had murdered their accomplice, so that no one was left to give away their secrets. What surprised them most, however, was the fact that nothing had been stolen. The band of Tatars had been in the neighborhood for the past few days, and the police thought it likely they'd played a part in this depravity, especially as they had decamped the day after the murder. The doctors carefully examined the house cleaner's body but could only conclude that she'd been bitten in the throat. Eventually they came across a slip of paper on which Lucy had written what had happened to her that night. It had seemed to her as though someone were knocking on the window repeatedly; finally beating so hard that the windowpane broke. After this, she could've sworn she saw malicious human faces in the window, whereupon both she and her mother fell unconscious. When Lucy woke up again she saw that her mother was dead. She'd then barely managed to scribble these words on the piece of paper, along with a farewell to her friends and acquaintances, saying that she expected her own death as well. The following night, past midnight, Dr. Seward also noticed a slow knocking at the window, but he couldn't see anybody there. The next morning Lucy was so weak that the doctors lost all hope for her. She died that same day, in the presence of the physicians and her love, Arthur. Her final words were to the professor, saying, "Protect him and give me peace."

Preparations for the funeral were made. The night before the burial, Dr. Seward and Arthur entered the room where the bodies of both mother and daughter lay. Flowers and tall candelabras with burning candles were placed around the bed. The doctor lifted the shroud covering Lucy's body, and immediately both men were bewildered – it was as if Lucy were alive! She appeared even younger than she had in her last moments of life and no signs of death or decay could be seen on her body! That night Arthur slept in Lucy's room, and the doctor slept in the room next door. During the night, the doctor was awakened by a strange sound. He jumped to his feet and fetched a light. He saw that Arthur's room was dark, and that the door to the room where the bodies lay stood half-open. He went in and saw that the lid to Lucy's coffin had been opened, her face visible, and that the flowers were in a pile on the floor. Arthur was lying unconscious next to the casket. The doctor took him in his arms and carried him to his bed, and when he regained consciousness, Arthur insisted that Lucy was alive and that she had risen from her coffin, smiling. He said that he'd been awake in bed, but then he longed to see her so intensely that he'd got to his feet. He repeated his story so stubbornly that the doctors did everything; they could to revive her – but in vain. But for Arthur this wasn't enough and he refused to let the lid be screwed onto the coffin, so the casket was left open in the crypt, where enough air could get to it. Blankets and food for the body were placed nearby in case Lucy was to awaken.

CHAPTER VII THE SEARCH FOR JONATHAN HARKER

The story now turns to Mina. She received a message from Jonathan Harker's employer, Mr. Hawkins saying that he wanted to talk to her. He had enquired about Harker in the surroundings of Castle Dracula, but the only information his agent, Tellet,³⁰⁹ had been able to obtain was a rumor that Harker had for some time now been wandering the region as a homeless drifter, and more specifically, that he had stayed at a guesthouse in Zolyva,³¹⁰ a small town nearby, where he'd been seen with a troop of philanderers and gamblers. Allegedly he'd also had an affair with Margret, the daughter of the innkeeper there. She was later found murdered not far from Castle Dracula, and most people believed that Harker had killed her. It was said that he'd been seen in the area in early July, but since then nothing had been heard of him. The Count had left his castle at the end of June and it now stood deserted. On 15 July, a large amount of cash had been withdrawn from a bank in Budapest under Harker's name. The bankers had described the man who'd collected the money from the bank, and he seemed to have possessed quite a resemblance to Harker. Mina asked for all these reports and, with great insistence, finally obtained them. She had no doubt they were wrong and set off on her own journey, making no stopovers until she arrived in Budapest. There she lodged with English people who were acquainted with Harker's employer. Once she'd arrived and settled in, she accompanied them one day on a trip from the city to a small town near the Danube. In the town, they came across a tavern and recovered from their journey with some refreshment. As they took their break, they noticed a group of Tatars who'd set up camp nearby. Among them, Mina saw a man who looked so similar to Jonathan that it was nearly impossible to tell them apart; soon after, news spread that a man had been killed in town – the very same Tatar man who not only resembled Jonathan Harker but was also believed to be the person responsible for the crimes of which Harker was accused. The English investigator now realized that he'd been on the wrong track and embarked on a new search.

CHAPTER IIX A VISIT TO CASTLE DRACULA

The next day, Tellet and Mina travelled to Bistritz, and on the way there Tellet – an old police officer – mentioned that he'd called upon one of his leading colleagues from home, Barrington, to help them.³¹² It was now certain they'd stumbled upon a complicated conspiracy, and that it was likely the old Count

Dracula³¹³ was one of the criminals holding the reins. It would be a very difficult case to crack, but if Barrington couldn't get to the truth, certainly no one else would. When they arrived in Bistritz, they went to the same guesthouse where Harker had lodged three and a half months earlier. Mina spoke with the innkeeper's wife, and the old lady remembered well the "fine English gentleman" who had stayed with her. She also mentioned that she'd tried to persuade him to change his mind about going to Castle Dracula, and that she'd given him her cross as a talisman to protect him. She could not – or would not – reveal anything about the Count himself, but Mina could tell from her manner that something ungodly was to be expected. It wasn't long before Barrington arrived in Bistritz, and with him Hawkins, the old solicitor.³¹⁴ Mina was overjoyed at their arrival. After they'd enjoyed a good night's rest from their journey, they all embarked for the town of Zolyva, as Tellet believed the intelligence³¹⁵ he'd received that Jonathan Harker had come from there – but the stories Tellet had been told turned out to be nonsense. From Zolyva, it was only an hour's trip to Castle Dracula. They settled in a guesthouse in town and pretended to be travelling for leisure. From the inn, they embarked on their first outing to Castle Dracula, as a pleasure ride. Their driver was very reluctant to take the road to Castle Dracula, which climbed through a landscape of wooded mountains, and when they came to a peak from which one could see the castle, the man refused to go any further. The drawbridge was down and the gate stood open. When they reached the courtyard, they split up and started looking around, in an effort to see whether any living creature could still be found there. They found nothing, except Mina believed she was being attacked when she entered the castle. She cried out, and in the same moment, she was hurled to the ground. Upon seeing this, her companions came to her side. She had hurt one of her legs. They decided to leave right away, and on Barrington's advice – he was the only one of the party who understood the local language – the driver was asked to take a different route than before.

CHAPTER IX THE NUNNERY

They took a road that led to a nunnery nearby where the sisters had a long tradition of nursing sick strangers. By the time they reached the convent, Mina had fallen unconscious from exhaustion and pain. When she opened her eyes, she saw that she was in a small white room, lying on a hard but clean bed. Her leg had been bandaged. Next to her bed sat a girl in nun's habit, but when Mina spoke to her in German she didn't answer, save for shaking her head. A little later an elderly nun came to her, speaking French very well. She asked Mina to feel at home and told her that her leg had been injured so badly that she would have to stay in bed for a few weeks to recover. Mina was very upset about this, but the nun comforted her, saying, "It is the will of God, blessed daughter, and His will is always best. Who can tell for what purpose He has brought you here? Nothing in this world happens without reason." These words greatly relieved Mina, and she was glad to know that the two detectives were continuing their search. They were now convinced that Jonathan had been mixed up with someone else and that some sophisticated trickery had been pulled to blame him for crimes committed by others. Mr. Hawkins, on the other hand, had to return home, as he had several business matters to look after. The nuns took care of Mina as best they could, and although they didn't speak English, many of them could speak German, some French, and others Italian – and Mina could make herself understood by all of them. She especially liked a nun from Austria, named Agatha. She was a small cheerful girl with dark eyes who often spoke of her patients, of whom she was very fond. The sisters often visited patients in the neighborhood, even if they lived miles away in all directions. There was also a hospital in the convent, and Sister Agatha in particular had a soft spot for those who recuperated there. She often mentioned a man who'd been lying in the monastery for a long time with brain fever, and when he finally began to improve, he seemed to have lost his memory completely.³¹⁸ Mina asked Agatha many things about Castle Dracula, and the girl had a lot to say about it, most of which seemed inconceivable to Mina. She said that in this area people believed a woman in white wandered through the old corridors of the castle and could sometimes be seen in the moonlit windows. She said there were rumors that anyone who saw her would lose his mind, and that many men who had ventured to find her had disappeared, never to be seen again. She also said that a band of thugs inhabited the castle, and that their chief was in league with the Archfiend himself.

CHAPTER X JONATHAN & MINA FIND EACH OTHER

One day Sister Agatha asked Mina, "You know so many languages – can you not tell me what '*mhai löhf*' means?"

Mina answered that she didn't understand these words and asked her why she wanted to know. The nun explained that her patient would sometimes talk about "*mhai löhf*," and that it would be sad if she were unable to understand him. The next evening Mina was thinking about this phrase when it occurred to her that "*mhai löhf*" could be the English words "my love," and that the patient might be talking about his fiancée or wife.

The next morning she told this to the nun and they agreed to go visit the patient to find out if he was from Mina's country. The abbess told them this was not a good idea, as Mina's leg was still too weak, and so they decided that she would write to him instead. Mina wrote a note, asking him if he was an Englishman. He was so mentally exhausted that he could hardly read, and he spelled out each word like a child, but after thinking for a few moments he wrote back with a trembling hand: "Yes, I am an Englishman; God bless your help."

They began writing to each other every day. At first he could write nothing but incoherent sentences; he couldn't recall anything that had happened to him. When he was asked about something, he would always reply, "Don't remember, all forgotten."

Finally, Mina went with the nun to visit him. Mina greeted him in English, but upon seeing him, she became so alarmed that she let out a shriek and swooned – for she recognized her beloved Jonathan Harker! Recognising her in return, he was equally moved, and he too lost consciousness. The moment he awoke, he called out to her, "Mina, where're you? I saw you, but now they have taken you from me again!" Mina saw that Jonathan – albeit very weak – was able to think clearly. She sat with him every day and he recovered quickly. Gradually his memory came back as well – that is, he could remember everything he'd done *before* leaving on his long journey, but what he'd experienced *during* the trip remained blank. Mina informed Harker's employer of the good news, and a few days later, he arrived at the abbey with Barrington by his side. Barrington said he'd already uncovered some secrets and that he only lacked a few details to understand fully the complex web of deceit. As of now, he'd largely managed to disentangle it – Jonathan Harker would be able to fill in the missing pieces. He was shocked when he heard that Harker had lost all memory of the time he had spent with the Count, and that it would therefore be useless to ask him. Old Mr. Hawkins, Harker's boss, had a long talk with him. He believed that Jonathan had fully recovered his health and thought his memory problem would wear off over time, because of the short period involved. He told Mina that he'd designated Jonathan and her as the heirs to all his possessions and hoped that they would settle down in his house. Most of all, he hoped that they wouldn't postpone their wedding, so he requested an English priest come from Budapest with a lawyer from the English Consulate there to serve together with Barrington as witness to the marriage. The wedding ceremony took place the following day, after which the couple bid the nuns farewell. They were very sad that Mina and Jonathan were leaving but pleased that old Hawkins had donated handsomely to the convent. They travelled back home at a leisurely pace. In Vienna, Mina consulted a famous neurologist who said he hoped her husband's health would gradually improve, although it seemed unlikely he would regain his memory of the period before falling ill. The doctor also advised her not to ask Jonathan about anything from that episode.

CHAPTER XI RETURNING HOME

After a long journey, they finally arrived in England. Once there, Mina heard about the death of her friend Lucy, and shortly thereafter she received a letter from the Dutch professor, Van Helsing, who had tended to her. Arthur had been ill since Lucy's death and Van Helsing sent Mina his regards. The professor wrote that he'd like to visit her and could explain more when they met. She replied that he was welcome to stay with her and Jonathan. He arrived shortly afterwards and asked many questions regarding Lucy's habits during the last period of time the girls had spent together. He brought Mina a precious diamond ring, which he said Lucy had worn, but he begged her – for whatever his warning might be worth – not to put it on her finger. He was very curious to learn how Harker was doing and wanted to know all about his health. A week later, Harker's now retired employer, the old Mr. Hawkins, died of heart disease. He'd long been prepared for his death and arranged a will, in it explaining what was to be done with his possessions. He'd left everything to the young couple, as he had promised. Two days later

Hawkins was buried in London, as he'd stipulated in his will. The young couple attended the funeral and afterwards went for a walk in Hyde Park. On their way back to the hotel where they were staying, the route led along Piccadilly, where they came across a striking young woman. She sat in a brilliant carriage drawn by grey horses, with servants in uniform accompanying her. She was exceptionally beautiful and elegant, though her garments were somewhat pretentious. Mina looked at her with fascination, but in that moment she felt Jonathan pinch her arm, a low growl escaping from his throat. She turned around to find that he'd become deathly pale, glaring with strange frenzy at something ahead of him. She saw him staring at a gentleman who was talking with the woman. He was tall and impressive to behold but of somewhat peculiar appearance. Mina was startled, for there she saw Baron Székely, whom she'd met in Whitby. Thinking of Jonathan above all else, she immediately hailed a hansom and rode with him to their hotel as quickly as possible. Jonathan was so confounded that he hardly realized what was going on. Little by little, he lowered his head onto Mina's shoulder then nodded off. He awoke again just before the couple reached their hotel but had forgotten everything that had happened on the street. The next day Mina started arranging various things at their new home, which hadn't yet been put in order since they moved in. Among other things, she looked through their suitcase that had accompanied them from Transylvania. At the bottom she found a parcel wrapped in the nunnery's church newspaper. She remembered that when they made their farewells, Sister Agatha had said she would put some of Jonathan's belongings in the suitcase; on another occasion, she'd said that he only had a few worthless things with him upon his arrival at the convent. Mina was understandably curious then when she began opening the package, but it contained nothing more than a rosary with a brass cross and Harker's journal, written in shorthand, which is presented in the first part of this story. On the first page, she read her own name. In the evening when Jonathan was asleep, Mina started reading the notebook and was both frightened and mystified by what she found. Even though she believed everything in it to be a product of her poor husband's imagination, she was still struck with apprehension upon reading it. She also began to suspect that Count Dracula and Baron Székely might be the same person. Jonathan was ill the next day, and though he managed to do his work, he was very distracted. That night he spoke in his sleep, and Mina knew through his words that he was dreaming of his stay with the Count.

CHAPTER XII THE PROFESSOR & BARRINGTON

With Jonathan suffering like this, the Dutch professor arrived as though he was summoned. Mina cordially welcomed him, and it wasn't long before she told him all about her journey to Castle Dracula – and about Jonathan's journal. This seemed very important to the professor, and he asked if he might borrow the text that Mina had transcribed. He promised to come back the next day and spent the night reading the journal. When he returned, he told Mina that the notebook was worth its weight in gold, as it shed light upon many things that hitherto had been hidden in the dark. He said that Jonathan was so baffled upon seeing the man on the street in London because in that moment some memory of his stay with the Count must have been triggered. This vague reminiscence, however, must have seemed so unfamiliar to him – now that he'd forgotten all about his stay at the castle and didn't even know about his journal – that he'd believed he was losing his wits. Mina then fetched her husband for an interview with the professor. The professor and Jonathan talked for a long time. Van Helsing came to the conclusion that Jonathan was now regaining his memory although he couldn't remember the incident at Piccadilly on the day of Mr. Hawkins' funeral. The professor gave Jonathan some healthful advice and asked him to remain quiet for the time being, and to avoid anything that might upset him. He had the journal with him and wanted to show it to some of his acquaintances. A few days later Barrington came to visit Mina. He had just returned to London and now travelled to Exeter – where Jonathan and Mina lived – to learn about Count Dracula's real estate purchase in London. She informed him that Jonathan was recovering his memory, and that his diary had been found. Barrington and Mina agreed that he shouldn't talk with Jonathan until he had consulted with Van Helsing, and they arranged to meet again in two days. Van Helsing and Barrington arrived at the appointed time and had a long talk with Jonathan, after which Barrington came to Mina once more to tell her that he wondered about the professor's views. He respected him highly, but he thought him a religious sentimentalist, prone to superstition. He said that he personally didn't rely on anything other than facts and thought that there had to be a logical explanation for everything that was said about Count Dracula and his accomplices, even though these stories seemed bizarre to many people. With these words, he left their house. Professor Van Helsing began to explain his research and its results to Mina, saying, "The inventions of the nineteenth century are amazing. They have created a new world, teaching us to recognize the forces of nature either that our ancestors had no knowledge of or which they ascribed to the supernatural. Nowadays scientists can hardly dismiss any phenomenon as inconceivable within the limits of physical law. Nature has an infinite range of such laws, but human perception cannot fully grasp them because the sensory organs aren't sophisticated enough. "There must be powers and principles that our descendants will someday discover, even if we do not know them now. They will learn to understand these forces, and domesticate and control them. Who knows, perhaps there is a world of invisible beings influencing us to act on behalf of good or evil,³²⁸ depending on their intention. "I – and many other thinkers of our time – have reached the conclusion that such creatures *do* exist and that they obey certain laws which are unknown to us, as they are equipped with an entirely different range of gifts and powers than we are. Folklore recognises many things that science knows nothing about, or which scientists deny. One such thing is the fact that there are creatures wandering about here on earth after they die.³²⁸ Let's consider such a being, as a person, for example, who has lived sinfully in life, as a criminal or murderer. He departs like any other man, but his soul cannot break free from the body, which binds it to the earth. The soul then remains attached to the corpse and – by some law that we do not know – can settle in it again, bring new life to it, and use it, furthermore, to satisfy its natural lusts. In order to maintain this existence, however, this vermin must feed off the blood of living humans – and by virtue will never stop killing. So it is said in folklore, to which we may add that these un-dead creatures³²⁹ are, according to popular belief, supposedly able to influence other people – not only the wicked, but also the weak." They discussed Lucy's death and the professor said, "I have every reason to believe that this innocent girl was afflicted by the same forces I speak of now – or by a kind of hypnosis, which these enemies of mankind use to turn decent people into their tools, once they manage to gain power over them. She, who was carried to her tomb adorned in the white garments of innocence, now has this same effect on her beloved; she is now trying to pull him into the grave with her. I am convinced that the Powers of Darkness are spreading around us. We find many examples in the newspapers pointing to it, but our friend Barrington is of another opinion, claiming he can explain all in a much different way." He bid farewell to the couple and left, but Mina placed no faith in his words, regardless of how much she respected him.

CHAPTER XIII THE PEOPLE IN CARFAX

Based on a journal written by Dr. Seward – the Directing Physician at the asylum in Parfleet –
The mental hospital where Seward was Director stood directly opposite the Carfax building that Count Dracula had purchased. Barrington now set off to visit the doctor and find out what was happening at Carfax. Dr. Seward told him that a lot of work had recently been done to Carfax, and that costly furnishings had been moved in. He saw lavishly decorated carriages arrive there with some regularity – far more luxurious than was usual in this part of the city. When Barrington asked Seward whether he'd perhaps noticed a carriage that set itself apart from the others, the doctor told him about a particularly extravagant carriage drawn by grey horses, carrying servants in grey uniforms – and a ravishing young woman, whose face indeed had an extraordinarily striking look about it. From Seward's description, Barrington believed her to be the French Ambassador's wife. "Yet it was not the sight of the magnificent carriages that caught my attention most of all, but rather the strange and suspicious chaps moving about Carfax, especially in the evening." Before he left, Barrington thanked the doctor for the information and asked him to keep an eye on Carfax and the goings on there. Later that day, as the doctor sat down for dinner, he was handed a calling card bearing the name of a certain Countess Ida Varkony. The card had been delivered by a servant in uniform, carrying a message from the Countess asking the doctor to call on her as she was suffering a bout of some malady she was susceptible. She apologised for sending for him at such a late hour but hoped he would come all the same, as she lived right across from him at Carfax. The doctor was very curious to look around the old house, which had been uninhabited for a long time, so he went along with the servant immediately. When he arrived at the door, another attendant welcomed him inside, and as he entered, a French house cleaner greeted him and showed him into a grand hall with old embroidered tapestries. When the doctor arrived, a woman rose from a divan and came to meet him. It was no surprise that the doctor – though well known for being a calm and controlled man, averse to frivolity –

was so taken aback that he lost all composure and manner;³³³ he'd never before seen a woman of such strange, indescribable beauty. To him, she seemed so different from other pretty women, as if she had come from another world. She was tall and sleek, both graceful and radiant. Her hair was thick and black; her eyes unusually large and deep, with long black lashes. But despite her being of such exquisite beauty, the doctor felt a pang of alarm upon seeing her, as though he'd laid eyes upon some wonder of nature that might prove dangerous. After the Countess had greeted the doctor, she sat back down on the divan. She spoke French with a foreign accent. The doctor asked some questions about her health, and she answered them all if rather casually. He soon learned that she had a habit of fainting³³⁴ and was suffering from insomnia, cardiac arrhythmia, and convulsive seizures. She said she'd recently recovered from a fit and had a hard time sleeping after that, so she would like to be hypnotized. Dr. Seward knew the technique very well – though he rarely practiced it. This time, however, he yielded to persuasion, but putting the patient into mesmeric sleep turned out to be harder than usual. In fact, he didn't succeed until he took the lady's hand. He then gave her a hypnotic suggestion: after going to bed, she would fall asleep and sleep well all through the night, and then she would wake up again in the morning feeling refreshed and revitalized. After the procedure, he woke her from her trance, and she thanked him dearly for his help, saying that she hoped he would do this for her again soon. The hypnotic treatment had an unusual effect on the doctor himself. He felt weary the day after, and he thought of nothing else but the Countess and what had happened between them in the house across the way. Towards the end of the day, he went to visit her and he was escorted to her bedroom. She was lying on the bed as though she were dead and didn't open her eyes, yet she seemed to be speaking, her voice sounding as if it were coming through the ceiling: "Good evening, Doctor. She is dead now, but you must revive her. Do whatever you can."

He couldn't find any signs of life. "You must first hypnotise her," said the voice. After many attempts to revive her and massaging her limbs, he managed to bring her back to life, but it had the same effect on him as before, as if he were losing much of his own life force; as though his blood were seeping away from him, just like when the Dutch professor had drawn his blood for Lucy. He even had the impression that it was Lucy herself resting there in the bed. Finally, he came to his senses as if waking up from a stupor and at that same moment the Countess awoke as well. She made him promise to return the next day then asked the parlormaid to show him to her brother in the next room. He introduced himself as Prince Koromezzo³³⁷ and enquired as to how the lady was feeling, but the doctor said he wasn't yet able to judge her condition. Prince Koromezzo asked the doctor to become her personal physician and requested that he do them the favor of returning at nine o'clock in the evening.³³⁸ She would have recovered enough to receive him by then.

CHAPTER XIV THE EVENING PARTY

That evening Dr. Seward was wearier than usual and took chloral before going to bed. He slept deeply and quietly until morning but still felt feeble and tired when he awoke. He had to pull himself together in order to perform his regular duties and took a nap in the afternoon, waking up again at nine o'clock, at which time he felt well enough to visit his patient across the street. As he exited the asylum he saw a carriage drawn by grey horses arriving at Carfax, and upon entering the hall, he saw an elegant lady being welcomed there. She wore a white coat with exquisite feather ornamentation, and the doctor realized that this was the same lady whom Barrington had identified as the French Ambassador's wife. The doctor was then admitted to the Countess. The lights were dimmed, only slightly illuminating the room. There were about 40-50 guests inside, and although there were both ladies and gentlemen present, there were far more men than women. Although the visitors were speaking in French, the doctor suspected that most of them were from different countries, as every now and then he would pick up a word from a language he did not recognize. He seemed to be the only Englishman there. Prince Koromezzo greeted and welcomed the physician as soon as he came in. He took him to the Countess, who sat in a corner surrounded by a handful of ladies and gentlemen. She – like the other women – was dressed in glamorous attire; their necks and arms were bare but sparkling with gems. The doctor noticed in particular the necklace the Countess was wearing. It had a heart of shimmering diamonds, with a large ruby at the center. She greeted the doctor with a slight nod of the head and in the same moment, the young lady who'd arrived at Carfax a few minutes before him entered the room with two gentlemen. The Countess greeted her and introduced her to the doctor as Madame Saint Amand. Soon after, everyone rose to their feet as a tall, impressive-looking man entered the room. It was clear he was master of the house, as he was greeted with signs of great respect and everyone gave way to him. He spoke a few words with two of the men in the room and then walked up to the Countess. She'd been sitting as proud as a queen had, but when the newly arrived gentleman drew nearer, her whole appearance changed and it was clear she was completely under his thumb. They had a brief conversation in some foreign tongue before he headed quickly towards the doctor, thanking him on behalf of the Countess. He said that he'd read Seward's treatise on hallucinations and optical illusions, which had been printed in some medical journal – an article he believed to be of great significance as he personally performed experiments of this kind. He wanted to make a few such attempts tonight and hoped that the doctor, with his scientific acuity, would observe them. Then he took the Countess by the hand and led her through a curtained entryway. One of the people in the room turned to the doctor. He was a short stocky man with a dark complexion and deeply set black eyes and he began to talk to the doctor about the upcoming evening program. "The Countess is one of a kind," he said, "so it's quite an event in the history of mankind when a master like Marquis Caroman Rubiano engages such a natural wonder to collaborate with him. Her gift of second sight is very strong – she can perceive the hidden world³⁴² and see into the future."

Suddenly most of the lights in the hall went out and Dr. Seward got the impression that some wondrous things were taking place that were beyond his understanding – as if he were attending some kind of religious ceremony down in a dark cavern. He then had the queer sensation of floating in the air until he lost all consciousness. Finally, he awoke as if from a dream – still sitting in the same chair with the Countess standing beside him, together with Marquis Caroman Rubiano, as he was called. He suspected his hosts might have used him for hypnosis or some similar experiment. The Marquis addressed him, explaining that he had fainted. "I hope you get well again soon. Unfortunately, due to your indisposition, you've not learned anything new this evening but you're welcome another time."

The doctor then said his goodbyes and left. The hunchback accompanied him home, and when they parted, he handed Seward his calling card, bearing the name of *Giuseppe Leonardi* that – oddly enough – was the name of a world famous violinist and composer. As he arrived at the hospital, the doctor heard a cry of distress from the garden at Carfax. "What is that?" he asked the hunchback. "It's a woman's voice." The hunchback paid no attention to his question and quickly said goodbye to the doctor. A short while later the same man returned for a visit and after talking to him insistently, he finally got Seward's permission to play his instrument for the patients and to allow the women from Carfax to accompany him.

(Here is where Dr. Seward's notes end, appearing as though he had been unable to finish them.)

CHAPTER XV THE CONSPIRACY

A fortnight had passed since Van Helsing last visited Harker and his wife, during which time he'd also not heard from Dr. Seward. Jonathan Harker was now recovering well and was starting to regain his memory. He no longer doubted that Baron Székely whom Mina had met was none other than Count Dracula himself. One evening Van Helsing, Barrington, Tellet and Seward's American friend, Morris came to the couple's home. Van Helsing spoke to them, explaining that their mission to deliberate and find a way to destroy the public enemy they all knew. It had become clear that a conspiracy had been formed to thwart all that is good in society, and that there was but one man responsible for this: Count Dracula. This Count was – as folklore imagined certain creatures to be – half-man and half-animal, and had probably lived much longer than mortal men were meant to.³⁴⁸ Van Helsing explained that such beings were endowed with powers and qualities normal people do not know, but were denied other faculties common to ordinary humans. According to old texts: Such beings could not cross running water, their power dwindled in daylight, and although they could move about among humans, every now and then they needed to rest in the hallowed earth in which they had once been buried. The Count had left behind his ancestral home in the Carpathians to increase the evil among men. It would have been clear to him that the obstacles ahead would be many, but he would have prepared for them. Among other things, he would have brought with him boxes filled with consecrated soil; in one of them he would have rested during the journey. Some of the boxes would likely also contain immense riches, as it would cost millions to effectuate the

cunning schemes the Count had in mind. Finally they had gathered to try and stop the Count and his evil band. They agreed that the young couple would take up lodging near Carfax to make it easier to keep an eye on what was happening there.

CHAPTER XVI THE COUNT KILLED

Soon it was established that the master of Carfax was indeed Count Dracula, and it was also widely rumored that the asylum run by Dr. Seward was in a state of complete chaos. Van Helsing and Morris made a trip there, but Seward was not present; instead some stranger seemed to be in charge. Van Helsing asked that Morris be admitted to the hospital, as the two of them were determined to find out what was happening there. They suspected that the people at Carfax had been paying the hospital regular visits. The next day Van Helsing and the others met with Morris and Dr. Seward, their clothes torn from their bodies and reduced to rags. They looked more like ghosts than men. Both men had come from Carfax, where Morris had fetched the doctor who'd gone mad.³⁵⁰ Morris was hardly conscious and had wounds on his head. They were both admitted to another hospital on the same day Dr. Seward's asylum burned to the ground, and no one knew how it had happened. The next day the companions put their heads together and decided to pay the Count a visit at Carfax, as they'd learned where he was hiding out during the day. It was already late when they arrived there. They picked the lock on the door and went into the house, where they found themselves in a large foyer. Harker saw that the walls were decorated with the same kinds of pictures as in the barbarian temple in Castle Dracula. There were rooms to both sides, but no one was around. The group went through a door straight ahead of them, entering a kind of crypt. There were lights burning inside, and on the floor they could see a stone coffin made entirely of black polished marble. But they no longer had to continue their search, for in this sarcophagus lay Count Dracula, clad in the long red cloak Harker had seen him wearing at the sacrificial ceremony under his castle. They all drew nearer to the coffin. Van Helsing, clenching his dagger in his hand, stared at the man in the casket – but the Count didn't move. All of a sudden, the Count jerked – it was sundown! He opened his eyes and sat up, looking not at Van Helsing but directly at Harker. In a flash, he jumped out of the coffin and attacked him, hacking, and slashing at his chest. All became dark before Harker's eyes, but in the same moment, the Count fell lifeless, swimming in his own blood: Van Helsing had stabbed him through the heart with his dagger. They left the body in the stone coffin but immediately afterwards they saw the corpse began to change. It now looked as though the Count had been dead for several days. Then, nothing remained at all in the coffin, nothing but a small heap of dust.

EPILOGUE

Around the same time, Marquis Caroman Rubiano – who'd recently arrived in London and had dealings with people of the highest rank – disappeared. Not long after that, Madame Saint Amand, who'd been the darling of various noblemen in London, committed suicide. And also at this time, several foreign ambassadors in London were called home. The cause of the fire at the asylum couldn't be determined, but the doctor's diary was found in his fireproof cabinet, and it was from this diary that the part of the story about Dr. Steward is derived.³⁵¹ The doctor lived for a while longer after these events but never regained his sanity. Morris told the police that he'd killed the Count, and the matter was investigated behind closed doors, leaving him acquitted. No trace was found of the Countess or the others who lived in Carfax with the Count. The house was left abandoned; when it was inspected, only the furniture remained. With the exception of three crates, the Count's boxes were all retrieved – filled with gold coins and precious stones worth millions. The premises still stand deserted; however, the possibility cannot be ruled out that the Count's followers may still be hiding somewhere.

A movie poster for 'Bram Stoker's Dracula'. The background is a collage of various scenes and characters from the film, including a large, menacing vampire face at the top center, a couple in a dark embrace in the center, and several other characters in period costumes. The title 'All Posters' is overlaid in a large, semi-transparent font.

All Posters

LOVE
NEVER
DIES

BRAM STOKER'S

Dracula

A FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA FILM
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